# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 20

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Alan Foster

*Beginning*

## I WANT TO BE A LADY—By Maximilian Foster

# FRANK O. LOWDEN *gives his first rule for keeping fit*

A MAN in the public eye certainly has no easy life. Every day brings a dozen demands upon his time, his strength, his judgment. Ask Ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois about it. He can tell you of the exhausting complexities of public life. And he can tell something still more interesting: how he keeps himself in trim to meet them.

Ex-Governor Lowden believes if a man will really make use of what fresh air, exercise and proper food can do for him, he can materially increase his capacity for work and pleasure.

Mr. Lowden is particularly insistent on simple, easily digested food. "In the long run," he says, "the simplest food is the best food—and the most satisfying."

"To my mind the first and most important rule of keeping fit is this: Eat simple, easily digested food and just a moderate amount."

The practice of this rule should start with breakfast. If you work at a desk all day, your choice of food for this meal means quite as much to your well being as any other. It must fill a special need.

***Breakfast should be an energy meal***

In the morning your greatest need is for simple, easily digested food which will furnish you with energy to get the day's work well under way.

For 30 years one famous food has supplied the energy-power by which thousands of busy men have done a big morning's work. Cream of Wheat!

You can't find a food that is richer in energy substance than Cream of Wheat. In its delicious creaminess there is a wonderful store of energy-giving carbohydrates.

But that isn't all. Cream of Wheat is in such simple, easily digested form that you can quickly get all the rich energy it has to give, without imposing long hard work on the stomach.

Try out this energy-breakfast plan for three mornings and just see the difference! Tomorrow morning eat a generous bowl of Cream of Wheat; you'll enjoy it and it will satisfy you until lunch time. And you'll work with an energy you can't have with a breakfast of foods harder to digest!

**Try this—3 mornings for a better day's work**

**First morning**

Oranges
CREAM OF WHEAT
Sugar—Milk
Bacon
Buttered Toast
Coffee or Cocoa

**Second morning**

CREAM OF WHEAT with Dates
Milk
Omelet or Bacon
Toast—Butter
Coffee or Cocoa

**Third morning**

CREAM OF WHEAT with Baked Apple
Milk
Buttered Toast
Bacon
Coffee or Cocoa

## Send for Free Sample *and Book of 50 Recipes*

To try out the energy-breakfast idea, let us send you a trial size box of Cream of Wheat. We will enclose with it our recipe book which gives 50 ways to serve this splendid food—in dainty desserts, meat, vegetable and cheese dishes. Delicious ways of providing vital energy! Just mail us the coupon.

Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 111, Minneapolis, Minnesota

☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."

☐ Please send me free trial box of Cream of Wheat.

Name.....

Address.....

# *Cream of Wheat*

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota
*In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg*

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# Men who know the rules of dress *were first to welcome the new-type hosiery with its amazing feature*

Now America's smartest hose give 3 to 4 times more wear. Sheer, lustrous silks are offered you in eleven plain and striking colors

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DON'T think that men who dress correctly disregard an opportunity to make a saving. When the new feature—Ex Toe—was discovered they were first to welcome it.

Style and smartness first attracted their attention. The sheer silks are of even finer texture than their former hose and in addition wear is increased 3 to 4 times.

Now few of them have not heard of this phenomenal men's sock that looks like Fifth Avenue, wears like Main Street.

*Knitted in a new way*

Months were spent in perfecting the Ex Toe process. Experts in weaving made hundreds of tests and experiments. At great expense designers built and perfected remarkable new machines. Special thread was selected for its extraordinary strength.

All this to make possible a superlatively fine hose that would outwear all ordinary kinds.

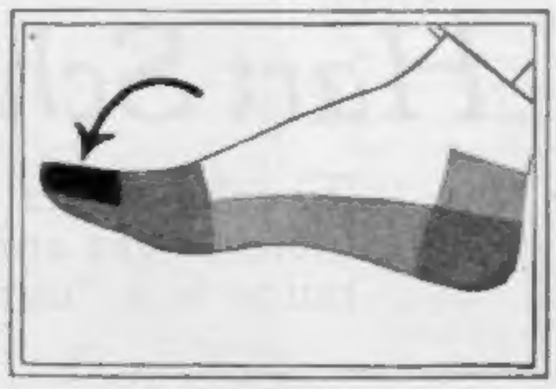
Here is a masterpiece in fine weaving. Done so skilfully that you can scarcely see where the Ex Toe begins or ends. Your foot cannot feel it at all.

Each pair assures you faultless fit at the ankle . . . trim and every bit correct.

See these webby silks in the new colors that have become so popular in cities that set the style. They are accepted by correctly dressed men as dignified yet extremely smart.

Only 75c and $1 for silks. Other materials for less. Be sure to get the Ex Toe. If you can't find them at your store write direct.

*All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby.*



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AT THE BIG FOOTBALL GAMES

# *Hart Schaffner & Marx make them*

They're longer; shoulders are wider; skirts are narrower, they give you more height and make you look as though the most exclusive custom tailor had "turned you out" Bracken is one of the best colors, too

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# I WANT TO BE A LADY

## By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

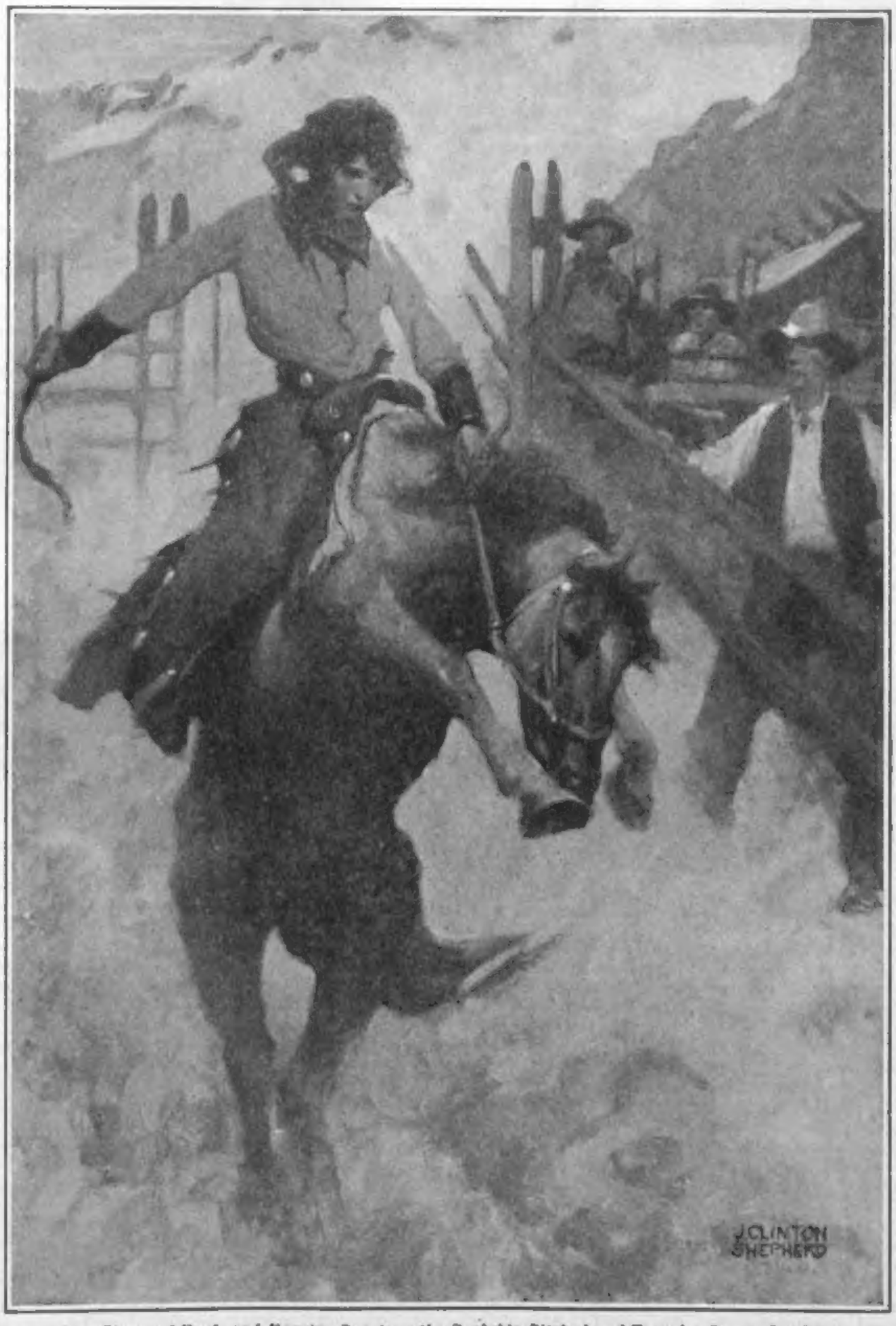
"At the vigil of the Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot and there heard their service, and the tables were set ready to the meat, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback, that had ridden full fast, for her horse was all besweated. Then she there alit and came before the king and saluted him; and he said: Damosel, God Bless thee. Sir, she said, for God's sake, say me where Sir Launcelot is."

DAY was breaking, its faint glow transfiguring the sleeping prairie and the foothills; and as again the miracle of the dawn unfolded and morning flung its first frail pennant to the sky, in Pinto the alarm clock on Judy Caswell's bureau let go with a wild hurrah. That was nothing new though. Every day in the week, three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, the clock exploded in that same fashion at exactly the selfsame moment.

Dazed, Judy sat up among the pillows.

The room, her home ever since she'd come in from the foothills to Pinto, was on the second-floor back at Mrs. Castro's. Though small, half the size, say, of her room at the ranch house back on Cayuse Creek, it still was light and airy—airy in particular. So Judy thought, at any rate, especially if at the moment a norther happened to be gusting and booming out of the draws and coulees behind the town. This morning, though, was different. Winter was gone; April in flowing raiment walked the world; and through the window as far as the eye could reach, the range of prairie and the foothills were a vista of tender greens—jade, turquoise, malachite. At the back, far distant, the Cathedral peaks lifted their towering steeples to the sky.

The view, inspiring in its profound and majestic grandeur, caught and held the eye in awe. Judy's eye, in fact, often dwelt on it. Under the loom of Painted Horse, the tallest of the Cathedral's rocky spires, was the ranch on Cayuse Creek. "Yep, that's where I was borned," was Judy's literal statement of the fact; and it was here, too, it seemed, that she'd been reared, her life until two years ago, come October, spent in gravitating, at odd intervals, betwixt Cayuse Creek on the one hand and, on the other, the red schoolhouse at Lattimer. But never mind! Just at the moment, while the alarm clock raised its tocsin note, neither Judy's eye nor, much less, Judy's thoughts were dwelling on that distant prospect, the view of the distant hills. There was a second window in the room, one looking out at the other side; and through this was revealed another view, its aspect somewhat less inspiring. It was, in short, a view of Pinto Junction, its yard tracks and water tower and the shed and outbuildings of the railroad station.




*In a Flurry of Hoofs and Heaving Quarters, the Buckskin Pitched and Tossed a Course Out Into the Open, Its Rider Still Plying It With the Rawhide*

Twice a day a transcontinental express halts at Pinto, one, the westbound, pulling in late at night; the other, bound east, halting there early in the morning. In turn, each connects with a local rolling in from Lattimer, Red Gulch, Quartzite and other way stops, the twin events representing, so to speak, the apogee and perigee of life and activity in Pinto. A mere detail, this, however. At one end of the station platform, hemmed in between the waiting room and the freight shed with its adjacent cattle pen and loading rack, was a low, rambling structure conspicuous for a sign thrust like an arm from above its door—this and a fleeting, familiar odor ever emanating from its interior. The scent was that of pie, doughnuts and coffee. On the sign was inscribed the legend "Eating Place."

One might stop to comment on this. The buffalo and the Indian have gone, effaced by civilization, as, in turn, civilization has all but effaced the cattle and the cowboy; and today the frontier lingers only as a memory. Thus, where once the Sioux, the Comanche and the Arapahoe pitched their painted lodges and the smoke of a thousand wild camp fires wafted skyward on the evening air, the plains, now given over to the "nester," the "punkin-roller" and the "doughey," are staked out in plots like a real-estate extension. If so, however, here and there the old West still makes a last stand against the engulfing tide of progress. Call it that. Stray spots, each a narrowing oasis, yet may be found where the cowboy, a last survivor, still sings to the milling herd; and back of Pinto was such a country.

So, as the doorway to that storied ground, in Pinto and around, the region still clung as a habit to the speech of that bygone day, the frontier's blunt, literal phrases. Hence "Eating Place"—not "Restaurant" or, as spoken locally, "Restaraw."

"Restaurant" Pinto would have scorned as effete—"dude talk"; though let that go. A mere matter of terms, either way it would have made little difference to Judy. At 6:19 A. M., at any rate, when Number 43, the local from Lattimer, rolled in to connect with eastbound Number 88, the flyer, it was Judy's part in life to see that the lunch-room door was open, that the pie and the doughnuts were set out on the counter, that the coffee in the nickel-plated boiler was piping hot. At night she reversed the operation. Number 79, the westbound, having departed, its tail lights flickering out around the curve at Latigo Butte, it fell to her to put away the doughnuts and the pie, to turn out the lamp beneath the nickel-plated boiler, then to shut and lock the lunch-room door. That wasn't all of it though. Between times—that is, betwixt dawn and Number 79's departure—ten or a dozen other trains halted at the junction point, these mixed freights mainly; and out of each a throng of hurried hungry humans poured—cowmen, nesters, stray salesmen, train hands and such. Ravening, they fell on the lunch counter like the wolf on the fold, the demands of each insistent and immediate. Fid Murchison, who ran the lunch-room concession at the junction, often lost his head, in fact. Judy never did. She was Fid's assistant; and the pay—it was so termed, at any rate—was eleven a week and found.

Eleven a week! Back East, for instance, in Chi or Boston, women, Judy had learned, sometimes paid as much as that for slippers or a single pair of stockings. It was from a magazine she'd gleaned this. The news butcher off Number 88 had left it behind him once, it seemed, the express pulling out unexpectedly, and the butcher, it seemed also, having to make a jump for it; and idly turning over the pages, Judy's eyes all at once had rounded. That was nearly two years ago now, the time when she'd first come in from the foothills; and that afternoon between trains she dropped in at Bermy Rothapfel's across the street from the junction.

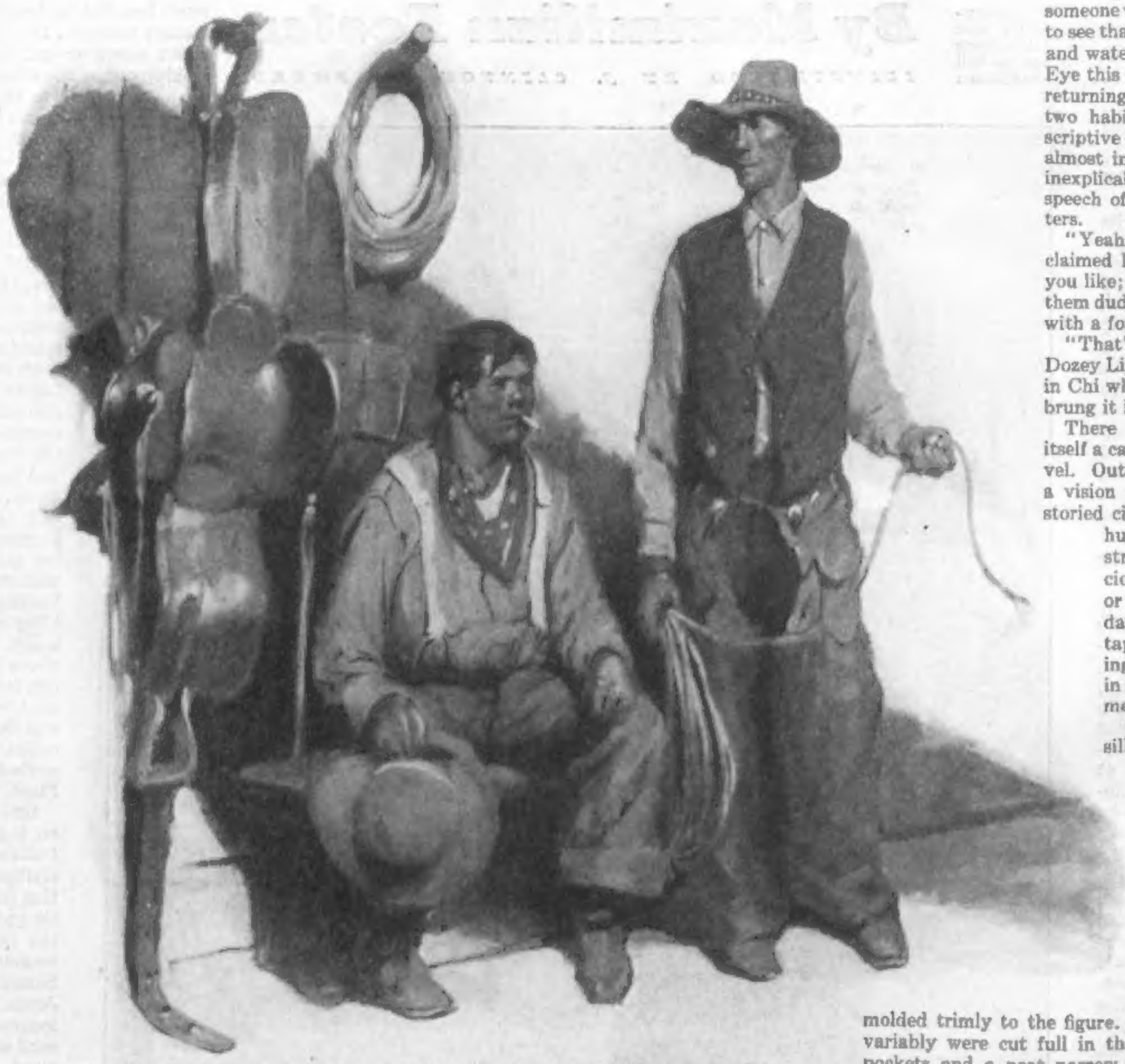
In passing, the street was the one street in Pinto; and Bermy, it appears, was proprietor of the New York Racket Store, Pinto's leading emporium; though, aside from this, in its disclosure the magazine had not been misleading, it proved. "Sure in N'York they cost you, if you like, elefen bucks!" affirmed Bermy; and his native instinct leaping to the fore he had inquired eagerly, "Could I mail-order for you a pair, yes?" "You could not!" Judy answered hastily, not at eleven the pair, anyway; and her air now more than ever thoughtful, she'd returned to the station lunch counter.

The New York price for hosiery, though, was not all Judy had gleaned from the magazine jettisoned by the news butcher in his dash. One learned, for example, that in the city, amazingly, women breakfasted daily in bed. There were breakfast bed caps, anyway, were there not? And these, incredibly, the women donned while they sat up and sipped the morning coffee. Yet wait! As it was disclosed, too, the fact equally bewildering, when they at length arose, having breakfasted, they slipped over their shoulders a thing called a "matinée," at the same time thrusting dainty feet into contraptions the magazine termed lightly, if confidently, "mules." Judy, in fact, had gaped. A "matinée" was what the three-a-week movie down at Lattimer called its Saturday daylight show; and as for "mules"—say! But there seemed no doubt that the publication was deliberately in earnest. There was a picture of the "mules"—slippers, come to find out; not livestock—and in New York you wore these and that fal-lal, the "matinée," while you had one of the hired help come in and do up your hair.

One may as well be brief. The sex, the eternal feminine, thrills inevitably to its primal instincts; and Judy was no exception. Some nights later, anyway, having turned and come back west the news butcher was emerging from the smoker when a hurried figure slipped toward him in the dark.

"Say, feller," said a female voice, "hop back and fetch out your reading. I want another of those fashion papers like you have."

That night, long after Number 79 faded from view behind the bend at Latigo Butte, the light still burned in the station lunch room. It still burned, in fact, when "second Sixty-two," the midnight way freight, shacked in at the junction and backed down over the crossovers to spot a string of empty cattle-racks. Perched on a stool, her chin in her hand and her shoulders hunched over the literature she perused, Judy sat there; and astonished, the "flag" from the freight peered in at the door. "Hullo, girly; waitin' for th' minister or anything?" he inquired.



*"Yeah, I'm a-Tellin' You," Proclaimed Hog Eye; "But Bust Me if They's One of Them Dudes That Don't Prong His Beans With a Fork!"*

Judy made no reply. Unlimbering herself, she rose, turned out the lamp beneath the nickel-plated boiler and shut and locked the lunch-room door. As she went up the street in the dark, the look on her face was absorbed.

Northward lay the range, her one-time domain, the loom of Painted Horse rearing its sawtooth profile like a curtain at the back; and beneath it slept the ranch on Cayuse, the white lime-washed log buildings standing spectral in the starlight. True, they were too far to be seen from Pinto; but though they were, Judy needed no glimpse across the miles to remind her of them or their surroundings. There was the ranch house itself, low and rambling with its frond of elk antlers set above the door; and beyond that was the bunk house, the winter calf shed and the horse corral. Under the cut bank a stone's throw away Cayuse tinkled on its stony shallows; and across the flat was the clump of cottonwoods and buckbrush out of which the deer stole at dusk. Then, too, there were the two squared white stones, granite slabs, that stood at the crest of the rise. "Judith Meredith Caswell, 1880–1904," was cut on one; and on the other, "Jeff. D. Caswell, 1874–1923."

Judy never had seen her mother. In March, 1904, the night of the big blizzard that wrecked the range, Jeff Caswell's wife had passed out sometime toward dawn, leaving on Jeff Caswell's hands a newborn child. That was Judy. Judy, though, remembered her father vividly, a tall, gaunt, silent individual, his speech as spare as his thin, knitted figure.

A mean horse, an outlaw, had brought Jeff to his end; and both the time and the horse Judy hardly would forget. By the same token, so would the horse, too, remember the occasion, Judy having seen to it that he did; though never mind that for the moment. Judy's young mother had been the schoolmarm down at Lattimer when Jeff Caswell met and married her; and she had come from back East—Memphis, Tennessee.

Judy never had been East. She knew all about the East however. Out on the bunk-house steps or perched on the top rail of the horse corral, time and again she'd drunk in the tales the hands recounted of it—the accounts, say, of such seasoned travelers as Dozey Lippitt, the horse wrangler, or his buddy, Hog Eye Peters. It appears, anyway, that when the outfit shipped out to the Chi or Casey markets—"Chi" being Chicago, of course, and "Casey" standing for K. C. or Kansas City—someone was sent on aboard the freight to see that the crowded cattle were fed and watered; and to Dozey and Hog Eye this task often had fallen. Thus, returning from the high adventure, the two habitually overflowed with descriptive narrative, the details dealing almost invariably with the uncouth, inexplicable manners, customs and speech of dwellers in the distant centers.

"Yeah, I'm a-tellin' you," proclaimed Hog Eye; "call me a liar if you like; but bust me if they's one of them dudes that don't prong his beans with a fork!"

"That's a nothin'," commented Dozey Lippitt. "I was in a place once in Chi where I ordered soup, and they brung it in a teacup!"

There were other details, each in itself a cause to comment and to marvel. Out of these Judy in time pieced a vision of these Easterners and the storied cities they dwelt in. Houses, huge like palaces, lined the streets; and through their spacious, carved and paneled halls or the regal sumptuousness of damask-draped boudoirs and tapestried crystal-hung drawing-rooms moved the dwellers in this faërie world, women and men.

Garbed in priceless satins, silks and furs, and hung with glittering gems, the women were beautiful beyond compare. Equal in splendor were the men. Noble of visage and suavely deferent and courtly in their air, they were clad in full-dress evening wear—that or, no less elegant, short trousers, shaggy knitted stockings and jackets molded trimly to the figure. These last, the jackets, invariably were cut full in the skirts, with large outside pockets and a neat narrow plait down the back; and though the descriptive revelations of the horse corral and the bunk-house porch, it's true, were less responsible for this part of the vision than was the three-a-week movie down at Lattimer, of its verity still could remain no doubt. Had not the magazine dropped by the news butcher off Number 88 certified to it? However, be that as it may, from that night, the time she walked home at midnight to Mrs. Castro's, a subtle yet still perceptible change seemed to have wrought Judy within its thrall.

It was observed presently at the lunch room. It became, too, a matter of debate out on Cayuse. Stray whispers went the round; and his air troubled, Dozey Lippitt led his bunky aside one day. "Say, Hog Eye," said Dozey; "what's a-eatin' li'l' Jude?"

Hog Eye gave a start. Then, mastering himself, he glanced covertly at his interrogator. "What say?" he inquired cautiously.

Dozey scowled at him frankly. "Don't you be a-triflin' with me none, Hog!" he warned. "You knows as well as me that sumpin's up."

It was the news butcher off Number 88, though, that got first the full measure of the change in Judy's complex. "Corset covers" was the youth's explicit if irreverent description

of the fashion journals he carried; and drifting in at the lunch room one night, a sheaf of new issues under his arm, he approached the figure behind the nickel-plated boiler. "Ah, there, queenie!" he greeted. "How's tricks?"

From behind the sheen of the nickel-plated coffee engine a pair of blue-gray eyes fastened on him like pinheads. "Are you addressing me, sir?" a slow, modulated voice inquired.

Then, her air negligent and one hand idly rearranging her back hair, Judy detached her eyes from the news butcher and transferred them to a near-by patron. "Pardon, but did you say custard?" she murmured.

Time in Pinto yields reluctantly. Unhurried, the seasons lag along, winter laboriously giving way to spring, and spring, in turn, merging into summer that as indolently ripens into autumn. In fact, though but two years in all now had passed since the hour when Judy, dight in chaps, sombrero and roweled boots, had ridden in from Cayuse and rented the second-floor back at Mrs. Castro's, it otherwise was as if a lifetime had been compressed into the interval. There was, for one thing, the change marked in Judy's old-time air and manner. There were, as well, events, each significant, that like finger posts seemed to mark the progress of the change.

One, in point, was a sudden irruption of mail that flooded the post office down at Lattimer. Addressed to "Miss Judith Caswell, Pinto," it appeared mainly to comprise the catalogues of Chicago and other Eastern mail-order houses. Their source gradually moving eastward, the postmarks eventually were of such points as New York, Philadelphia, Boston. True, the addressee never availed herself of the matchless bargains these offered—not at eleven a week, naturally; yet it cost nothing, did it, to peruse them? It didn't, it seemed, not unless it was a stamp or postal card; but the stream of second-class matter continuing unchecked,

*She Implanted Herself in the Doorway, With Both Hands Vigorously Wielding the Instrument*

about eight months back the post office was electrified one day to find in the inbound mail a large, weighty packet, its outside appearance unusual. On investigation en route by the R. F. D. carrier this proved to be a tome of formidable size and—to the carrier—equally formidable subject matter. Opened, at any rate, its frontispiece disclosed the life-size effigy of two human hands holding in midair a teacup and saucer. Together of frail, flowered porcelain, cup and saucer were poised daintily apart, the saucer suspended directly beneath the cup and the little finger of each hand holding the two, extended and crooked elegantly; while beneath ran a line or two of illuminating text—"Tea is sipped directly from the cup, never from the saucer." "Th' hell you say!" murmured the awed mail carrier, closing the book and driving on. Meanwhile, back at the Cayuse the talk went on, its tenor now more than ever bewildered. "Yeah. Fust thing you know," averred the head horse wrangler, "she'll light out East!"

"Well, mebbe hit's to be expecked," his bunky mumbled; and he added dismally in explanation of his statement, "Her mammy was a schoolmarm, you remember—reefined."

Brrrr! It was the alarm clock. Vociferantly the clock still raised its matinal huzzah; and as she sat up among the pillows Judy's dazed eyes all at once lit luminously. Then they hardened, their gleam like steel. At that instant, though, the clock subsided with a clank.

It was that sort of clock, the intermittent-alarm type. That is to say, having burred discordantly for a protracted moment it subsided all at once, only to break out presently into another hearty fanfare. But let that go. The gleam in Judy's eye grew vindictive, and she had reached out a hand toward the clock, the gesture as sinister and personal as if she'd reached for someone's throat, meaning murder; but the clock at the instant subsiding, her look changed. Flinging back the covers, Judy leaped to the floor.

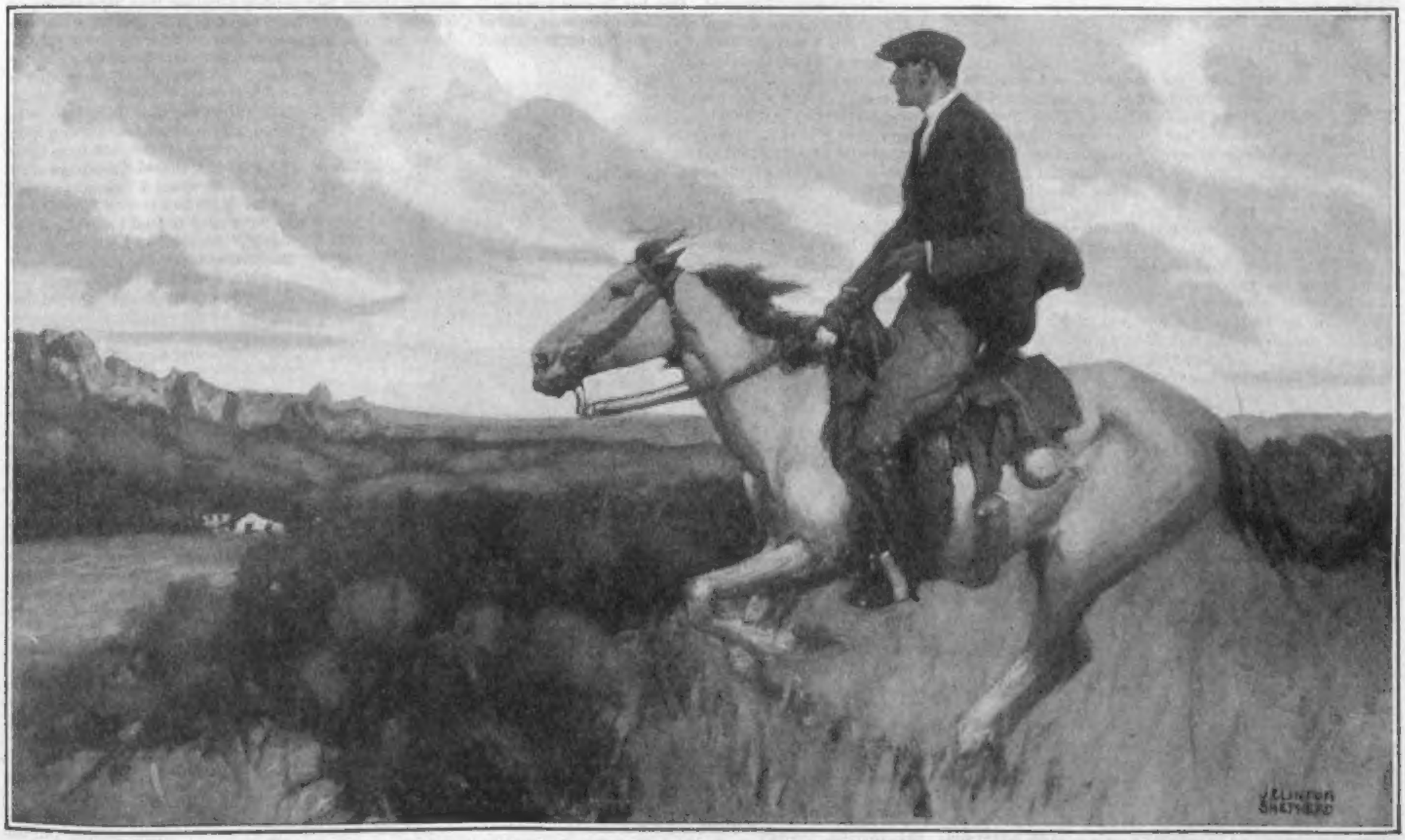
There was a bureau near the window. The bureau was oak stained a rich mission brown, while above it swung a handkerchief-size mirror somewhat blistered and flaked, yet still serviceable. As she neared this, at the same time flinging a quick look at herself in the glass, one had a guess, perhaps, as to the source of Judy's sobriquet back on Cayuse. Terms go by contrast along the range, thus taking to themselves a graphic descriptiveness; and to this the term "li'l' Jude" was no exception. As the said "little Jude" stood up before the glass, her figure in her nightdress disclosed, she was five feet eleven or thereabout in height; in fact, nearly a full six feet. One would have remarked, too, her hair, its tint unmistakable in tone. Braided now in a rope that hung crossways over Judy's shoulder, it looked much as if she'd been decorated with the Order of the Bath. The room seemed lit with it.

This morning, though, she did not linger at the glass. Bending over, she seized the twin handles of the top drawer of the bureau and gave them a yank. The bureau swayed, then the drawer gave; and, as it opened, her eyes leaped again. In the drawer was a large paper parcel tied neatly with twine.

The day before there had been an event of some moment down the line at Lattimer—in short, a funeral. Significantly it was the funeral of the late owner of the ranch on Cayuse, Roscoe Harbison by name. Past middle age and by nature a recluse, it seemed Mr. Harbison had faded through the winter, succumbing just as spring came on. But never mind. Returning from the services, Judy had brought with her under her arm the paper parcel in the drawer; and snatching it up now she began hurriedly to strip off its wrappings.

The string was stout, the knots in it refractory; and in her eagerness Judy's fingers fumbled clumsily. A faint color, too, a hint of growing excitement, suffused her neck

*(Continued on Page 196)*




*The Shadows Were Lengthening and Dusk Already Was Creeping Among the Box Cañons ere the Ranch Buildings Drew Near*

# FLORA AND FAUNA

*In Would Prance Seven or Eight Dogs*

## By Agnes Burke Hale

*ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT L. DICKEY*

CHARLES MOORE, the incipient and handsome architect, stood in the crowd at the Southern Counties Dog Show at the Black Pond Club, forlornly wishing himself back in Paris. How could these people, well bred, fairly intelligent, sport loving, be so serious about a dog show? Charles did not dislike dogs, but he did not care whether that splendid patrician Rockwood Corinthian Blue won the first or whether it went to that upstart climber, Tarbox Boy. Bored by the endless doggish chitchat, he walked to an empty space of railing, lighted his pipe and remembered the benignant beauty of France. He stared across the gayly colored, crowded field, his mind three thousand miles away.

Suddenly he whipped his pipe out of his mouth and tapped it steadily on the rail. There was no doubt about it; it was she. The same red-haired lovely girl who had crossed with him on the Lunevania six weeks before, the girl with the dogs and the unpleasant mother or aunt. What in the name of heaven was she doing here?

Charles, watching, saw she was no ordinary person. All the big dog people spoke to her, staring at the four dangerous-looking dogs she led on leashes. Charles recognized at a glance the ugly, fashionable and costly beagle Schnitzers. Mrs. Hackstaff-Griggs, the international fancier; old Doctor Winn, the veterinarian; Bill Nutting, the chairman of a thousand dog committees, stood by, admiring. Then she was greeted by Charles' spinster cousin, Miss Bernice Banton, who farmed five hundred acres and sold pedigreed cows. Ordinarily he avoided his cousin as an agricultural pest, but now he rushed to greet her.

"Hello, Cousin Bernie," he cried enthusiastically.

The woman cow raiser laid one hearty hand on his arm and held him, but went right on talking. Not until she had told Doctor Winn all about her prize bull's sore throat did she greet Charles.

"Well, Charles Moore, you handsome æsthete, what are you doing at a dog show?" She asked him about Europe and world conditions. Mrs. Hackstaff-Griggs asked if Mussolini was sincere, which point was argued, while the red-haired girl stared at Charles. Daringly, he addressed her.

"The Italians, of course, have a theatrical temperament," he announced passionately. . . . How lovely her nose was.

"Great jumping cats," said Miss Bernice Banton, "you two haven't met! Flora, this is my nephew, Charles Moore, the architect. He's just back from Europe too."

"We crossed on the same ship," said Charles ecstatically—"the Lunevania. You used to take awfully good care of those dogs. Too good. One hardly ever saw you."

Her greenish-gray solemn eyes, widely opened, stared into his. She was either deep or dumb; but did it matter?

"I was bringing these dogs from Central Silesia," she announced. "They were nervous. I saw you one day in the lounge. I remember your suit." She indicated with her significant eyes the splendid pattern of Charles' new tweeds. Oh, memorable pattern!

"Miss Dunn, Charles," said Cousin Bernie, "has done splendid things. She will do for dogs what Burbank did for the grapefruit."

Miss Dunn did not deny it. She blushed and stood quietly, her dogs at her feet, while the others talked animal husbandry. Charles kept still, too, hoping they would soon go away so that he could talk to this girl.

Unconsciously, he had been waiting for this meeting. He had watched the girl on the boat. Her charm was provocative, over and above the fact of her undeniable beauty. She was like a little girl going about with an awfully good secret which a man hankered to know. All day she paraded the hurricane deck with her dogs; at night she sat in the lounge with an elderly restless-eyed woman who played solitaire. They knew no one and didn't seem to care.

Would she lose this curious luster now that he had met her? Charles was impressionable and demanding. Too often in his twenty-seven years, the image which had snared his eye had proved a hollow lure, advertising an inferior product. There was Olivia Green, who had traduced her Pre-Raphaelite face by adoring cheap novels; there was Sylvia Sims, who had the hair of a Valkyrie and the temper of a devil; there was Sarah Bulheim, of the international Bulheims, who knew all about modern art and liked to tell one so. Time and time again Charles had chased the mirage of romance only to see it fade into an ugly vista. Here he was with Flora Dunn.

"I prayed to God I might see you again," he said. "Let's go in and have some tea." She shook her head.

"No, I can't leave my dogs."

"You can't leave the dogs? Where's your chauffeur?"

"He's gone home with the Schnauzers and Sealyhams. They can't all travel together. They fight so."

"Where do you live anyway?"

She had bought the Townsend house at Covers Mills, that great Georgian pile surrounded by deer parks, dairy farms, terraces and stone quarries.

"You," he gasped, "a little thing like you?"

"I didn't want to buy it," she said. "But the lawyers said I might just as well. Aunt Emma likes it. I'm an orphan."

"Oh, you are?" said Charles delightedly. What wonderful news! The dogs were pulling on the leashes.

*The Sad Sound of Barking, Abandoned Dogs*

"Oh, dear," she said. "They're all tired out. They've had a dreadful day."

"A hard life, prize winning," he agreed. Every one of the awful stuck-up animals, now that he looked at them, wore a prize.

"Look here," he said, "let me drive you home."

"Oh, I couldn't. I hardly know you."

"This is your chance. I'd love to."

"Would you?" she asked seriously, looking at him with her devastating judicial eyes. "I'd love to get the dogs home."

They crossed the gravel roadway toward the car. She did not know the difference between a transept and a gargoyle, perhaps, thought Charles, but in the doggy world she mattered. Mr. Joshua Banning, of the Western Counties Breeding Clubs, stopped to inquire about one named Royal Trumpeter Hyana. Photographers took her picture, asking Charles please to step back; Mrs. Mortimer Penstone, the dowager duchess of Eastern Westchester, rushed up to say that soon—very soon, deah gel—she intended to call.

*A Gift From the Groom—a Pair of Baby Beagle Schnitzers*

"Gosh," thought Charles, "this girl can be President!"

Eventually they reached the car. She pushed the dogs into the rear and started to follow.

"Get in front," he ordered.

"But I have to sit with the dogs."

"Can't the dogs sit alone?"

"They'll wail all the way."

"Let them wail. You're sitting with me." She looked at him. Her whole life trembled in the balance, did she but know it. "Look here," said Charles, "they're not reasoning animals. Lean over the seat back, facing them, dividing your eyes between us."

"They'll make a scene."

"I never sit alone," bullied Charles.

She got into the front seat and faced the dogs, which regarded her bitterly.

"Poor betrayed darlings," she said. All the way home she hardly spoke except to them. "Down, sir," "Up, sir," "Stop, Bonko," "Shut up, Mimi," she said, and all the other phrases out of dog talk. Charles liked the sound of her deep little voice. She meant what she said when she said it. They dipped and climbed up, down and up the Westchester hills; the dying summer sun sent deep shadows across the road. As Charles turned into her hilly driveway, she spoke.

"You know your way about, don't you?" she said.

"I've lived here all my life."

"How thrilling! I've never lived anywhere more than a year. I do hope we can stay here."

"But haven't you bought the house?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure that the water agrees with the dogs. It's filled with calcium. However, we may be able to fix that."

"Do you mean to say——" He paused, aghast. This was a world of wonder. There was room in it no doubt for girls who buy million-dollar estates and then sell because the dogs can't drink the water. "I hope you stay," he ended lamely.

"Oh, I hope so too. It's so convenient to the shows."

"Right! One hour and fifteen minutes to Times Square."

"Oh, not those shows. I meant dog shows."

"Beg pardon," gasped Charles, open-mouthed. They had almost reached the house. Flora Dunn sat still beside him as he turned and turned and turned his wheel. "She is a nut," thought Charles. "A lovely, lovely nut."

They climbed out before the house—an exact copy of Penwynton House, Lower Dimfield, St. Angwyne, Sussex. All along the gravel terrace sat monumental hydrangeas, and before the stone coping of the terrace dropped the world. One could see the Hudson, Manhattan, the Sound, and far to the north the sheen of the North Pole. The view alone was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Gosh," said Charles, "what a view!"

Flora Dunn was persuading the dogs to get out of the car.

"Now step right down and no nonsense," she said severely. She put the leashes into the hands of Charles. "Hold them while I send down to the kennels." She ran up the steps like a little spaniel.

"The Four Dogs of the Apocalypse," Charles muttered as the beagle Schnitzers—that's what they were—began to drag him up and down the terrace. They made fierce sounds, gave strange growls, displayed an unnatural fondness for the hydrangeas. Each dog wanted to wind himself around a different hydrangea.

"Why not play together in one hydrangea like good dogs?" suggested Charles; but they pulled away in four different directions. Luckily Flora appeared.

"Stop, stop!" she cried, and they ran angelically to her.

"The perfect mother," said Charles.

"Did they annoy you? They're worn out, the poor babies." She patted them fondly, until a husky young man came loping around the corner of the terrace and led them off. Rather they led him off, as if he were a small half-pound bone.

"Is he insured?" asked Charles.

"Oh, no! But the dogs are," she answered, leading him up the steps. "They get the most frightful diseases." They went through vast paneled rooms and out upon the western terrace, where a solemn-faced butler was laying tea.

"Shall we have tea?" she asked Charles, as if there were good reasons why they should not.

"Why not? There's the tea and here are we. Splendidly arranged."

She poured the tea, deftly, smoothly, as a sensitive woman runs a high-powered car. The butler kept coming in and out with plate after plate of sandwiches and cakes.

"Magnificent tea," commented Charles. "Unearthly beauty about it somehow, like a sunset."

"It's the cook," she said seriously. "She heard there was a man here. We hardly ever have a man and we never get so many squashy things." She indicated an intricate arrangement of mocha cake and cream. "I suppose the servants eat them ordinarily."

"They feed them to the dogs," suggested Charles.

"Heavens"—she went a little pale—"do you suppose they'd dare?"

"What do you mean you never have any men?" he asked her coolly. "I can't believe that story."

*(Continued on Page 180)*

*She Cannot Have So Many Dogs Around, She Says, Climbing All Over the Baby Carriage*

# CASEY AT THE BAT

## By DeWolf Hopper and Wesley W. Stout

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.

ON MAY 13, 1888, I recited a poem at Wallack's Theater, Thirtieth Street and Broadway, New York City. No bronze memorial tablet marks the site, yet the day may come. Lesser events have been so commemorated. The poem was Casey at the Bat.

I thought at the time that I was merely repeating a poem, a fatherless waif clipped from a San Francisco newspaper. As it turned out I was launching a career, a career of declaiming those verses up and down this favored land the balance of my life. When my name is called upon the resurrection morn I shall, very probably, unless some friend is there to pull the sleeve of my ascension robe, arise, clear my throat and begin:

"The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day."

For thirty-seven years I have been doing it. The actual number of times is a problem for one of those laid-end-to-end statisticians. Where or what I may be playing, I must, before the evening is out, come before the curtain and pitch to Casey. If there is a benefit my contribution, it is understood, is Casey; a banquet, no other eloquence than Casey is expected of me. Long ago the repetition became so mechanical that I found it difficult to keep my mind on the task. In the midst of it I would find myself still declaiming, but my mind far from the theater or studying some face in the house. I have discovered that I can force my attention from straying only by recalling the hundred variations of emphasis with which I have experimented from time to time.

Casey has so dogged my steps, indeed, that it has been suggested that I change the final stanza to:

*Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;*
*The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light;*
*And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;*
*But whatever else is happening, Hopper'll be striking Casey out.*

There doubtless are greater poems in American literature, but I wonder which will have a longer life than Casey. I venture to predict that it will find its way before long into the school readers, that surest path to immortality. And by constant repetition I have made it my very own, while the modest and all but unknown author even has had his rightful claim to his child disputed by some ten thousand impostors.

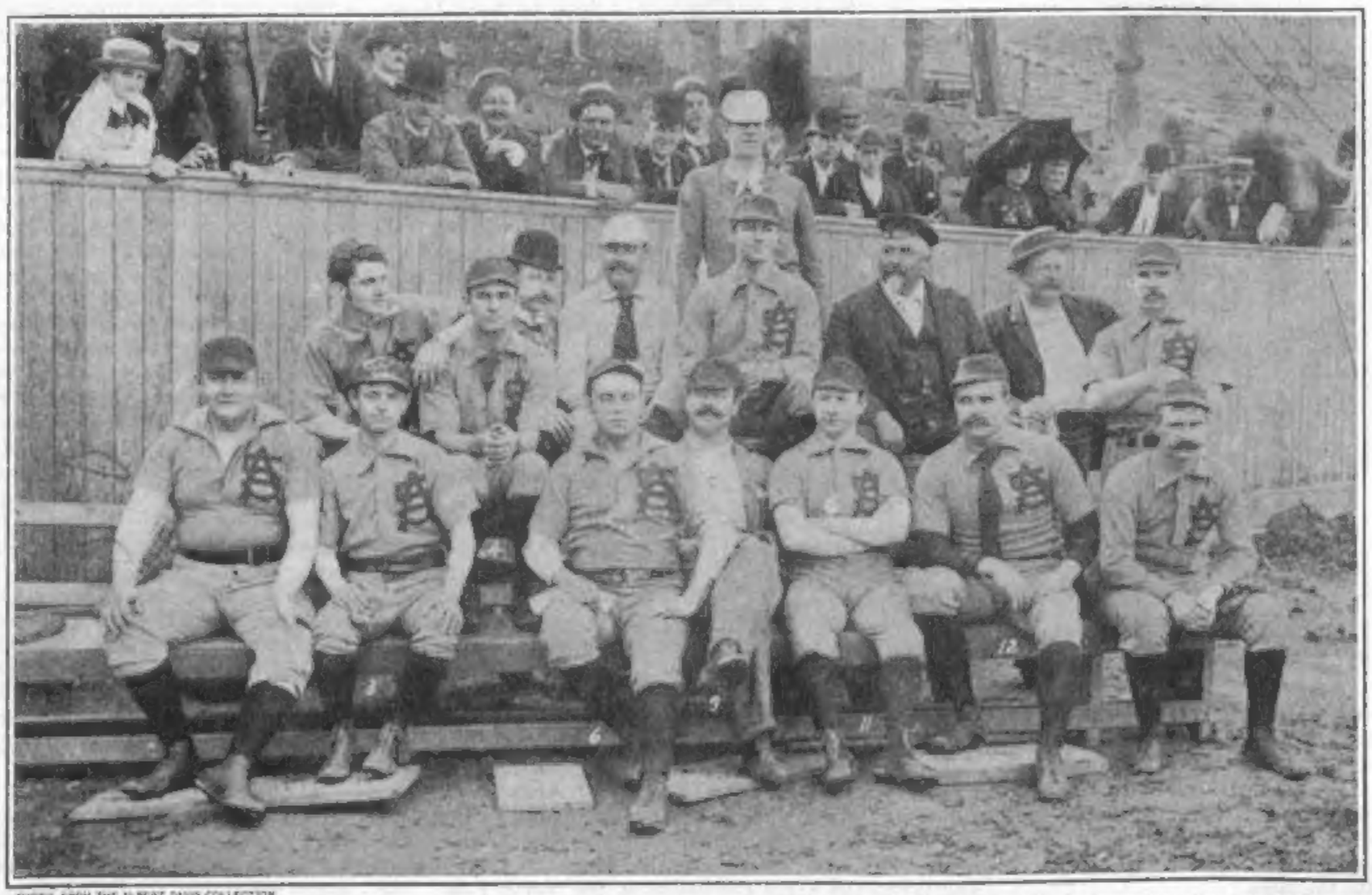


PHOTO FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

*The Actors' Team That Played the New York Press Club at the Old Polo Grounds, August 15, 1889. Mr. Hopper Standing at the Rear, Francis Wilson Directly Below Him, Wilton Lackaye Number 9, James T. Powers Number 11, and Burr McIntosh Number 12*

### *Baseball Night at Wallack's*

POP Anson's Chicago White Sox were playing the New York Giants, James Mutrie, manager, at the old Polo Grounds, Fifth Avenue and One Hundredth Street, the middle of May of 1888. Digby Bell had converted me to baseball several years earlier. We were at the Polo Grounds every free afternoon, and both of us for two years had given an annual Sunday-night benefit for the Giants, who had no world-series money to look forward to in that day. In appreciation, the team had presented each of us with gold-headed canes inscribed "From the boys to our best boy friend." That and the friendship of Buck Ewing, Tim Keefe and John M. Ward were my proudest chattels.

Bell and I suggested to Colonel McCaull, for whom both of us were working, that a baseball night, with the White Sox in one row of boxes and the Giants in an opposite row, would be a happy idea for all hands, and he embraced the suggestion.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, author of Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr. Potter of Texas, and other great successes of the 80's, saw the announcement and looked up McCaull at once.

"I've got just the thing for your baseball night," Gunter, told him. "It's a baseball poem I cut out of a Frisco paper when I was on the Coast last winter. I've been carrying it around ever since. It's a lulu, and young Hopper could do it to a turn."

Gunter had the clipping with him and passed it over. McCaull read it, slapped his knee and agreed. That was a Wednesday afternoon. Wednesday night McCaull gave me the clipping and explained the object. Being quick study I stuck it in my pocket and forgot it. The series between the Sox and the Giants opened on Thursday and I, need it be said, was at the game. Thursday night a telegram from Onset Bay brought me word that my twenty-month-old boy had diphtheritic sore throat and that the crisis would be reached that night.

I was frantic. I slept little that night and early Friday morning found me camping on the steps of Wallack's, directly across from the Western Union office next door to Daly's Theater. There had been a violent storm in lower New England during the night, the wires were down in the morning and no word came from Onset Bay.

I was sitting there when McCaull appeared about 9:30. I told him the circumstances. "I can't commit this piece," I declared. "I can't call my name until I hear how the boy is."

"Surely, surely," he sympathized. "Forget all about it, my boy."

Near eleven o'clock two clerks dashed out the Broadway door of the telegraph office shouting my name. The wire had come through and they had not waited to write it down. The crisis was safely passed. That twenty-month-old son is vice president of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company of New York today.

I burst into McCaull's office with the good word. When I had quieted down I recalled the clipping.

"I'll study it now," I told him. "Just give me the office to myself for a while." He did, and in less than an hour I had memorized a poem that requires five minutes and forty seconds to recite, as I have had many an opportunity to test.

McCaull didn't credit the feat, particularly in my excited state, but not wishing to question my word, he pretended to be so interested that he wished to hear it then and there. And then and there I gave it without an error.

This quick study is a matter of gratitude rather than of pride with me. It has saved me much work. When I first was cast for the Lord Chancellor in Gilbert and Sullivan's Iolanthe, I was warned by fellow actors of The Nightmare Song. This song is just what its title implies. It contains six hundred and twenty-nine words, none suggesting the word that follows, and is, I think, the most difficult memory test in all the library of the theater. I set aside a Sunday night for its study, made myself comfortable in robe and slippers in my hotel room, propped my feet on another chair, turned out all the lights but one and began on it at 9:20 P.M. I became so absorbed in the song that I forgot to light my pipe. At length I shut the book, closed my eyes and ran the words over in my mind.

"I've got you!" I shouted, tossed the book across the room and changed my position for the first time since I had sat down. As my feet came away from the chair that had supported them, my knees popped, my back cracked and my feet stung with the returning circulation. I knew all the sensations of Rip Van Winkle's waking. Surely it must be one o'clock. I looked at my watch. It said 10:40 P.M., and it was running, but it was a temperamental timepiece with a chronic habit of stopping and starting again with no apparent cause. So I phoned down to the hotel office.

"Twenty minutes of eleven," was the operator's answer.

### *Making a Hit by Striking Out*

I HAD committed The Nightmare Song in an hour and twenty minutes. I dressed and went to the Lambs Club to boast about it. My fellow Lambs were so skeptical that they bet me the drinks that I did not know it. In the bar-room of the club I sang the song letter-perfect and won.

I have strayed afar from Wallack's Theater and the night of May 13, 1888. The bill was Prince Methusalem and I interpolated Casey in a scene in the second act. It was, I presume, the first time the poem was recited in public.

On his debut Casey lifted this audience, composed largely of baseball players and fans, out of their seats. When I dropped my voice to B flat, below low C, at "the multitude was awed," I remember seeing Buck Ewing's gallant mustachios give a single nervous twitch. And as the house, after a moment of startled silence, grasped the anticlimactic dénouement, it shouted its glee.

They had expected, as anyone does on hearing Casey for the first time, that the mighty batsman would slam the ball out of the lot, and a lesser bard would have had him do so, and thereby written merely a good sporting-page filler. The crowds do not flock into the American League parks around the circuit when the Yankees play, solely in anticipation of seeing Babe Ruth whale the ball over the center-field fence. That is a spectacle to be enjoyed even at the expense of the home team, but there always is a chance that the Babe will strike out, a sight even more healing to sore eyes, for the Sultan of Swat can miss the third strike just as furiously as he can meet it, and the contrast between the terrible threat of his swing and the

ludicrous futility of the result is a banquet for the malicious, which includes us all. There is no more completely satisfactory drama in literature than the fall of Humpty Dumpty.

If a passing automobile splashes a street cleaner with mud you do not smile; but let that car splatter a pompous stroller in morning clothes, a gardenia in his buttonhole and a silk hat on his head, and you shout with glee. It isn't the flivver being towed into the garage that brings the grin to your face, but the straight-eight that passed you so insolently on the hill ten miles back.

The actors and the newspapermen of New York once played a game of baseball at the old Polo Grounds as a benefit for Carl Rankin. I was at first for the actors, Leander Richardson, the critic, was at third for the journalists. There were few more striking figures on Broadway in his time than Leander, and he was not unaware of it. His magnificent red beard was enough to set him off in any crowd, and he dressed the part.

This afternoon he was charming, as the society reporters would say, in his red silken beard, a white silk shirt, a flowing tie of robin's-egg blue, a broad sash of the same hue and white flannel trousers. All afternoon he stood magnificently at third and waved his sultry beard and never a ball came his way.

Late in the game someone on our side hit a high foul, one of the highest fouls I ever saw. It lingered in the hands of the angels for a time, then slowly began its descent to the third-base line. There was no wind, no sun. There was time enough for the farthest outfielders to have trotted in and snared it, but Leander waved all aside. It was his ball and he advanced superbly to the rendezvous, raising his hands to greet it, his red beard, blue tie and sash and white shirt and trousers a pretty patriotic symphony.

Nearer came the ball. Leander braced his shoulders for the embrace. There was an inhalation of breath from the grand stand, and the ball hit the earth with a heavy plop a good five feet behind those upstretched hands. Now Mr. Richardson did not set himself up as any great shakes at baseball, but the contrast between the sublime figure he had cut at third for eight innings and the ridiculous fruition was the stuff of Casey. Few among the spectators had not sometime winced under the flick of Leander's forked critical tongue. His bitter bread returned to him that afternoon many fold.

### The Author of Casey

CASEY'S reception on his debut made me appreciate that I had a parlor trick of sorts in him, but I never thought of using the poem regularly in the theater until the second season of Wang, that of 1892-3. We were playing over the same territory as the first season and I thought the show needed an added fillip. I tried Casey on an audience, found it what vaudeville players now call a "wow," and began interpolating it nightly.

Still I had no idea of the author's identity. The initials, E. L. T., had been appended to the clipping, now long lost or destroyed. We played Worcester, Massachusetts, for one night sometime in the middle 90's and there I met a Mr. Hammond who had sung bass in the quartet at O. B. Frothingham's church, where my mother was organist, and who now was teaching voice in the Massachusetts city. Hammond wrote me a note asking me to come to the Worcester Club after the performance. If I would do so he would introduce me to the author of Casey.

*Mr. Hopper at Atlantic City, Summer of 1925*

Casey's long-lost parent proved to be Ernest L. Thayer, known to all Worcester as Phinney Thayer, the son of a wealthy textile-mill owner. Thayer had been a contemporary of William Randolph Hearst at Harvard. When Senator Hearst gave the San Francisco Examiner to his son, the younger Hearst took Thayer to California with him, and there he used to contribute occasional verses, of which Casey was one, to the Examiner. In his modesty Thayer waited so long before advancing his rightful claim to the poem that it has been challenged by innumerable others. I have met or corresponded with most of these pretenders in my time, and none has yet offered me the slightest proof or corroborative evidence to authorship, while Mr. Thayer has shown me three other manuscripts worthy of Casey's creator, and overwhelming supporting evidence. He lives today in Santa Barbara, California.

Thayer indubitably wrote Casey, but he could not recite it. He was the most charming of men, but slight of build and inclined to deafness and, like most persons so afflicted, very soft spoken. He had, too, at that time a decided Harvard accent.

At the importunity of his fellow club members that night he recited some of his comic verse, but begged off on Casey, pleading that this was my particular stunt. The crowd, which had been long at the bar, would not take no, however, and backed him into a corner.

### Casey With a Harvard Accent

I HAVE heard many another give Casey. Fond mammas have brought their young sons to me to hear their childish voices lisp the poem, but Thayer's was the worst of all. In a sweet, dulcet Harvard whisper he implored Casey to murder the umpire, and gave this cry of mass animal rage all the emphasis of a caterpillar wearing rubbers crawling on a velvet carpet. He was rotten. One of my theater friends, who had only the haziest of ideas where he had been the night before, said to me the next day: "Will, I think it goes better that way."

I have had other jolts to my pride in my version of Casey. There are four poems that every parlor amateur, every village life of the party, includes in his repertoire. They are Casey, Service's The Shooting of Dan McGrew, and Kipling's Boots and Gunga Din. They have written me letters about it and waylaid me at the stage door for years.

In the lobby of a Peoria, Illinois, hotel I once was accosted by a confident young man.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hopper, but I am going to see you tonight," he said, "and I just wondered if you are going to recite Casey."

I told him that it would be an evening to be remembered if I did not.

"Good," he exclaimed. "I would just like my young lady friend to hear how someone else recites it."

Every newspaper that has an Answers column or a poetry corner reprints Casey at as regular intervals as they serve up that other perennial, the United States Government's official recipe for whitewash. The poem is to be found, too, in Burton Stevenson's Home Book of Verse. But the supply apparently never overtakes the demand, and I take it that many a scrapbook still contains a yawning void. To forestall a petition to Congress, I give it here again:

CASEY AT THE BAT

*The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;*
*The score was four to two with but one inning more to play.*
*And so when Cooney died at first and Barrows did the same,*
*A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.*

*A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest*
*Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;*
*They thought if only Casey could but get a whack at that—*
*We'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.*

*But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,*
*And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;*
*So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,*
*For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.*

*But Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,*

(Continued on Page 148)

*A Rare Occasion When Casey Was Not Recited: Mr. Hopper and Miss Marguerite Clark Scattering Sunshine in a Children's Hospital*

# THE STOCKMEN AND THE NATIONAL FORESTS

By W. B. Greeley
CHIEF UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

THE administration of the national forests is again under fire. This time the battle is opened by the livestock interests of the West. Though it is doubtful whether any considerable proportion of the 31,000 sheep and cattle growers who pasture their herds in the national forests have any serious complaint, an active few at least are attacking the basic policy that governs the use of the forest ranges. In the Western press and in meetings of livestock organizations demands are voiced that strike at the very roots of conservation. This onslaught is in part responsible for the investigation of public-land questions which members of the Senate Committee on Public Lands have been conducting.

High Summer Pastures in the Grand Mesa National Forest, Colorado

At a joint meeting held in Salt Lake City in August, preparatory to the hearings of the investigating committee, the organized sheep and cattle men of the West asked:

"That by law there be a recognition of rights to grazing upon national forest ranges upon an area basis.

"That such rights be based upon established priority and preference at the time of the enactment of the law.

"That such rights be subject to provisions necessary for the protection of other resources of the national forests, the holders thereof to be responsible for willful damage done by them to the resources of the forests, and any contested point arising between holders of rights and the Government taken to the United States District Court."

### Public Pasture

AT THE last moment—seeking to take the curse from their program—the stockmen added a postscript in favor of "equitable protection to communities, to the small farmer, to the wild life and to recreation facilities."

What the flockmasters are seeking is thus perfectly plain. Grazing rights are to be confirmed by law in those pasturing the ranges now. Any new settler or ranchman who needs forage in the national forests will obtain it only by buying the right of some established and protected user who chooses to sell at his own price. Whatever the glittering generality of "protection to the small farmer" may mean, the heart of the scheme is the complete legal intrenchment of past range usage. The big sheepmen who pasture ten to twenty or fifty thousand woollies in the national forests—and there are still a few of them—would each be given perpetual control of thousands of acres of public land. The cattle barons counting three or five or seven thousand in their herds would be ensconced far more securely on their hundreds of square miles of the nation's common property than ever in the old days, when their reign depended upon custom and the six-shooter.

The door of opportunity would be closed to the small livestock producer or homesteader in the national forests. We would take down from their portals Roosevelt's slogan, A Square Deal, and in its place tack up Special Privilege. And in the very meeting where this policy was seriously proposed and adopted, representatives of the Farm Bureau brought out strikingly the vital relationship between farm development in Utah, with her limited areas of irrigable land, and the use of the public stock ranges.

A Round-Up on the Rainier National Forest, Washington

### Forage

IT IS true that this program neither includes all the things advocated before the investigating committee nor represents all that the stockmen are out to get. Some of them demand one thing and some another. Their proposals range from desirable additions to the organic laws, more definitely fixing the status of grazing in the national forests, to schemes that would largely destroy the control of the ranges by the Forest Service. But directly or indirectly, the fundamental issue at stake is whether forage resources and the timber, water and wild-life resources on forage-bearing land are to remain in the plan of conservation embodied in the national forests.

The national forests contain around 88,000,000 acres of forage-bearing land. Much of it is land that also produces timber. Some is open grassy meadows scattered through the timbered belts or lying above timber line. Considerable areas of grass and brush land that have never produced and never will produce a tree were placed in the national forests of the Southwest and elsewhere, at the instance of water users for the protection of important irrigation watersheds. A section of the treeless sand hills of Nebraska was made a national forest for timber planting, and is now being converted into forest at the rate of about 800 acres a year.

Most of these range lands were grazed by sheep or cattle years before the national forests were created. Like our unreserved domain today, they were public commons, pastured by any or all without let or hindrance,

and indeed with the tacit consent of the Federal Government. From this long-continued use of the land before national forests were thought of, the Western stockmen acquired a sense of proprietorship, or vested right, in the use of the forage.

Under the Salt Lake plan, grazing rights on specific areas would be conferred by law. The present control exercised by the Forest Service over numbers of stock, seasons of use, and so forth, is to be done away with. The purpose of this change, as was repeatedly explained by the stockmen, is to abolish public regulation and give each range user a free hand to graze his allotment when and how he chooses. In the case of some stockmen this would mean intelligent use and upkeep of the range. In the case of many it would mean overgrazing and the depletion or loss of a public resource. Once this principle is written into law we may as well strike out forage from our national plan of conservation.

Again, though the Salt Lake plan admits the need for protecting other resources in the national forests, timber, water, and so on, actual responsibility could be brought home to the owners of grazing rights solely for "willful damage done by them," and that only through an appeal to the courts. Whatever young forest growth might be destroyed from overgrazing, however extensive the silting of irrigation reservoirs or the injury done to municipal water supplies, wherever valuable game animals might be crowded out, the Secretary of Agriculture would be powerless to act except through appeal to the slow processes of the Federal courts; and their hands would be tied unless willfulness in the commission of the injury could be proved. The grazing men might even let fires escape in the national forests with immunity, unless the source of the fire would meet the legal test of "willful." This illustration was used at the Salt Lake meeting to describe the secure status which the range users demand. Once write this principle into law and the whole plan of conservation—range, timber, water, wild life, everything—is shattered on the 88,000,000 acres of forage-bearing lands in the national forests.

It should not be overlooked that a grant of legal rights in areas used for grazing would form an absolutely new departure in our Federal land policy. Though the claim to a vested right has long persisted in the minds of the stockmen in one form or another, it has never had legal sanction. In the early days it rested wholly on custom. The most that the laws of Congress permitted was free use by all comers alike until other disposition of the land might be made. Fencing was prohibited. The occupancy of the stockman might be upset at any time, as it often was, by new homestead settlements, a grant of public land to a railroad company, the delimitation of an Indian reservation or a withdrawal for reclamation.

*Overgrazing Has Destroyed Grass and Small Trees and Prepared the Way for Serious Erosion*

### *Prior Users*

BUT although wholly without sanction of law, the idea of a preemptive right to continued grazing has been backed by the natural claim of vigorous Western spirits to the fruits of pioneering effort. Often, indeed, the value of a range right on vacant public land has, in one way or another, been capitalized in the sale price of the patented ranch in connection with which the open range has customarily been used. This viewpoint toward public forage has colored all the discussions and controversies on grazing in the national forests.

In its management of the national forests the Department of Agriculture has always recognized a moral obligation toward prior users of grazing lands in connection with local ranches or settlements. It has never, however, been able to sanction the claim to a vested right or property interest in the forage. On the contrary, it has regarded that conception as absolutely inimical to the principles of conservation.

In the first place the use of forage cannot be permitted to destroy or impair other resources of vital consequence for whose perpetuation the national forests were created. On some areas the grazing of livestock, unless very carefully controlled, destroys the young growth of valuable commercial trees to a degree which means the complete stoppage of forest renewal and the ultimate disappearance of the forest altogether.

On many large areas the resource of the greatest value is water—water which fills the reservoirs and ditches of irrigation projects, or supplies the domestic use of municipalities, or turns the wheels of hydroelectric power plants. The Salt River Valley of Arizona produces more than $20,000,000 worth of agricultural crops annually, all of which depend upon water resources largely drawn from the surrounding national forests and Indian reservations. Some 1200 cities and towns obtain their municipal supply of water from national forest systems. The grazing of sheep or cattle may impair the purity of water needed for domestic use. Uncontrolled grazing may easily, through destroying the vegetative cover and starting excessive erosion, seriously impair the value of reservoirs and conduits, and reduce the supplies of water available for industrial purposes.

### *Range Rights and Wrongs*

IN OTHER instances there is a real conflict between the grazing of domestic stock and the perpetuation of valuable wild life, like the Kaibab deer of Northern Arizona and the large elk herds in the Yellowstone region. And here and there curtailments of grazing are necessary to make reasonable provision for the campers and other recreation seekers in the national forests. All the possible injuries to other resources from grazing, heaped together, do not require large reductions in the aggregate number of livestock which use the national forests. But they do necessitate a power of adjustment in the use of the ranges, of local elimination of grazing where unavoidable, and of regulation or control with a view to safeguarding the resources of paramount value and accomplishing the greatest public benefits from the national forests as a whole. To destroy or limit this authority—on the part of the responsible administrative agency—by a vested right in grazing or by any other device would be to deny the fundamental conception of conservation.

And by the same token the forage itself—on the national-forest ranges—must be conserved. It is one of the major resources of these public lands. It is vital to the future of the livestock industry, just as their timber is vital to the future of the lumber industry. In the old days many of the ranges now in the national forests suffered—just as the unreserved public domain is suffering today from excessive overgrazing. They were eaten into the ground. Often many of the more valuable forage plants disappeared. To bring them back to full productiveness is a slow and difficult task. Yet this is just as essential a part of the conservation plan for the national forests as is the restoration of their burned-out timber. Much still remains to be done through better range management to make the broad acres of pasture in the national forests the productive national asset they should be.

Is this constructive enterprise, now carried on for twenty years, to stop or is it to go forward? Shorn of all trimmings and

*(Continued on Page 80)*

*An Arizona Flockmaster*

# SUN CURE

By CHARLES BRACKETT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

*"But You Will be Wonderful When You are Brown," She Offered as Consolation. "There is Nothing Like it, That Intoxication of Well-Being"*

"SAY, will you hurry up with your pants, Johnny?" Moosie called it from the Byronic rock on which she sat with Mr. Dunn, the actor with the tattooed arm, and Mr. Jackman, the tennis champion. The words sent a dull, affronted anger over every inch of John Yandell Claiborn's adolescence.

He knew well enough that Moosie didn't really want the bath sheet under which he was dressing. She was just showing off before those old men. She was letting them know he was just the brother of her best friend, who'd been checked with her until his mother arrived, and that she didn't have to have any consideration of him.

What if he was only seventeen, he had his feelings! How would she like it if he humiliated her like that? How would she have felt if he'd called, "Hey, your shirt shows," when it did the other day, for instance.

If he were going to be treated like that he wouldn't have any—any sex respect left.

"Take your old towel," he said, and wadding it into a mass he tossed it at her, and as it was quite wet it hit her full in the face.

"That's a nice-mannered young cub," Mr. Jackman remarked, and Mr. Dunn said, "Oh, I say!" and they both made a great fuss about Moosie. John Yandell listened while he put on his striped *espadrilles*. As though anyone could be hurt by a wet towel.

Even the dark lady, with whom John Yandell had been in love since shortly after his arrival yesterday morning, lifted her head to see what had happened.

The dark lady was lying on the most Byronic of all the rocks, with arms outstretched and a voluptuous air of giving herself to the sun. She had lain there all yesterday morning and most of the afternoon, and if one were to judge from the golden brown of her skin, which was unapproached by any other burn on that sun-mad cape in the Mediterranean, she had so lain for many days.

Her sea-blue and faintly silver *maillot* was sleeveless and amazingly décolleté; her legs were bare. Around her throat was one tight strand of Oriental pearls. To John Yandell Claiborn she was, as a movie magazine he had once read had said of Barbara Devore, whom also he had loved, "herself . . . and yet the essence of all beautiful women, Helen of Troy, and Cleopatra, and that fair girl for whom Sir Lancelot forsook a queen."

It was terrible to have her attention drawn to that one lapse into childishness, but after she had seen the cause of the commotion she merely smiled, a little precious smile which glittered against her brown face in a surprising whiteness of teeth and carmine of lipstick, and which didn't hurt even John Yandell's bruised feelings. It was so obviously not at him, but simply the smile of a person pleased to find herself not interested in that kind of thing.

John Yandell allowed his hopeless passion one long look at her, before he started up the long path to the hotel.

It was a path made of gravel the consistency of Jordan almonds, and one on which it was difficult to maintain the dignified and aloof stride which he would have preferred for his exit.

"Johnny!" Moosie called. He didn't turn.

"Johnny!" He made no sign of hearing.

"John Yandell Claiborn!" There was nothing propitiatory in her tone, but he swung about. Moosie cupped her hands. "You've got my hair in your pocket," she called.

She had given him the little wad she wore at the back of her neck in the utmost secrecy.

When he took it to her, she said "Thanks, honey," in an insultingly casual way; and then she dropped it and said, "Her luxuriant locks fell to her feet," at which the men laughed.

John turned away in high disgust. She'd tried out the line on him. There must have been some arresting quality in his movements because suddenly he was almost paralyzingly conscious that the dark lady near whose rock he was passing was looking at him, and looking at him with definite interest.

"'Ave you a metch?" she asked.

He had none, because he was to get ten thousand dollars if he did not smoke until he was twenty-one. He had to go back to Mr. Dunn and borrow a little box for her.

He waited until late before he went to luncheon in the great white-and-gold dining room with the dim panels in tempera, because he was almost sure she would speak to him when he passed her table, but he wasn't prepared for the graciousness of her smile when she lifted her eyes and saw him.

"Naice boy," she said, and he stopped dead still, "would you get my scarf? I left it in the *couloir*."

By some miracle his feet didn't catch in each other as they had been known to do in tremendous emotional moments.

Some urbanity born that very instant let him say, "Sure, I'd be glad to."

"A w'ite scarf," she particularized.

He'd noticed that everything she wore except her bathing suits was white, which emphasized her tan. This noon she was in dazzling silk jersey, which looked as he imagined samite might look. There was no mistaking the scarf with its embroidery of heavy white flowers and its jasmine perfume.

She had him fling it over the back of her chair.

"Sometimes there is a *courant d'air*," she explained. "Thank you so motch."

There was promise in her smile. John floated back to the table he shared with Moosie as though the jasmine had been so much balloon gas.

"Is she just vamping till ready?" Moosie asked. "Or was that the spring of the tiger woman?"

"What's her name?" John ignored the clownery.

"Pocahontas, or Wahwahtaysee, or something dusky," Moosie answered; and she added, "I like a good coat of tan as well as anybody, but Lord, I don't want to get like that."

"You don't need to tell me you're perfectly satisfied just as you are," John Yandell retorted. "I saw you smear coconut stuff all over yourself, and sit with a kimono on for all but about five minutes."

"Never mind, honey," Moosie prophesied; "you'll wish you'd burned the midday oil when tonight comes."

He had no need to wait. Already there was a smoldering pain on his shoulder blades, and he would have kept to the hotel that afternoon if he hadn't known that on the rocks lay his one chance of seeing the dark lady before dinnertime.

In the fear of missing some part of her presence, he went down when most people were at their siestas, and had twenty minutes alone in the grilling brilliance before she appeared at the top of the steps, holding a fringed bath shawl carefully about her.

"Oh, you are here," she cried. "You are here early. *D'habitude* I have this hour alone with the sun."

She seemed to poise on the brink of departure, then with sudden decision she flung back the bath shawl.

At the beginning of the gesture John Yandell Claiborn had an almost overwhelming instinct to shut his eyes, but there was no reason he should have done so. Her *maillot* was the same as that she had worn in the morning, only sea green instead of blue, with gold instead of silver undertones.

"Take this," she said, and flung the bath shawl to him, then she leaped from the springboard in a lovely curve and swam out to the anchored raft, around it and back. Dripping she climbed out.

She let him spread the bath shawl on her rock.

"And could you go and get my cigarette case for me, naice boy?" she asked when she was settled. "My maid has it on the terrace."

John Yandell went up the steps two at a time. The case was gold and all covered with strange enameled flowers. There was a cipher on it in diamonds.

"You are so kaind," she told him as she chose a long cigarette. "And you have a metch? Oh, I forgot you do not smoke, and my maid has the *briquet*." John climbed the steps again.

"Thank you, John Yandell Claiborn," she said. It was a poem as she pronounced it, a little exotic poem.

"How did you know my name?"

"The girl with the hair called it after you, John Yandell Claiborn."

She smiled as she chimed the curious syllables.

"What's your name?" he asked, agonized by the crudity of the question.

For an instant she seemed to meditate deeply over her cigarette, then she pronounced two words.

"Tovarechtch Anna."

"Gee, is that French?"

"Rossian. I am not Franch. And you?"

"I'm an American."

"There are many here, are there not?"

"Yeah. Half the place."

"I know many Franch," she said, "many Anglish, but no Americans. Are they all as naice as you?"

"Gee, to hear Moosie talk you'd think it was a wonder they'd let me have a passport." She could not understand a statement so complicated.

"You come from what part?" she inquired.

"The South, Virginia. Only I've been North to school so long you can't tell it from my talk."

"That is motch more agreeable than the North, is it not?" She recalled some scrap of information. "With sunshine and slaves to wait upon you. I have heard songs about it."

"We haven't got any slaves any more, just a lot of old niggers who don't do much more work in a day than one of these frogs"

"Niggers? W'at are those?"

"Black people."

"Tell me about it," she commanded. "It anterests me. What is your house like? And your papa and your maman?"

Before he was finished, she had the whole picture as seen through faintly homesick eyes, the pillared mansion, and the magnolias, and the box garden, and the old slave quarters made into immaculate tenements over which Pomp and Maudie Johnson, who'd been born into the family, ruled with feudal assurance.

"I should like to go there some day," she said. "I like strange places, and it must be so different, so happy ——"

"Different from Russia, you mean?"

"Yes."

There was a poignant pause, which was broken because her glance fell on his shoulders.

"Oh," she cried, "dazn't those give you pain? You have neglected to rub on oils?"

He'd scorned such measures as effeminate, but now he asked, "Will that stop it?"

"It would have prevanted it."

"Too late now, I guess."

"But you will be wonderful when you are brown," she offered as consolation. "There is nothing like it, that intoxication of well-being."

"Did you get like this at first?"

"I was careful," she explained. "Oh, but I had my pain. I grew impatient and put on ammonia and peroxide. That makes the sunburn come fast, but, oh, it piques, it stangs."

"You've got a peach of a burn."

"Even under my pearls." She lifted them; they were lovely pearls.

"How long did it take you?"

"Months and months. I was pale and wretched. Now I am well. That is why I love the sun."

"Did you start it here?" he asked.

"Long before I came. In another life." Her eyes dreamed over some old tragedy, but she only said, "It is so cold in Rossia. One learns to love the sun. But one must use reason even in love, and you must stay in it no longer. Go before you are more miserable."

"Gee, I hate to when you're here," he said. It was the most gallant speech he had yet pronounced in his life.

"You are kaind," she told him. "And as you pass will you tell my maid she need wait no longer? I was cross with her and told her she must. You might tell her I am sorree."

John wondered if she knew what pleasure it gave him to perform her commissions

It was still early. On the long path he passed only one person bound down for the rocks, a gentleman with a beard and pince-nez, and very thin legs which seemed to trail down from his orange *toga bain*.

Moosie, who'd formed a strategic alliance with one Kate Baker, was sitting with her on the upper terrace, surrounded by practically all the men with their gin drinks. There was no doubt about it, Moosie did have a genius for social organization. She hadn't been there two days and John Yandell gathered, from a few words which drifted over the railing, that she was getting up some kind of party, just as she was always doing at home

From the constraint which fell on the group as he walked up the steps, he judged that he wasn't to be included

"Here's my lamb child now," Moosie said, evidently by way of warning to the others, and to endear herself further with Johnny Yandell, she asked, "Been sparking with the passionate brunette again?"

"Been swimming," he answered, but his blush had provided an affirmative. Mr. Dunn took pity on him.

"What is she?" he asked, very one man of the world to another. "Some kind of an East Indian? She speaks such strange soft French."

"A Russian," John Yandell was proud to be able to answer. "Her name is Tovarechtch Anna."

"Tovarechtch," Mr. Dunn repeated. "That's a very good family, I think."

Evidently Russians wore their last names first. John Yandell experienced simultaneous emotions; profound gratitude for the information without which he would certainly have committed the horror of calling her Miss Anna, and deep distrust of Mr. Dunn's interest. Mr. Dunn had handsome brown eyes, a thin, nicely shaped head, good shoulders and vast urbanity. If Mr. Dunn should turn from Moosie's callow charms —

"If she's a Russian," Moosie asked, "how come she can stay at this hotel?" And rolling her eyes, with her comedy manner she added, "Is she a good girl, Johnny?"

"How would you like somebody to talk about you like that?" Johnny turned on her.

"Well, you know I love flattery," Moosie answered.

"Well, cut it out, that's all."

*Continued on Page 72*

*"What a Mad Night! A Night to Tell Secrets. I Should Not Talk to You Tonight, John Yandell Claiborn"*

# THE BROWN OUTLAW

## By Victor Shawe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

LINN COLBY rode clattering across the wooden bridge which in that day and year spanned the Ochoco near the lower end of Prineville's main street. Linn was out for a holiday—a horse hunt. There was an outlaw supposed to be running in the timber east of Grizzly Butte, and he wanted to prove, by riding the animal, that the stories he had heard regarding its temper and cunning were mostly bunk. But even the matter of the outlaw was remote from his thoughts as he rode singing into town, violating the quietude of the bright spring morning with his plaintive, tuneless rendition of My Lulu Girl. As he commenced the fifty-fourth verse he suddenly decided the words were hardly proper for the place or the occasion. Without change in tune or expression, he immediately switched to the Cowboy's Lament.

Lew Trask, sunning himself in front of Wigle's stable, got up and strolled out to the curb.

"Well, if it isn't Linn Colby!" he exclaimed as the rider stopped in front of the big red barn. "Linn, you poor sheepherder, I have it straight you've been asked to sing in a choir here. Yes—no?"

Linn glared at Lew for an instant; then nodded gravely.

"Yeh-ess," he drawled. "I'm going to sing My Lulu Girl next prayer-meeting night. I'm offering even money that I can sing all the verses I know without getting shot at."

"What makes you so reckless in your betting?" Lew asked. "Isn't it good manners any more to pack guns to prayer meeting?"

Colby dismounted, stretched his long arms, blinked his eyes and shook himself like a young animal that has rested too long in the same position.

"Kind of tedious, riding alone," he complained, speaking as if he intended to ignore the reflection on his singing. He lowered his arms and smothered a yawn with one hand. Then he made a sudden lunge and picked Lew up bodily and carried him to a watering trough at the far end of the barn.

*Trask Threw His Rope, But the Noose Dropped Harmlessly Behind the Outlaw's Heels; and Colby Did Not Get Close Enough to Throw at All*

"You disreputable old ruin, now see what's going to happen to you for poking fun at my singing," he said, as if he regretted the deed he was about to do. "When I get through drowning the seat of your pants in this trough, maybe you'll know enough to respect real talent when you hear it coming along the street."

Lew lay suspiciously quiet in Linn's arms.

"Boy, you are hurting my dignity," he said mildly. "In about a minute, if you don't behave yourself, I'm going to kick loose. Then I'm going to stand you on your head in a corner and go away and leave you to your own resources. How'd you get out of a predicament like that, I'd like to know?"

Linn appeared to ponder for a moment.

"Guess I hadn't better take any desperate chances," he decided, carefully standing Lew on his feet again. Arm in arm they went back to the street. Then Linn spoke of the matter which had brought them both to town. "Tell me about the horse ride you and I are supposed to make."

"Why, a horse ride—just like I sent you word," Lew explained. "You and me, we're going up into the timber and build a corral somewhere. Then all the mavericks like you and all the old-timers like me, we're going to make a ride and gather the wild horses that are running up yonder."

Linn began to grumble.

"What will we get out of it besides experience?" he asked. Lew had already sent word that they were to have all the unbranded horses they corralled, but Colby chose to ignore this fact, trying to elicit a detailed explanation, knowing Lew disliked to be called upon for explanations.

Lew refused to give a direct answer on this occasion.

"What will we get besides the experience?" he said. "We'll get to see the country, won't we—some trees and streams and mountains. Why, boy, there are people who'd pay money to make the ride we're going to make."

"I suppose so," Linn agreed, still pretending to grumble. "Experience and country! A lot to get and a lot to see. Where are your horses? We'd better be roving along."

In Central Oregon the sheep and cattle country spreads out to the east, to the west, to the north and to the south of Prineville. The old settlers remember the time when antelope and deer and wild horses in countless thousands ranged, fat and contented, over the open bunch-grass lands and in the timber. Now the antelope are gone; the deer have been slaughtered; and Trask and Colby were on their way to prepare for the last round-up of wild horses. They planned to gather the horses in the timber east of Grizzly Butte, drive them down Willow Creek, out across the Lamonta flat, and deliver them to buyers at the old horse corrals near Madras.

Grizzly Butte, almost midway between Madras on the north and Prineville on the south, stands like a sentinel outpost near the eastern edge of the Deschutes Plateau. North and south of Grizzly, receding ever eastward, rise the higher mountains. Although most of that vast mountainous area is covered with timber, its primeval parks and groves and glades are known intimately by but a few—by the forest rangers and fire guards whose charge it is to preserve a great national heritage for the benefit of future generations, and by the stockmen whose sheep and cattle find pasturage there during the summer months. Occasionally a trapper rides through in search of favorable locations for winter trap lines. And sometimes hunters move quietly through the cool solitudes. Such were Lew Trask and Linn Colby; but their hunting was done with ropes, not with guns. They were hunters of horses, masters in the art of snaring and breaking wild broncs.

In the summer months the timber was always overgrazed, and the stockmen knew that the wild horses, moving swiftly from place to place, took the best of the all too scanty grass. These horses had almost no commercial value, so early that spring the stockmen decided to eliminate them from the reserve. In order to avoid disputes over the division of the unbranded horses, the job had been turned over to Trask. He immediately sent word to Colby and declared him in on the deal. Linn, formerly top rider for one of the big outfits, was beginning to run a few cattle of his own and had bought a small ranch north of Grizzly; and—in theory—was beginning to appreciate the value of time and cash. Now, although he had joined this venture willingly enough, as they left Prineville and rode through the narrow valley of the Ochoco, he reverted to the matter of profit.

"More country and more experience!" he repeated plaintively. "What else did you say we would get out of this deal?"

"We are to get all the unbranded horses that are corralled," Lew explained patiently. "The stockmen who use the timber have agreed to that; and they have also agreed to send riders to help in the round-up."

"Huh! Forty or fifty little fuzz tails that will sell for seven or eight dollars a head! Say, man, don't you think my time is worth anything?"

"Since when have you been counting the value of time—or anything else?" Lew chided. He was four years older than Linn and by virtue of the difference in their ages affected a paternal attitude. "Shame on you! Wait until you are as old as I am before you begin figuring in minutes. Besides, if your time is worth so much, why are you making the ride?"

"I'll tell you," Linn confided. "I'm riding with you to see if we can bring in the brown outlaw."

Lew shook his head in simulated sorrow.

"Linn, aren't you ever going to grow up and quit believing in fairy tales? Why, boy, the old-timers say it was fifteen years ago that Kohles rode the brown horse into the timber and disappeared. A man like Kohles wouldn't have been trying to break a horse that was less than five years old. Add five and fifteen. You know as well as I do that no horse could survive twenty winters in the deep snow in the timber."

"What about Gooding up on Crooked River?" Colby persisted. "And what about Harry Dupree over on Trout Creek?"

Trask refused to argue further. The brown outlaw, like religion, was a subject that couldn't be argued satisfactorily. One either believed the stories that were current, or one did not believe. All that was known definitely about the horse was that some fifteen years earlier a stockman living on the Madras side of the range—a man named Kohles—one day told some of his neighbors he had rounded up a band of fuzz tails and that among them was a brown horse which he intended to ride the following forenoon. The next morning two of the neighbors, eager to see the horse perform, went over to the Kohles ranch. When they reached the place Kohles had disappeared. His corral gate was broken open, and tracks down through a plowed field showed that a horse had passed that way, running and bucking, headed for the timber. Nothing had been heard of Kohles since then. It was known his affairs were in bad shape, and there were many who believed he had simply skipped out of the district. Others believed he had succeeded in riding the horse as far as the timber and there, under the low branches, had met his death.

As a usual thing, when a horse carrying a heavy stock saddle goes back to the wild ones its subsequent career is short. Shunned by other horses, tormented by the unaccustomed weight of the saddle and by the flopping stirrups, it loses flesh and courage rapidly. Ugly gall sores form under the saddle, still further weakening it and breaking its spirit. Before long it falls an easy prey to prowling cougars, or else, utterly discouraged, lies down and ceases to struggle. Occasionally reports have been circulated on the Western range regarding horses that were able to free themselves of saddles by chewing through the cinch. Such reports have usually received small credence among range riders. But a legend had come into currency regarding the existence and cunning of the brown outlaw. From time to time rangers and riders coming down out of the timber would tell of having caught a fleeting glimpse of a brown horse with black mane and tail and with white saddle scars on its back—a brown horse that hid in thickets of undergrowth when riders were near or else vanished mysteriously and silently in the heavy timber.

Several years after Kohles disappeared a rancher named Gooding who lived on Crooked River, above Prineville, was brought into town badly bruised and battered. He told a wild tale about a brown horse he had driven down out of the timber with some of his young work stock. He said he had tried to ride the brown horse and that it had bucked its way through his corral gate, jumped several wire fences, and finally, out in the sage, had thrown him and trampled on him and then disappeared. Several months later Gooding's saddle was found up near the timber with the cinch cut and frayed as if by blunt teeth. This fact lent an aspect of truth to Gooding's story.

Shortly after that, Harry Dupree, a young rider from the Trout Creek range, took up the search. One day Dupree's horse was discovered riderless, and a little later the men who found the horse met Dupree crawling painfully along the trail. Dupree's body was bruised and lacerated, and one leg was broken. He said he had discovered the outlaw and had succeeded in roping it and that the horse had fought with him, pulling him out of the saddle and trampling on him. What had happened after that he could not say except that when he regained consciousness the outlaw had disappeared and his own horse had wandered away.

Since that time Trask and Colby had made several trips into the timber searching for the outlaw. But Trask, when speaking about the horse, always took the view that no such animal existed. Now, as they jogged up toward the timber, he reiterated his disbelief.

"I'm not making the ride for the sake of seeing an ornery old brown horse," he told Linn. "Why, boy, like I've said a hundred times, if ever there was such a horse he must have died of old age years ago.

"What I can't understand about this fellow Colby," he continued, as if speaking to a third person, "is how he gets the idea he could break a bad horse if he should meet up with one."

Linn was rated as one of the best riders in Central Oregon, but he was willing to be put on the defensive.

"The trouble with old-timers like Trask is that they use force instead of reason when working with broncs," he retorted, also addressing an imaginary third person. He continued then, elaborating on the value of gentling wild horses before trying to ride them.

Lew listened courteously until Colby finished speaking. Then he mused, "I've noticed it's just the poor timid guys who believe in gentling the broncs before riding them."

"Is that so?" Linn said indignantly.

"I was just offering a general observation," Lew hastened to explain. "I may be wrong, as usual. We'll find out if ever we corral the brown outlaw."

"Are you going to let me ride him first?" Linn asked eagerly.

"If we corral him I'm going to give you a week in which to gentle him so that he won't want to buck when he's ridden," Trask promised. "After you've worked with him for a week, if he still acts fuzzy I'll get to ride him first."

Trask was imposing his conditions regarding the breaking of the brown horse as a jest, believing if the outlaw should be captured Linn would be too eager to try his skill as a rider to waste any time in preliminary gentling. But for the moment Colby accepted the conditions literally. He knew there were some riders who believed the sane way to break a wild horse was to gentle it before riding it. For himself, he had always believed the way to do was to rope the horse and saddle it and ride it. That was the good old-fashioned way—fast, and usually effective. Time enough to gentle a horse after the animal had learned who was boss

Late that afternoon Trask and Colby crossed the summit of a long high ridge in the heart of the timber where the wild horses ranged. Some twenty miles to the west loomed Grizzly Butte. Converging toward the high ridge from the east were a number of lesser ridges which wit.

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*Lew, Warned by That First Slight Swaying of the Outlaw's Head, Had Driven His Horse in to Meet the Attack*

# THE PORT OF MISSING FILMS

## By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

IT WAS indisputably a father and daughter who stood in the elevator entrance of the rather shabby New York office building in the motion-picture belt just off Broadway, waiting for the single car to bear them to some upper floor. On the sidewalk just outside, a great pile of metal cans had been assembled, each the size of a small garbage receptacle, and a force of men and boys were tossing these into a fleet of trucks backed against the curb. One could see the young lady was deeply interested in the scene, for as her father impatiently pressed the elevator button for service, she wandered to the doorway to scan the metal cans intently and tried to read the addresses on the pasted labels. The cans contained motion-picture films that were being shipped to a host of cinema palaces for exhibition. That is, most were being shipped for exhibition. Some bore the address of a near-by storage warehouse, where, its publicity states, motion-picture films may safely be stored at a charge of four dollars a month.

The slow elevator came to the street level; the father and daughter entered, rather more distinguished in appearance than the other passengers. The gentleman was stoutly built, his face bearing the indefinable air that comes from years of conscious success. He was evidently a business man, for out of his upper vest pocket stuck two fountain pens, both gold-mounted, and the end of a check book peeped from the inside pocket of his unbuttoned coat. His large felt hat somehow gave the impression that he came from a state west of the Mississippi or south of the Ohio River. The young lady was harder to define; for in these days, when Paris styles are shown in the shop windows of Albuquerque and Mobile simultaneously with those of Fifth Avenue, one cannot place an American girl by her clothing. It is enough to say that the young lady was distinctly charming and that her garments had been fashioned by no village dressmaker.

The two left the elevator at the eighth floor and sought an office on which was the legend Motion Picture Distributor. The anteroom was furnished with two chairs, in one of which a very fat colored man was sleeping soundly. The rattle of a typewriter came from an inner office. After a space the typewriter stopped and the distributor, a young man with horn-rimmed spectacles, emerged to interview the visitors. He waked the sleeping colored man, who smiled agreeably and stated he had come to see about some offered employment. The two disappeared into the rear chamber; the father and daughter waited.

### *Moving Pictures at Six Cents a Pound*

AT LENGTH the colored man shuffled out, followed by the distributor, who stopped to ask the gentleman in the felt hat what might be his pleasure. The latter presented his card, a little resentfully, one thought, as a person not used to being kept waiting. The distributor looked at the card in a puzzled way, the girl searching his face eagerly. At length he invited father and daughter into the private office.

There followed the sound of voices; the deep authoritative tones of the gentleman from the far spaces, the occasional interjections of the young lady, the slightly cynical and slurring accent of the New Yorker. The latter abruptly brought the interview to a close.

"You say the picture cost more than $100,000?" he rasped. "Well, I can't sell it for that many cents. It's over in the warehouse right now, with about 200 others like it. You can have it if you want to pay the storage charges!"

There was a short dead silence, broken by a gush of sudden self-pitying lamentation. Father and daughter came out of the inner office, the man's face set, the girl dabbing desperately at her reddened eyes. The distributor followed them to the elevator, watched them drop out of sight and returned placidly to his bureau of work.

"Another great movie dream shattered," he remarked. "I wonder when people will stop falling for these phony motion-picture promotions."

Were there many such, one asked.

"The average for this office is about two a month," he answered. "Multiply that by the number of distributors around here and you can estimate how many absolutely hopeless films are being made every year in these United States. To my knowledge there are more than 1000 of them buried in New York warehouses at this moment."

With no chance of getting anything back for the people who have invested their money?

"Oh, yes, there is a certain salvage," he said cynically. "Every pound of film contains about six cents' worth of silver. A seven-reeler will weigh about thirty-five pounds, so the stockholders can always get back something like two dollars if they are willing to settle on that basis!"

*Trucks in the New York Motion Picture Belt Being Loaded With Films for Distribution*

How does it come that there are more than 1000 films at this moment lying in the warehouses of New York, and worth, according to one in the business, six cents a pound? Is it bad judgment on the part of the people who have financed them, or cupidity, or vanity, or what? Why does motion-picture production, vastly profitable for some, turn out so disastrously for others? The prosperous business man and his daughter from the far spaces who visited the office of the motion-picture distributor furnish a composite answer, for their story is typical of others. Let us call the gentleman Mr. Blank and name his city Blanktown.

It was almost a year previously that an affable stranger walked into Mr. Blank's wholesale mercantile establishment in Blanktown and stated he contemplated building a motion-picture studio in the city for the production of superfilms. The stranger made it plain at the outset that he was not there to sell Mr. Blank any stock in his enterprise. Merely, he wanted Mr. Blank's advice; for Mr. Blank had been mentioned to him as a leading citizen whose judgment on business subjects was unquestioned. Being president of one of the prominent luncheon clubs of the city and a director of the chamber of commerce, Mr. Blank might put him in touch with other prominent individuals whose moral support would be valuable. Indirectly, of course, Mr. Blank and the others would share in the increased prosperity brought about by the establishment of a great motion-picture studio in their city.

Mr. Blank was interested; but being a man of affairs, he had learned caution. During past years a number of enterprises had been brought to Blanktown by outside promoters in which citizens were induced to invest money, and almost invariably these enterprises had gone on the rocks with loss to investors. Because of these experiences, Mr. Blank informed his visitor, the chamber of commerce and other business bodies were absolutely hard-boiled. Even if no stock was to be offered for sale, any new proposition would have to be subjected to the most searching scrutiny before it would receive indorsement.

The stranger smiled genially at this and stated he had not come to Blanktown to put anything over on the citizenry. He knew perfectly well that grafters were constantly going about the country unloading all kinds of fake stocks; to him such operations were absolutely repellent and he could not see how anyone with the merest shred of conscience could lend himself to anything of the kind. He admitted frankly that even the motion-picture business had been used as a weapon of graft; but in such cases the citizens themselves were usually to blame in not insisting that the promotors should produce evidence that their propositions were on the square. He was glad to know Blanktown was alive to these things, because it made the work of a serious man so much easier.

### *A Serious Man*

HE DIVED into his brief case and pulled out documents to prove himself a serious man. There was a letter, written on the stationery of a New York producing company, beginning "Dear old pal," and ending "Yours truly, Ed." His friend Ed was only an employe of the firm, he admitted, but a vastly influential one whose good offices might mean everything when a film was to be marketed. There were other communications from film actors, and one from a well-known director that he did not read, merely displaying the envelopes and letterheads. His chief exhibit was a nicely printed little booklet, written by himself and entitled Who Am I? in which was stated that he had been in the motion-picture game nearly twenty years, had seen talented unknowns develop into stars overnight, picture executives rise from poverty to affluence, and he could affirm with absolute sincerity that the trend of the industry had ever been onward and upward.

In small towns business men are sometimes not so skillful as their big-city contemporaries in getting rid of inconvenient callers. Mr. Blank was up to his neck in work. If this had not been so he might have looked more closely into the stranger's references. As it was, he tried merely to shorten the interview by saying agreeably that the references were very impressive and he believed the motion-picture studio would be a great thing for Blanktown.

The stranger treated these well-intentioned remarks with quite embarrassing gratitude. He shook Mr. Blank's hand heartily and stated that it was very flattering to have a man of Mr. Blank's caliber indorse his proposition so wholeheartedly; it was an indorsement that might mean a great deal to both of them. Somehow Mr. Blank had an uncomfortable feeling that his desire to be pleasant had led him too far, but he could hardly go back on his words.

The stranger gathered up his references and prepared to leave; but there was evidently something else on his mind, for he walked to the door uncertainly, hesitated a moment, and then went back to Mr. Blank's desk.

"I hope you'll not be offended in something I would like to propose," he said deferentially. "I must tell you that I have been stopping at the St. Agnes Hotel here a few days, looking over the possibilities of making your city a

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# THE WILD WEST OF AFRICA

## By Wythe Williams

*The New Arab Quarter, to Which the Native Population Refuses to Go. Casablanca (in Background) Beyond City Plaza*

ARMED, stranger?" A gaunt, bearded Frenchman, in the common room, which is also the bar, of the Grand Hotel Central — incidentally the only hotel of Petitjean, in North Morocco—asks the question carelessly, after listening to our conversation with the fat patron on the subject of roads up to Souk el Arba du Gharb, near the Spanish zone. Several fords of the Sebu are already gone on account of early rains. The pudgy fingers of the proprietor trace a short cut on the map.

"Armed!" we exclaim, whirling toward the speaker. "Yes—got a little automatic—in a suitcase. But why?"

"Better tote something heavy in these parts, and keep it handy. Have plenty of ammunition too." The man, except for his French colonial patois, might have sauntered in from Arizona, according to descriptions of a half century ago, when advice then given to American youth was "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country."

He thrusts out a hand for the map, and we lean against the high counter side by side, discussing routes.

"Wouldn't go that way, pardner," he whispers confidentially, indicating the short cut. "It's only a trail, and the tribes along there are uneasy. No, they're not Riffians hereabout, but these Arabs shoot sometimes—just for luck—or hate. They hate us, of course. The ford there is bad, anyway, and that's a nice car you've got. Better follow the camel-caravan route up to here"—indicating on the map—"then strike due north about eight kilometers on this here road. You'll find a farmer—name is Marcel Galinou—good guy, Marcel; river's bad there, too, but Marcel's got a big boat—he'll ferry you over—can't miss him—big white compound—nothing else about."

"And where do you live, stranger?" we ask.

"Oh, I'm over Hadjer way, 'bout dozen kilometers—just beside the river."

### All Aboard

"BEEN out here long?"

"Came when Lyautey took charge, thirteen years ago. Didn't get back for the big war—over age—besides, plenty scrapping about here. Got lots of bullet holes in my old stockade."

"Any neighbors?"

"H'm—not very close—about six kilometers, I reckon. I don't mind—always something to do, and makin' plenty. The missus don't like it much. Gets lonesome for her, I guess, out here in the *bled* of Africa. She's gone to Paris for the summer. Yes, up to see her folks for a spell." He tosses off a double cognac, rolls a cigarette and saunters to the door. Outside, his horse browses in the late afternoon sunshine. A rifle is attached to the saddle horn.

"So long, pardner," he calls. "Good luck, and get the pistol out of that there valise." He throws a leg across the saddle and disappears down the single street of the town at full gallop.

"*En voiture, messieurs, mesdames!* All aboard for the North African Express." A tall Arab, imposing in red-braided uniform, bawls out the command and we clamber quickly to our places in the large limousine de luxe that is purring outside the Hotel Excelsior in Casablanca. Arabs, big and little, in native dress, swarm from the top of the car, where they have been strapping down baggage under canvas. They cluster at the sides, begging extra tips in pidgin French. A French conductor punches tickets, while the chauffeur, in snappy uniform, climbs behind the wheel. A belated passenger, an Arab in gorgeous silky burnoose and magnificent turban, takes the last vacant place. He represents a great caid from the High Atlas. He travels to Rabat, the capital, to deliver a tribal report to the government.

### The Ride to Rabat

FACING us is the Hotel Excelsior. Five stories of modern Moorish elegance—electric lights, elevators, private baths, restaurant à la carte and American bar less than five years old. It is early evening and the lights glow softly. The sidewalk terrace is filled with officers, all in white linen braided with gold.

The horn sounds, the beggars scatter, and we speed down the magnificent boulevard, running for miles beside the Atlantic. Long rollers pound on the white sands. A mile outside is the bar, where white breakers form into tall, tossing columns of spray. Time has turned back. We are trespassing in the gardens of the Hesperides, daughters of Atlas. The hundred-headed monster, misty in the twilight, screams across the swirling waters where he guards eternally the golden apples. We rush on and come to a modern signpost. It is a giant road sign, with electric letters a foot high:

"Tunis, 2300 kilometres" about the distance from New York to Kansas City. There is a real thrill in that, for wherever did they put such distances on road signs before? "Algiers, 1850 kilometres"; Fez, Meknez, Rabat, their respective mileages, in metric language, the last named being the first stop, seventy miles away.

We sink back on wide plush cushions, inhaling the fresh breeze from the sea, and gaze out of the open windows into the warm starlit African night. The road is smooth macadam, level as a billiard table, broad enough for four automobiles to pass. On each side of it are deep dust trails for camels. The moon rises. A caravan appears, a long procession, stately and serene, each beast attended by a cluster of Arabs, their robes shining white. We doze a moment. A flash of lights.

"Rabat," the guard calls, and we elect to descend for the night. Time of trip, under two hours. Fare,

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*The Souk or Arab Market on the Open Ranges of Morocco*

# CATASTROPHE

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

IN THE lofty, resounding spaciousness of the rotunda Gifford Buller waited for the gates to open for the 4:50 express to Weymouth Junction. It was his fixed habit to leave his office well ahead of time, so that no unforeseen contingency should prevent his catching the only train that could get him home for dinner, but usually he timed his arrival so that he could proceed at once to his accustomed seat in the second coach, avoiding the sight and sound of other travelers, probably less deserving than he, and certainly less fortunate.

He regarded these people, however, with a compassionate tolerance in which there was only a mildly agreeable flavor of Pharisaic thankfulness that he was not as they. Not everybody, thank heaven, could live at Weymouth, even of those who had the good taste to desire that privilege and the means to pay for it; comparatively few business men could arrange their affairs so that they could leave, soon after four, an office reached not earlier than ten, and of these not many would put up with the nuisance of living off the main line, with a tiresome wait, morning and night, on the Junction platform. There was no danger that Weymouth would ever be overrun by such people as now jammed themselves frowsily through the gates toward the 4:30 local to Seaview, Nineveh, Forest Falls, Miltonia and Sussex Heights. More in pity than displeasure Gifford Buller detached his gaze from the spectacle, and thus became aware of the delighted approach of Ben McKenney.

"Bill Oliver's Just Ahead, on the Shady Side"

They shook hands, exchanged the ceremonial shoulder-slappings and well-well-wells appropriate to chance encounters between classmates whose orbits rarely coincide. They were succinctly autobiographical; Ben, still a bachelor inhabiting a room in their fraternity clubhouse, was on the point of departure to Chicago—a business trip. Enlightened as to Buller's destination, he lifted interrogative eyebrows.

"Weymouth? What you going there for?"

"I live there." Buller's smile was indulgent. "Been living there the last eight years."

McKenney looked puzzled. "But I thought you were in business in town," he protested. "When did you quit?"

"Haven't quit." Buller chuckled. "I come in four times a week. It takes about an hour on the train each way—that's just from the Junction of course. Albertine drives me over and back in the car when the weather's decent. Call it two hours between the house and the office—a bit more, maybe."

McKenney shook his head. "But what's the idea of spending your fair young life in a day coach, Giff? If you're a bug on sleeping where you can hear the crickets chirp I can show you a dozen places not over forty minutes from Broadway—matter of fact our firm's handling a new development over on Long Island that ——"

"I don't expect you to see it. Hardly anybody does." Buller's smile was slightly more indulgent than before. "That's precisely why Weymouth's what it is, and why I'd rather live there than anywhere else on earth!" His tone sobered and warmed. "You think Weymouth's funny because it's two hours away from the bright lights! That's why we like it! Because it's pure nineteenth century, surrounded by all the shoddy and sweat and muck of the twentieth but absolutely untouched by it. We haven't got a country club or a movie; we've even managed to save a few dirt roads so that we can ride horses instead of motorcycles. But that's only the material side; the thing that matters is deeper—life, people—neighbors."

He laughed at McKenney's dumfounded face.

"Hardly know what the word means, do you? Well, we know! We've got neighbors, out at Weymouth—we've got society in the real sense—the sense that's been lost among you people who live and die without ever really knowing anybody, without time enough to get decently acquainted with yourselves!"

"Funny way to boost your town—by knocking it." McKenney looked thoughtful. "Still, I don't know but ——"

"Don't worry—I'm not boosting Weymouth! God forbid! We don't want any boom; we don't want the town any bigger or busier or livelier, with outsiders crowding in to complicate life for us. We're something more than just satisfied with what we've got—space and quiet and comfort, *otium cum dignitate*, if you remember that much of your high-priced college education. It suits us to stay exactly as we are, a little group of congenial people, more like one big, friendly family than a mere community, leisure to know one another, time to think and talk and read, common, simple interests to draw and hold us together ——"

"Make it sound kind of attractive," said McKenney. "I was out there once, years ago. Remember some nice places on that hill back of the town—one in particular—long, low stone house."

"Yes, the old Perrin place—right next to mine. No wonder you remember it—one of the loveliest large houses on earth! And standing empty, ever since Mr. Perrin died, because there aren't any more rich men of his sort—men with money enough to run a place like that and taste enough to appreciate it, to realize what living in Weymouth means!"

Buller's tone carried a note of grievance. McKenney pursed his lips thoughtfully. "H'm. The old Perrin place. I remember now. Know who's handling it for the estate, Giff?"

"Larkin & Clarey, I think. Executors have tried half a dozen big agents ——" Buller saw the warning gesture of the guard at Gate 12 and broke his sentence in the middle. "Got to run, Ben. Call me up sometime."

He hurried down the steps to the train, observing with annoyance that the rear coaches were already well occupied. Entering the second from the front he was displeased, without surprise, to discover that his favorite seat near the forward door had been preëmpted by Bill Oliver. His conscience reproached him for an unreasonable resentment and he moved resolutely on until, over Bill's shoulder, he saw that it was the radio section of his newspaper that held him rapt. Gifford Buller stopped, hesitated, drew back, resigning himself to the only entire seat that remained empty, although it was, naturally, on the sunny side of the car. He liked Bill Oliver, of course, but sixty minutes of conversation dealing exclusively with wave lengths and static! Buller unfolded his paper with decision as the train slid smoothly into motion.

Bold headlines soothed a lingering sense of injury in the matter of that seat, a faint conviction of disloyalty to a good friend and neighbor. Buller's lips twisted to a sardonically superior amusement.

### FUR FLIES IN FISHBACK FUSS

His glance drifted inattentively through the text of Mrs. Harold J. Fishback's latest rehearsal of her exceedingly well-aired grievances against her husband, through that gentleman's slightly embittered rebuttals, through tolerantly neutral interviews granted by Harold Jr., better known as Dud, and by his subdebutante sister who had manifestly inherited much of her mother's admirable candor and fluency. The Fishback fuss had considerably enlivened the newspapers during an interval inexplicably barren of murders involving enough sex appeal to commend themselves to a public blessed by the enlightening influence of the cinematograph. Gifford Buller, therefore, was already familiar with the more salient features of the case and his interest now was chiefly philosophic. As the train paused at the Transfer his humor had been restored by the sharpened contrast between a society that produced and applauded Fishbacks and that decent dignity and calm that waited him at Weymouth.

He looked up to find Gus Pendleton in the aisle at his elbow and resisted, just in time, a purely mechanical impulse that would have moved him in against the sunny window. Instead he nodded in the direction of his usual place and spoke briskly, as if in answer to a question.

"Bill Oliver's just ahead, on the shady side."

Indecision registered itself on Pendleton's rather ponderous features; Gifford Buller settled himself a little more firmly in position. Awfully good fellows, Gus and Bill, but, well, it wasn't much livelier to spend an hour listening to talk about homing pigeons than to hear about the finesse and fortune that had jointly enabled Oliver to get San Francisco on a mere two-tube set. He rattled his newspaper as Gus moved away; again a mild self-reproach on the score of unneighborly conduct was sternly put from him.

His mood lifted to complacency as the express whisked past the stations of commuting towns; he regarded with agreeable condescension certain clusters of raw, new little houses thrusting up nakedly from flat fields beyond hysterically rhapsodic billboards. The country opened to stretches of farm lands and wooded marsh, civilization represented only by the parade of painted signs. The sense of escape, of sanctuary, lay pleasantly on Gifford Buller as the brakes ground and momentum carried him gently to the forward door of the car.

There was the ugly Junction station, its sooted unloveliness redeemed by familiarity, the file of little cars waiting beyond the platform, Albertine's bared forearm waved in her cheerfully indifferent welcome. He scrambled down the steps and touched her casually proffered cheek with his lips as he climbed in beside her. The car jolted in the bumpy gravel.

"Have a hard day?" Albertine's standard question, for some inexplicable reason, cast a thin shadow over Gifford Buller's content. He answered almost sharply.

"So-so. Everything all right here?"

It seemed to him that Albertine's expression, imperfectly visible in profile, underwent a certain change, as if there

had been something unreasonable or irritating in his natural inquiry. The car's pace quickened and the inequalities of the road became more noticeable.

"Go easy, Teeny. No mad rush, is there?"

He was no longer in doubt as to the quality of her look. The corner of her mouth tightened and bent downward.

"Of course you've forgotten that we're going to the Olivers' for dinner and you've got to dress. And don't call me Teeny, please—I've asked you often enough not to."

"You used to like it." He defended himself mechanically. "Always wanted me to ——"

"Yes, before the Olivers had fed me up with public slush! 'Oh, yes, my pe-e-t! Oh, no, my swee-ee-t.'" Albertine was a good mimic and the phrases jarred wearily on Gifford Buller's ear. Conscience prodded him to disingenuous protest.

"Oh, well, there's not much vice in that. They're all right, Bill and Minnie about as good friends as we've got."

"I know." Albertine was perfunctorily penitent. "Only some of Minnie's catty little tricks get under my skin sometimes. Telling me not to bother to dress because it was just ourselves! When she's having the Mogridges and Gus Pendleton that I know of and maybe four more—and when I saw her coming out of the post office with a Francine box! She'll be wearing something extra smart tonight and she wants me to look just as frumpy as I can to set it off!"

"I see. Trying to get even with you for pulling that same trick on her at our party last winter," said Buller stupidly. Albertine caught in her breath.

"I like that! You know that there isn't the slightest resemblance between ——"

Buller listened to an exact differentiation, holding a tactful peace until the car turned into Weymouth's single business street, a wide, sunny highway flanked with low brick buildings that drowsed serenely behind their awnings. Here, as always, the old sense of tranquillity repossessed him. He leaned back comfortably, surrendering to the charm of tall, sleeping elms that shaded the solid white houses in their roomy plots of lawn and garden; beyond these, where the road swerved to the hillside and climbed a gentle slant, his feeling of ownership became more specific. Strung out along the slope above the town a dozen homesteads welcomed him more intimately even than the friendly street of the village. These pleasant little country homes belonged to him, in a sense; they were part of something anyway, of which Gifford Buller was also part. Even the gracious, rolling lawns of the Perrin place were partly his, but the vacancy of the windows touched him with a gentle sadness that served to quicken his pleasure in the sight of his own house.

"It's good to get back," he said. "Pretty nearly worth while to go in town, just for the sake of coming home."

Albertine's voice halted him on his way to the hotbeds at the southern side of the house.

"Now don't you begin fooling with those everlasting cold frames! You've got to hurry or we'll be late again. And for goodness' sake," she added more sharply as he turned reluctantly to join her on the porch steps, "try to talk about something besides fertilizers at the table, won't you?"

"All right—if you don't mention servants either." Buller spoke lightly enough, but the thin shadow had slipped again across his mood and, as he bathed and dressed, it deepened. He realized that it wasn't wholly due to Albertine's unjustifiable peevishness—he was getting used to that; this was something more general and less definite, a vague, inclusive self-pity for which he could give himself no sound excuse, but which kept him glumly silent during the short drive to the Olivers' and drew a vertical line between his eyebrows when he saw the Mogridge station wagon parked in the drive.

"Remember—you're to insist on playing mah-jongg," said Albertine sternly. Buller nodded. It had been sufficiently impressed upon him that Gus Pendleton, whether or not he chose to drink, was inexorably to be driven to the water trough. Though he remained obstinately purblind to Irene Mogridge's other charms, as he did to the manifest folly of a bachelor establishment in the country, he could at least be compelled to notice the brilliance of her bridge—unless Gifford Buller stupidly allowed him to play mah-jongg instead.

The shadow deepened in Buller's spirit as he followed Albertine into the sun room. She had been right about Minnie's dress; he listened sardonically to her cooing praise of it. Bill Oliver whispered something about cutting out the cocktails because of Doctor Mogridge's presence, and Buller nodded, resisting the unworthy thought that at his own house he had taken Bill and Gus into the den, instead of saving gin. He regarded Pendleton, last to arrive, with a certain impatient sympathy as he saw him draw back Irene's chair. Nice girl, of course, and pretty, but

Mrs. Mogridge inquired amiably about his hotbeds and, for an instant, his depression lifted, but he felt Albertine's admonitory eye without looking at her, and answered briefly that the hotbeds were all right. Mrs. Mogridge employed the same phrase in reply to his gallant question as to the preparations for the parish fête. Against a queer sense of inertia he toiled to a show of enthusiasm when she asked if it had been muggy in town.

"It's like coming into a different world to get home. Temperature's the least part of it. It's—it's"—he waved his hand—"oh, everything. Not just the place, but the people, the—the feeling that we're all—all ——" He shook his head.

Mrs. Mogridge finished the sentence in the fashion of one who mumbles a response in a familiar litany.

"Yes. All one big family."

Buller saw that her glance rested on Irene, across the table, pretending to be interested in Gus Pendleton's drivel about his silly pigeons. He had a moment of anger at Gus, but his topic drew him back.

"Yes, but something else. We're nice." He chuckled at the conceited sound of it. "It struck me on the train that we're awfully lucky to live in a place where there aren't any Fishbacks, for instance. I suppose you skip the ghastly piffle about them in the papers, but ——"

"I'm afraid I do." Mrs. Mogridge rarely sounded prim, but there was just a hint of something like it in her tone now. She mentioned the hotbeds again. Buller wriggled in his chair.

"They're all right," he said dutifully. "I wasn't going to discuss the Fishbacks—I just wanted to say that one family like that would simply ruin Weymouth."

"I should think so." Mrs. Mogridge's tone and look left no room for doubt that the topic was dismissed. Buller felt the grayness settling back over his spirit. He resisted a sigh.

"I've been wanting to ask you what sort of a time you had in the hospital," he said bravely. Mrs. Mogridge brightened. *(Continued on Page 112)*

*"Well, Get It All Off Your Dear Old Chests," She Drawled. "I Don't Mind Listening to Your Line"*

# MY LADY'S GOWN

## By Elizabeth Frazer

IT WAS style week in New York. We stepped into the elevator along with half a dozen smartly groomed women buyers who were chattering busily of the high lights of the previous night's fashion show at the Astor, wherein the new autumn trends had been magnificently displayed on haughty young manikins thin as willow wands and despairingly without a single curve, who in their gorgeous borrowed plumage had nonchalantly marched and countermarched before a great multitude of hawk-eyed fabric manufacturers, designers, creative artists from famous style houses and buyers of women's garments assembled from every corner of the country to study line and color and atmosphere.

"Did you notice last night," remarked one buyer thoughtfully, "what the manikins wore underneath their gowns?"

"What they didn't wear, you mean," jeered another, a plump, matronly buyer with jovial triple chins. "A tube of transparent chiffon—that was absolutely all. They are getting down to the irreducible minimum these days. Not so bad for thin, string-bean figures of sub-debs; but my clientele is composed of stylish stouts, and they'd look great in nightgown effects like that!" She laughed genially.

*On a Cool Morning in Biarritz, a Natural-Colored Kasha Velours Coat, Collared and Cuffed in Fox, is Correct*

I glanced at her with interest. Undeniably large, but keen, shrewd, charmingly and unobtrusively gowned in thin black draperies, she had capitalized her own overweight to serve, with profit, her sisters in the same unfortunate plight. Admirable woman!

"And dresses still up to the kneecap," mused another.

"Not all," protested the stylish stout. "Evening gowns, yes. But even then only for extreme youth, and not morning or afternoon gowns. Those are longer. You have to be a kid and live on lettuce and spinach to get away with those extreme modes. But did you notice at this show that some of the girls had a little more flesh on their bones than the walking skeletons they've always flaunted before? Why, I can recall the time at the openings of the big wholesale style houses in New York when, from the fashion display, you wouldn't have known that there was a stout woman on earth. They ignored us. But no more."

### *Autumn Styles on Parade*

THEY discussed the new autumn colors featured at the show—for evening, a brilliant geranium-petal rose, worked out in sumptuous metal cloths and chiffon brocades; for sports, golden-pheasant tints, ranging from pale umber to deep rich russets and dregs of wine; for morning wear, *épinard*, a soft spinach green.

The elevator shot upward.

"Miller's!" cried out the buyers with one breath. I glanced inquiringly at my companion, a slim, trim young woman of quiet demeanor, owner of a smart specialty shop featuring personality clothes of individuality and charm at moderate prices, situated in a prosperous industrial center in the Middle West. She nodded; we stepped out with the rest.

"Miller's," she explained—for obvious reasons that is not his real name—"is one of the big wholesale style houses whose openings no buyer can afford to miss. Mr. Miller is one of the few great dressmakers of America."

We entered the large undecorated showroom where, despite the early hour, an exhibition of autumn models was in full swing. The manikins in their rôle of slightly weary and disdainful young princesses of the blood condescending to the public with faint aloof smiles, paraded aristocratically back and forth arrayed like the Queen of Sheba in marvelous gowns evening gowns of brilliant supple velours or delicate pastel chiffons of appealing softness and hues; afternoon gowns combining two or three shades of one color worked out in glittering metal cloths incrusted with precious embroideries and heavily banded with furs; luxurious mantles of chinchilla, ermine and sable, worth the entire national debt of a small European state.

The models themselves varied in figure, in style and age. Here strolled a slim, regal young personage, graceful as a windflower on its stem, blond as a flaxen doll, her hair practically shaved, revealing an exquisitely small ear and a beautifully modeled skull; beside her sauntered a large stately goddess of voluptuous curves, and behind her, with calm, deliberate mien, marched a distinguished *grande dame* with graying marceled hair. Each of these types was cool, detached, rather blank of expression, in accordance with the traditional manikin code. Not too much expression, young ladies, please. Not too much vivacity. Subtract yourselves. Let the gown speak.

*The Smart Parisian Wears to the Races a Topcoat Such as This Black Velvet and Ermine or the Chartreuse-Green Cloth With Yellow Fox*

Crowded in every available space around the walls to regard the bright pageant stood groups of buyers; buyers who had dropped in simply to rubber; buyers who came for atmosphere; buyers who came to buy. Standing, or seated at tables, house lists and pencils in hand, they bent forward with keen, narrowed eyes to study the strolling aristocrats. If a certain creation pleased, the buyer beckoned; the manikin approached, gave the garment's number and wholesale price and pulled off a private little show for his particular benefit to exhibit its various charms. If the creation took his fancy, the buyer jotted down the number on his card. Later he might order one, two or two dozen garments to be made up in that style and delivered in the course of four or five weeks to his firm.

"You see," said my companion, "everybody comes, whether they buy or not. You can talk with him later when the rush lets up."

### *Bringing Fifth Avenue to Main Street*

I INQUIRED about her own extremely successful specialty shop, which she manages in partnership with her sister.

"How did you come to choose that particular town?" I demanded. "Did you have social affiliations? Were you brought up there?"

"Not at all," she replied. "I didn't know a single soul. I located there sheerly as a business proposition, because I thought I could make a financial success. It was this way: First of all, I had decided to start a specialty shop. I knew clothes, I knew women and I knew how they should dress. The next step was to choose a center in which a specialty shop of the particular type I wished to establish had a chance to thrive. I looked over the ground carefully. There were certain fundamental prerequisites. For example, it had to be a place with wealth enough to support my venture. That eliminated small towns. No clientele. On the other hand, I did not wish to meet the intense competition of great congested cities like Chicago or New York.

"A large, live, prosperous town—that was the first requisite, with plenty of financial resources so that women could spend money on clothes. Second, the town should have considerable social life in order for women to have an opportunity to wear their clothes. That meant country clubs, golf links, women's bridge clubs and meeting places where women could show off their finery at dances, dinners, tournaments and teas. And finally, it should have a rich drawing countryside behind it so that I should not be forced to rely altogether on the town residents, but could reach out forty to fifty miles for my clientele. In these days almost every woman of even moderate means owns a car, and I knew there isn't a woman born of Eve who wouldn't joyfully spend a morning driving into town in order to buy Fifth Avenue gowns at Main Street prices.

"Eventually, after canvassing a number of possible centers and looking up their financial ratings, I found a town which more than met my requirements, with not one but several country clubs dotted all over the landscape. It was a rich industrial center, wide awake, expanding, very active socially, with a constant round of golf, tennis, field

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# The Hobby of Kids and Kings

## By JACK O'DONNELL

WITH the visor of his cap pulled well down over his nervous gray eyes, the knees of his spindle legs threatening to buckle under him, a fifteen-year-old high-school boy recently entered the door of a musty little office on the fourth floor of a building near Forty-second Street, New York. Walking up to the watery-eyed, spectacled old clerk behind the counter, the boy leveled a gun at his head and commanded "Stick 'em up!"

Up went the clerk's long, bony hands. The lad hesitated. He appeared at a loss what to do or say next. His eyes wavered slightly. The clerk, a wise, knowing person who had been in one or two tight places before in his life, tried an old ruse. He looked suddenly at the door. The boy with the gun, fearing an attack from the rear, turned his head ever so slightly. The next instant the gun was knocked from his hand and his arms were held firmly by the clerk.

The clerk then called for assistance. In a few minutes the police arrived. They picked up the gun, an automatic, and found there wasn't a cartridge in the clip. That branded the boy as a rank amateur at the bandit game. He was!

At the police station to which he was taken for investigation he was questioned by an Irish sergeant.

"What's your name?" asked the officer.

PHOTO BY W. J. HEARST

*An Informal Exhibition at a New York Philatelic Society*

### *Collecting Stamps With a Gun*

THE boy told him, also giving his home address in Brooklyn.

"What's your game?" snapped the sergeant.

"I'm a philatelist," the boy confessed.

"A phil what?" asked the cop.

"Philatelist," repeated the lad.

"And what in the name of all that's holy might that be—some newfangled kind o' crook?" asked the officer.

"No," replied the boy, a look of horror coming into his gray eyes. "I'm not a crook; I'm just a collector of postage stamps."

"Then if you're not a crook, what were you doing with that gun—tryin' to scare somebody?"

"No," the boy went on, hanging his head. "I went there intending to make that clerk give me some stamps—rare stamps—which I couldn't afford to buy. Oh, you don't know how I've wanted an early Mauritius for my collection! I——"

"Mauritius? What in the name of heaven is a Mauritius?"

"Gee, you're dumb!" said the lad, forgetting the dignity of the law and the precariousness of his position. "Why, a Mauritius is one of the rarest stamps in the world. They're worth thousands and thousands of dollars. The King of England has some of them, but ——"

The police sergeant waved his hand for silence.

"That's enough of that! I'm not interested in the king. I want to know about this attempted robbery."

"Well," replied the boy, "it's like this: Several years ago my father gave me his collection of postage stamps. At that time I wasn't much interested in stamps, but when I found that every other kid in our neighborhood had a collection I began to get busy. I studied stamp catalogues, traded with other boys and worked during vacations to buy stamps that weren't in my collection. I spent half of all I made on them.

"I got to be a bug, if you get what I mean. And I got to love my stamps better'n I loved anything else I had. Then I wanted a Mauritius. I didn't have the money to buy one, so I decided to—to—well, to do what you caught me doing."

If you know anything about philatelists you may be able to rationalize this boy's conduct. If you've ever seen a stamp collector of the eighteen-carat variety, tweezers and stamps in hand, sitting up long after the wife and children have gone to bed, then perhaps you can imagine how much that boy desired a Mauritius, and can understand why he went to a stamp dealer with a gun in his pocket.

### *Riding a Hobby*

ACCORDING to the children's society which investigated his case, he had never been in any sort of trouble either in his neighborhood or at his school. He was known as a good, conscientious, quiet-mannered boy with a prodigious knowledge of geography, history and art, all gained from his study of postage stamps.

The judge before whom the boy was tried knew something of the frailties of human nature and a lot about the fascination and charm of stamp collecting.

"It isn't difficult to understand a case like this," he said, "when one stops to consider the lure a little piece of paper one inch square has for a man or a boy whose hobby is philately. Every stamp collector in the world knows that a few years ago Arthur Hind, of Utica, New York, sent an agent to Paris for the sole purpose of getting for his collection the rarest stamp in the world—a British Guiana one-cent red, issued in 1856. When Mr. Hind's agent got to the Ferrari auction-room he found among the hundreds of collectors present an Alsatian named Burrus who was equally anxious to add this particular stamp to his collection. Like Hind, the Alsatian had amassed a great fortune during the war. Now he was indulging a hobby which he had long ridden.

"When the bidding began the light of desire was in the eyes of both men. Up and up, fast and furiously went the bids.

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*The Open-Air Stamp Bourse Under the Chestnut Trees Near the President's Palace, Paris, for Thirty Years the Meeting Place of French Collectors*

# A BILL PAYABLE

"When You Get Ready," She Said, "You May Find I'm Not Ready to Have You. I Don't Generally Beg Young Men to be My Guests."

## By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE finance committee of the Westminster Savings Bank was split into hostile camps; arrayed on one side were Eli Ware, the ancient Streeter twins and Pliny Butterfield, purveyor of drugs and hardware; the opposing army consisted of Adam Kidder, who by stratagem and guile had gotten himself elected not only a member of that ruling body but its president. Adam was twenty-six years old; the youngest of his adversaries was sixty.

Until the coming of Adam, the strong man of the bank had been Eli Ware, and it was Eli who resented Adam most bitterly and who lived only to abolish that young man. The result was not to the advantage of the bank nor of the community, for whatever Adam Kidder advocated was defeated and whatever he opposed was carried through. The merits of the case were not considered. Loans were refused, loans were made, on no other grounds than that Adam was for or against them. It was an impossible condition, though Adam gave no outward signs of perturbation

"I hear tell," said Editor Raddle, "that the boys on the committee is kind of clippin' your ears."

Adam said nothing, an accomplishment which he possessed to perfection.

"They calc'late to force you to resign," said the editor.

"Um. . . . Like news for your paper, don't you, Orion?"

"Yes," said Raddle with some show of sagerness.

"Would my resignation be news?"

"You kin bet your bottom dollar it would."

"Well," said Adam slowly, "don't print it yet." Upon which he walked away, his head bent sidewise in a manner characteristic of him, and Editor Raddle was left wondering just what to make of it. The editor would like well to know what to make of it because his own fortunes were in the hands of the finance committee. It was essential he should know which way to jump. If for any reason the bank should withhold credit, the Westminster Observer would cease to be.

Adam was on his way to a meeting of the committee—a meeting called by him to consider the condition of the Westminster Woodworking Company. He was last to arrive in the committee room, and to the accompaniment of a morose silence he took the chair at the head of the table.

"At a meeting two weeks ago," Adam commenced, "this committee declined to demand that the Woodworking Company secure its notes to us by a first mortgage on its plant."

"The' wan't no sense in it," said Eli Ware harshly.

"The company," said Adam, "came to this village a year ago on certain conditions."

"I calc'late we know 'em," said Eli.

Adam gave the interruption no attention. "The conditions were that they be given a site, be exempted from local taxation for ten years, that folks here take twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock and that this bank grant a credit of thirty-five thousand, to be used when and as needed."

"You're wastin' our time," said Eli. "Git to business."

"All these conditions were met," said Adam. "The company owes this bank the full sum of the credit granted."

"If the' ain't any business to come before this meetin'," said Eli, "I move we adjourn."

Adam remained impassive. "I am putting these facts on the minutes," he said. "The town of Westminster may be interested in them later—and the banking department of this state. I called to the attention of this committee the unsatisfactory condition of the company and demanded that a first mortgage be arranged to protect this bank from loss of the money advanced to the company. The committee refused to follow my advice."

"We hain't payin' attention to irresponsible rumors," said Pliny Butterfield.

"Yesterday," said Adam, "the company gave to the First National Bank down in the city a first mortgage on its plant and machinery for seventy-five thousand dollars. Today our notes aren't worth the paper they're written on."

Nobody spoke. The Streeter twins opened their mouths and closed them again. Pliny Butterfield turned his head slowly so he could look at Eli Ware; Eli stared straight before him, his face suddenly set and rigid.

"This means," said Adam, "that any attempt to enforce payment by ourselves will result in a foreclosure of the mortgage. When the mortgage is satisfied by a forced sale of the assets there will be nothing left. Not only will this bank suffer a loss of thirty-five thousand dollars, but the people of Westminster, who have invested in the stock, will lose twenty-five thousand dollars. A reorganization will follow. You gentlemen have sat here and allowed this bank and the investors of this village to be done brown. Now, what do you propose to do about it?"

There was no answer.

"And how do you propose to explain to the directors and depositors of this bank?"

"You're chairman of this committee," said Eli. "We'll let you do the explainin'."

Adam waited. Floyd Streeter grinned at Lloyd and cleared his throat.

"I move," he said, "that this here committee app'int Kidder to take care of this matter and to see the bank gits its money."

"Second," said Lloyd.

Adam's face was impassive as he put this motion which was designed to embarrass if not to destroy him in the eyes of the directors and stockholders. If he failed, and failure seemed certain, all blame would shift to his shoulders; the town, seeking a scapegoat, would pounce upon him. The career which he had so laboriously planned would be capsized at its outset.

"Move we adjourn," said Eli Ware, and the committee arose. Adam remained in his chair while his four associates

walked out into the bank at no pains to conceal their elation.

"I figgered he was too cute to let us git him that way," said Pliny Butterfield.

"He hain't smart," said Floyd Streeter, "he's jest pushin'."

"Wal," said Eli Ware, "I calc'late we've pushed him this time."

Adam was still sitting fifteen minutes later when Damaris Ware came through the side door of the bank and entered the committee room. She paused at sight of Adam and made as if to retreat, though she was not the sort to retreat from any dilemma

"I—I thought father was here," she said.

"He was here," said Adam, not paying with his eyes the tribute to her loveliness which it deserved. His mouth was set grimly and for the time he had forgotten his determination, made long ago, to marry this very young woman who stood before him. She was unaware of his intention.

Damaris scrutinized this young man who a few weeks ago had been classified as the town loafer, negligible socially and nonexistent financially. He was well worth scrutinizing, if only for the purpose of noting the changes which had taken place in him. He looked older today than his twenty-six years; his dress was no longer the disreputable hodgepodge of garments worn by a young man who did odd jobs and spent most of his time fishing. He had gone to a tailor.

"Tomorrow," said Damaris, "my friends come from the city. You promised to go camping with us out at the lake."

"Always keep my word," said Adam briefly.

"I'm glad," she said ironically, "to see you're so tickled to death about it."

"If," said Adam, "you're looking for your father, he just went into Butterfield's."

Young men of Westminster did not usually tell Damaris Ware her room was preferable to her company; it was a new sensation for her and, strangely enough, it did not offend her. Her eyes twinkled while she made up her mind to exact payment from this young man when opportunity arrived.

"You'll have more time to talk to folks," she said, "when you're off this old committee."

"Want me to get off it?" asked Adam.

"It's nothing to me, but from what I hear they're going to put you off."

"Think they will? Think they'll contrive it?"

"It'll be fun to watch," said Damaris.

"Watch close," said Adam. "Watch close or you may miss something. There goes your father. You can catch him if you hurry."

Damaris walked to the door, where she turned. "Sometimes," she said from the threshold, "I wish he'd beat you—just to take you down a peg."

Adam did not seem to know when she went; he had dismissed her from his mind—a mind wholly occupied with the problem of extracting thirty-five thousand dollars from a company whose owners appeared deliberately to be planning a fraudulent receivership.

Before calling today's meeting, Adam had equipped himself with all available information about the woodworking company, its finances, its stockholders, its contracts and its possibilities. He knew it used some eight million feet of hardwood logs a year which it bought on a long-time contract at twelve dollars a thousand delivered in the log yard. He knew that Wesley Quigley owned the timberlands from which the beech, birch and maple was cut, and that it was Quigley who had brought the new enterprise to Westminster. He knew that, though Quigley did not appear as an officer of the company, he, nevertheless, owned fifty-one per cent of its stock. Whatever happened Quigley would do well; he would sell annually eight to ten million feet of timber, which gave him a handsome profit—and in case the mill came to grief would be able to bid it in for a song inasmuch as it would be useless to anyone else. He owned the timber, and a mill without timber would be as useless as a balloon without gas. All this Adam reviewed in his mind.

Quigley was a shifty individual who never mixed the affairs of his right and left hands. His timber he owned personally; the mill was a corporation; the logging company was a separate corporation; the twelve miles of logging railroad, strips of rust hastily laid on sleepers, was still another corporation. The whole was an edifice erected with a view to future operations which should leave somebody holding the bag.

This gentleman financed with other people's money as far as he could manage it. Affairs from which profit was certain he kept to himself; enterprises necessary to those operations, but which by no possibility could ever get out of red ink, he shared generously with the public. Your rural community, unused to investing, is peculiarly susceptible to such handling; an enterprise erected right under its eyes is attractive.

Mr. Quigley's logging road was an example of this. It was necessary to him, but why should he utilize valuable capital to build it?

It was not much of a logging road even as logging roads go; twelve miles long, narrow gauge, light rails and negligible grading. Such trestles as were necessary were built of logs by lumberjacks, and the rolling stock consisted of two diminutive and ancient engines to drag the cars, which consisted of little more than four wheels and a couple of pieces of timber to hold the logs on. Mr. Quigley let the village in on the ground floor; in fact a couple of dozen villagers owned that road and were sorry for it. It was theirs, it showed neither profit nor loss, but month by month it was deteriorating as the rolling stock suffered from usage.

They could see a day when extensive replacements would be necessary, when new rails and ties and trestles would have to be built—and then would come the end of things for them.

Adam took pencil and paper and figured; he set down the daily cut of the mill, estimated the number of logs in the yard, and arrived at a close approximation of the quantity still on the railways in the woods. Of last winter's cut something like four million feet remained to be delivered—and summer was approaching.

It was impossible to say if Adam's reflections gave him satisfaction or uneasiness. He got up and walked to the door, where he lounged for a minute, and then strolled down the street. On the corner he met Lawyer Kitteridge.

"Well, Adam," Kitteridge said, "I hear tell the boys are set to even the score."

"Do tell," said Adam.

"How did you come to let them chase you out on a limb?"

"Maybe," said Adam, "I looked at the limb to see how strong it was."

"Um. Well, anyhow, if you don't collect that thirty-five thousand you're done. You couldn't get yourself elected to the finance committee again if you was to bust yourself tryin'."

"Seems as though you were right," said Adam. "But what if I do collect it? Eh? What then? And what if I collect the twenty-five thousand dollars folks put into the capital stock?"

"Why," said Kitteridge, "you'd be top of the heap. But you can't do it, nor nobody else can."

"Anybody tried much?"

"No." *(Continued on Page 174)*

*Adam Walked Aside Into the Bushes and Pointed. Mr. Quigley Saw a Wire Running Along the Ground. "What's That?" He Demanded*

# AND SEE WHAT HEAVEN WILL SEND YOU

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY R. PALLEN COLEMAN

*But There's No One Else—No Other Woman—I Know That. I Feel It. I— Is There?"*

HARVEY MAINWARING did not ask for favors. He appreciated the unexpected too well to knock off the corners by asking. Asking more surely robs life of spontaneity than any other weapon. From infancy to manhood he took what came along eagerly, rejoicing in it, relishing it, but never asking for it. He clung ingenuously to that custom of mind which finds a parallel in the hanging up of empty stockings on a bedpost, the shutting of eyes and hoping for the best.

A modern therapist—a searcher for original causes that produce foundations of character, in the pages that recorded the building up of Harvey Mainwaring's point of view, might have chanced upon an early scrawl inspired by some such parental apothegm as "Open your mouth, shut your eyes and see what heaven will send you."

Heaven, or its earthly representative, must have been kind on the occasion in question, for the scrawl was deeply and indelibly carved into a tablet of memory upon which was based a simple—an almost too simple—credulity in the good intentions of mankind.

When Harvey Mainwaring grew up and his requirements grew in proportion, he still maintained the same simple faith; but with the altered conditions imposed by added years and experience, pride was called in to sustain simplicity.

Pride is a sterling ally of reticence, and pride endowed him with shrugs and a power to tighten his mouth and bite on the bullet that less generous persons popped into it. He was no squealer.

During the war, finding himself in a hot corner, unarmed and helpless, he did not throw up his hands when an intrusive bayonet bored through the fabric of his tunic. He stuck them into his pockets. Being human rather than heroic, he shut his eyes, and heaven sent him a sergeant who was nippy with the rifle butt, and when he opened them again a pulped head was lying between his feet.

The war over, he returned to the offices of Sarum & Mainwaring, Publishers, and took up his work again. The firm, being of good standing and set tradition, did not spread nets for popular writers. There was no need. They sat still and waited. It was the sort of work that suited Harvey. He would have been useless as a salesman or in any business that involved visiting people to obtain their custom. That kind of job would have been a direct violation of his principles. He was perfectly consistent. His friends insisted that only once on record was he ever known to have besought a favor. This was when he asked Angela Combe-Rickert to marry him. It subsequently turned out that they were wrong. He did not ask; he just told her it was going to happen.

As Angela was of the same mind and very much in love with Harvey, she accepted the news without contradiction or demur. She had not been in love before; she had played a great deal of tennis since leaving school and there had been no time for anything else. On this account she was not perhaps a sound judge of the lasting qualities of her affections. As far as she knew, her love for Harvey would last a lifetime and supply agreeable occupation for a lifetime. He had come over the horizon at the ideal moment—that is, just after she had fallen from a taxi at Queen's Club and broken her right arm. It seemed too absurd to argue that an impacted fracture could influence a girl's affections, yet so it was. The specialist had declared that she would not be able to play tennis for at least two years. To Angela, who gave all whatever she was giving all, the sentence was one of death. She had not yet realized her capacity for giving all in another or in other directions.

In ordinary, rather a cool, practical, up-and-doing young woman, she made her first acquaintance with self-pity on the grand scale. Her career and her arm were smashed as it were by a single impact.

Visions of Wimbledon receded, melancholy advanced. The performer became the onlooker, and Angela was neither young enough nor old enough for looking on. She had to be doing something—positively, and so she did. She fell in love. It made all the difference. Empty hours were filled to overflowing. Inkpots, pens—the hateful paraphernalia of writing letters became inspired with undiscovered rapture. When not actually in his company, nothing afforded Angela such delight as scrawling—that bandaged arm of hers—those wonderful, feverish, impulsive little notes upon which lovers devote so much of time and of passion.

On their showing as an engaged couple, no two could have been better suited. Theirs the task to solve the riddle of each other's thoughts and desires. Theirs the joy of transforming the solutions into understanding.

"What do you want most from me?" she asked.

He answered, "The endless surprise of you."

And that was true. They were splendidly happy. His unswerving reticence in asking for or expecting the least bit more than she gave was a terrific incentive to the act of giving. Her whole-hearted enthusiasm in their partnership made her the loveliest companion imaginable. Marriage on such a foundation was bound to succeed. Yet there is in marriage an element of caprice that conspires to defeat its own ambitions. It is very easy to be careless over certainties—to take too much for granted or to grant too little. Most people who search their experience will agree that their greatest happiness found its origin in love. What a pity then we should not be more generous with the love we give and to the love we receive.

With some, the mere merging of two personalities into a hypothetical one reacts in the direction of asserting a most unwelcome individuality. For chivalry's sake, there being no statistics at hand, it would be gracious to say that men are more severely to blame than women for the high percentage of matrimonial failures. This from a variety of causes. Men are apt to be frightfully shy in dealing with established subjects of their ardor. They become inarticulate and blank. They forget the language—not the language of love, for that is a silent figure of speech whose grammar is composed of sight and touch; but any language. Of all gifts, eloquence—that is, agreeable eloquence—is the first to perish before the ordeal of marriage. There is another kind that flourishes with unhappy results. Men's thoughts will sometimes wander into the regions of change, even as their feet stray along better, untrodden byways. This, we are told, is the nature of man, who, being a hunter, is not satisfied with the continued contemplation of a single trophy. But in the quest for individuality, in that desire to express the personal element in spheres remote from the interests of the home, woman leaves man right down the course. A man is sometimes prepared to share his successes with a woman, but a woman will share her successes with nobody but herself. She regards them as part of her real estate, perishable at her death and inheritable by no one.

It was the pursuit of individuality that transformed Angela from a loving wife to rather a strange woman about a man's house. Abundant proof had been forthcoming of her power to achieve success. She had succeeded at tennis, as a lover and as a wife. It was in natural sequence after a few years of married life that she should turn attention to the acquisition of fresh laurels.

In these postwar days, what used to be called the woman's movement is not much in evidence. The world has become common-sensical, realizing that the woman's movement and the man's movement amount to very much the same thing. Since possession is nine points of a yawn, it is clear that the vote and female representation in the House of Commons have robbed politics of its charm.

The sex as a whole can now contemplate the railings in Downing Street and Parliament Square without itching to chain themselves thereunto and swallow the key of the padlock. Time had closed these avenues for individuality to Angela.

But there were others equally gripping. Committees of various kinds—sports committees, committees for works of public welfare, heaps of committees, endless numbers of them, inspired by praiseworthy objects; senates for ladies of restless energy.

There were social extravagances in which to indulge, and places where one could meet some of the most enlightened and abominable people of the age, who talked about anything and everything with complete lack of restraint. There was the new art to keep pace with—miles and miles of mysterious canvases to confront. To find an original solution for some of these plastic perplexities was in itself grounds upon which to build a reputation. And the new forms and formlessnesses of literature that Harvey hated so, simply because he could not and would not be persuaded that true form "is and always was chaos."

Angela said, "We mustn't be too adoring, darling, or we shall end by being sick of each other."

Forthwith she carried her individuality into a wider sphere, where it was enormously appreciated. Of course it took up a great deal of time; and when Angela was at

home, which was seldom, she was usually busy making arrangements for going somewhere else.

It would be unjust to accuse her of neglecting her home, which was always well run and orderly. There was no reason why it should have been otherwise. Any woman of average intelligence and good servants can run a house in about half an hour a day. It's all rubbish to declare that she must be pottering round from dawn to dark with a duster in one hand and a needle in the other. The woman who does that is a bad manager and a shocking companion. Too much domesticity drives a man forth to sample someone else's variety quicker than anything else. Man flies before the broom, and a recital of the sins and omissions of his servants comes to his ears like a foretaste of purgatory.

Angela did not neglect her home, but she neglected her husband shockingly. She fell into the trap of believing that a man is perfectly well pleased if his meals are fit to eat. She ignored the fact that his failure to complain or demand a different state of affairs argued disappointment rather than satisfaction. In the period when Harvey was her especial study she had taught herself the precise nature, bent and travel of his mind. She knew him to a hair. But now she was forgetting all about him. He had become to her just a man—as she had become to him something less than a woman.

It was not that she had ceased to care for him; she liked him better than any man she had known or could imagine; but the idea of having a husband, or a husband having a restraining or proprietary interest in her had ceased to have any significance. He was there, so why worry? It was nice to know he was about the house. He was amusing, considerate and most attentive. No husband could be nicer. Sometimes she regretted having to leave him so much to himself; but in this she was comforted by the reflection that he had plenty of friends, the wireless and that case of pipes—Monday to Sunday—she had given him for his last birthday. There was nothing with which to reproach herself.

The evenings they used to spend together in the past, talking, lazing and sometimes behaving foolishly and fondly, had gone to limbo. Very jolly, those evenings; and often, when bored by this or that, she quite missed them. But one had to be sensible and realize that the loss was inevitable. One had to make sacrifices to capture the mood, to live up to the moment, to scratch one's mark on the tables of the time in which one lived.

It came to this—one couldn't have everything. Considering the fact that she had only been at it, whatever it was—no, that is unkind, for some of the committees she attended did most useful work—for so short a time, she had made notable progress.

As a talker, she excelled. In committee, she was accepted as formidable. As an organizer, she was without equal. In debate, she could get very angry and feeling, thus producing capital results. In this flippant age, anger, as opposed to irritability, is so rare that it made her quite a reputation. The cause of her success being revealed, she adopted anger as a pose; and since a pose, as everybody will agree, is the germ of a habit, anger, after prolonged adoption, became as much a part of her new self as loving had been a part of her old.

Permanent ire knotted her brows, clouding her cheeks with patches of protesting crimson. Such phrases as "People astound me ——" "The intolerable silliness of ——" "It is beyond belief that ——" were constant to her lips.

When first Angela jettisoned her old life and launched the new, Harvey made some show of interest. In this he was swiftly discouraged.

"How's the committee?" he asked. "Going strong? Terrible blight, I always think—committees! When we have a directors' meeting I have to prop my eyes open with nibs."

Angela seemed to have lost her sense of humor. Twit a woman about her interests and away goes her humor like a rocket. The same applies to men

"Don't be such a fool, Harvey "

"No, but seriously. Any one of you alone could get heaps more done than a lot of you together. The collective-opinion idea is most awful bunk."

"I hate that word," said Angela. "Need you use it?"

Harvey flicked his fingers.

"It's gone—banished from my future vocabulary. Exit 'bunk.'"

Usually she had a laugh for his buffooneries, but there was not a smile.

She shut her eyes tight, played a recurrent octave on her brow with a thumb and little finger and asked, "Is that the aspirins over there?"

"They is," he replied, and fetched them; she took a couple.

"Headache?" he inquired rather obviously.

"I've been fairly busy." There was reproach in the inflection.

"Yes, 'course. They kept you late too. What was it all about, darling?"

"I ought to be perfectly quiet for twenty minutes—if you don't mind. I'm sure it wouldn't interest you besides; those things don't. Especially organization."

"I don't know."

"Really, I wouldn't bother your head, old boy. Do smoke or something."

"Very well."

Ignoring the fact that it was a Tuesday, Harvey filled the Wednesday pipe and lit it. Men have no system. Give them a face towel and they use it to polish their boots They do not appreciate organization. They put cigarette ash in soap dishes and disarrange loose covers.

Harvey sucked gloomily at Wednesday until it went out.

"At the moment," he reflected, "I don't seem to be producing a very high rate of interest. Wonder what one does about it."

Viewed through the thin haze of tobacco smoke, Angela seemed remote and out of focus. His thoughts strayed on.

"Seems awfully silly that we haven't any kids. If we had, now'd be the time to hop upstairs and wake 'em up. My word, shouldn't I catch it, though, if I did that! Angela—as a mother! What a whaler she'd be!"

He enjoyed himself down that street of fancy—amused himself inventing outlandish names for children of which there was no promise. Lysander the boy, and the girl Opopanax.

From Angela came a keen-edged inquiry.

"You're laughing. What at—me?"

"No, Angel; I was laughing at Lysander and Opopanax."

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"We Mustn't be Too Adoring, Darling, or We Shall End by Being Sick of Each Other"

# The Americanization of Belleau Wood—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Chateau-Thierry—Belleau Wood

UPIN the valley of the Clignon, forty-five miles to the north of Paris, the Stars and Stripes float day and night over a wooded terrain less than two hundred acres in area. Stark, gaunt, shell-swept trunks mingle with the living green of sturdy oak, birch and pine. Shallow trenches stretch from east to west. Machine-gun emplacements pockmark the ground. Here and there rusty helmets, bayonets and rifle barrels strew the earth. A cool, mysterious peace broods over the section. The silent, shadowy forest corridors are like verdant aisles in a stately cathedral reared by Nature. And it is a holy place.

This spot is Belleau Wood. To most Americans it is simply the scene of one of the historic engagements in the World War which marked our entry as fighting factors in the conflict. Some also know that the victory here heartened the French in their darkest hour and literally turned the tide of the stupendous struggle.

But Belleau Wood, with its memories and its silence, means infinitely more. It is the only spot in France which, to paraphrase Rupert Brooke, is forever America. Although we sprinkled that battle-torn soil with our blood all the way from St.-Mihiel and the Argonne down to the banks of the Marne, this is the sole sanctuary of our valor that actually belongs to us.

### A Shrine of Courage and Sacrifice

WITH Belleau Wood it is different. This ever-green battle abbey, where the Marines held the road to Paris and broke the spearhead of the last German drive at immense cost, is today the property of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association.

Thanks to the efforts of that association the Wood has become a shrine for reverent pilgrims. It is our Valhalla overseas, endowed with every tradition that courage and sacrifice can bestow.

Senator George Wharton Pepper, of Pennsylvania, delivered a memorable address in behalf of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, April 9, 1922. He described the collision between long previously generated forces of democracy in the West with the pretended German military supermen at little Belleau in these striking passages of his address:

"The army of democracy included many American divisions. Each of them is known to us as well by its official number as by the descriptive name which we have attached to it in pride and affection. As the boys from home went eastward they thought nothing of Belleau or St.-Mihiel or of the Argonne. Theirs was the spirit of the knight-errant faring forth on a great adventure. Indeed, at that time there was nothing in Belleau or in these other places to compel their attention. Yet the region of the Meuse-Argonne, St.-Mihiel and little Belleau, sleeping on both sides of the tiny Clignon, was destined, by the shock of opposing forces, to be awakened suddenly to a glorious immortality.

"It is often so in life.

"A man comes suddenly upon a time and a place. He discovers that without warning he has reached the hour and the spot which are to witness the critical decision of his career. When, pausing there, he makes that decision, the whole past of his life is behind him.

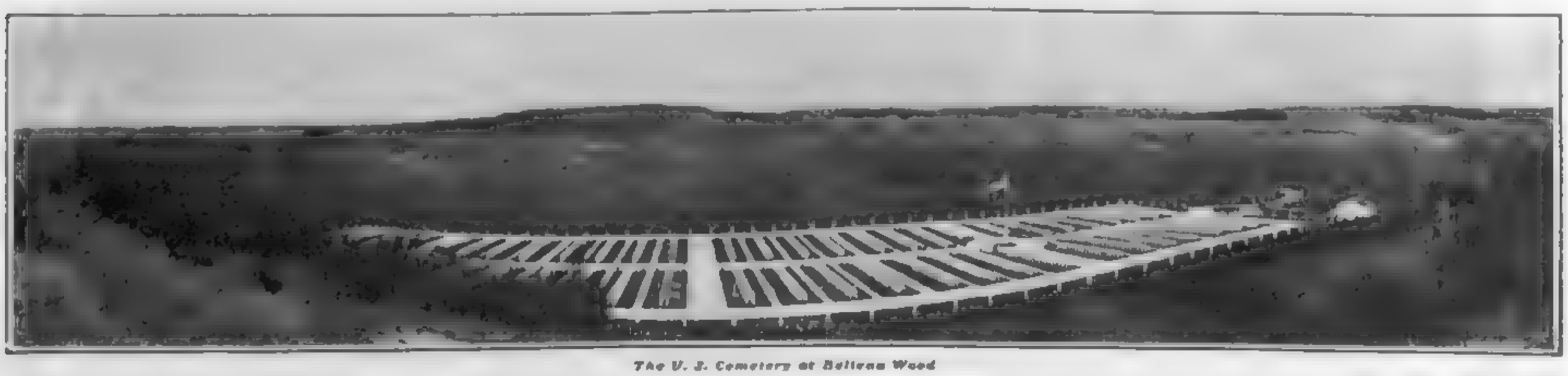
"It was so with the boys in the American divisions, although they knew it not. Behind each boy was the whole past of his life. His ancestors, his father, his mother, his home, his childhood, the influences under which he had grown up, the free institutions which had sheltered his life, the use that he had made of the opportunities which America had lavishly offered him—all these were assembled in support and reserve. I make no distinction between the several divisions. I do not attempt to appraise the values of individual units, or to compare or contrast the significance of the various battles in which the boys took part. It is scarcely worth while to add that I am making no claim for America. If it were a matter of laying claim to honor and credit, an American could make it only on behalf of our comrades in arms. The simple fact is that our sky, and theirs, was studded with stars and that each star had its individual glory."

### Hell Wood

AT THIS time of Armistice remembrance, when the heart of the Allied world turns again to that day of days when peace laid its benediction upon those long years of agony and slaughter, it is fitting perhaps that the story of the conversion of Belleau Wood into a permanent memorial to those who fell there should be told. Not only have we purchased the property outright, but we are restoring the trenches and machine-gun nests so that henceforth the visitor may visualize, as well as appraise, the price that the Second Division, comprising the Fifth and Sixth Marines and the Ninth and Twenty-third United States Infantry, with the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, had to pay for glory during those desperate June weeks of 1918.

Any consideration of Belleau Wood inspires an obvious thought in passing that is not without moral or timeliness. It relates to the aftermath of war. There are always two balance sheets when the fighting is over. The fiscal side is invariably as destructive of illusion as war itself is of reputations. Peace, even among allies, has its recriminations no less bitter than those of war.

Happily there is also that other side upon which there can be no debate and for which there are no terms. It is the obligation to the dead who paid with their lives. Here France and America, whatever their postwar differences, have been a unit, nowhere to such whole-hearted extent as in the coöperation that made the Belleau Wood project possible. Its dedication was an inspiring international event. Marshal Foch attended, and in his speech he referred to that sanguinary area as "the cradle of victory."



The U. S. Cemetery at Belleau Wood

*The Road That Leads to the Flag*

Clearly to comprehend the significance which attaches to our acquisition of Belleau Wood and to understand a description of it as it looks today, it is necessary to make a swift résumé of the imperishable chapter of gallantry written there. In French the words *bois de belleau* mean "wood of beautiful water." But the Marines who fought there will always know the region as "hell wood."

Up to the beginning of June, 1918, American troops saw little active service. Most of the units had been deployed in calm sectors. Our closest contact with fighting was in the capture of Cantigny on May twenty-eighth. The operation there was in close association with the French and, in the light of subsequent events, relatively unimportant. It remained for Belleau Wood to give us our baptism of blood.

If you are at all familiar with the conduct of the war you know that in 1918 the Germans concentrated on a series of major operations—they were termed the "peace offensive"—which they firmly believed would be decisive. Into them they threw their crack units as well as the bulk of their reserves. There was a reason. Although victorious on the firing line, they faced reverse on the home front due to the pinch of hunger and economic collapse. It was now or never. The human rampart builded out of the opposition of the Americans made it a case of never

### *American Troops on Their Own*

THE first great German offensive which began in March smashed the Fifth British Army and was only halted outside Amiens. The second—Lys—overran Armentières. The third, and the one which directly concerns us, was the tremendous advance west of Rheims which crossed the Chemin des Dames, captured Soissons, and brought the enemy sweeping down the Marne valley to Château-Thierry, which, for all practical purposes, was the bridgehead for Paris. Once through this gap the capital was at the mercy of the invader.

Thirty German divisions had been hurled against seven French and British divisions on a forty-mile front. The inevitable happened. Exhausted after weeks of incessant fighting, the French were compelled to fall back. For six days they had retreated disheartened and disorganized. Human endurance could stand no more. It was in this critical hour that the French high command decided to call on the Americans.

The Fourth Brigade of the Second Division, composed of the Fifth and Sixth regiments of Marines and the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion in command of Brigadier General James G. Harbord, had occupied a quiet sector on the Verdun front until the middle of May, when it was brought down to an area nearer Paris for open warfare training. After the Germans took Château-Thierry and Vaux, the whole Second American Division was flung across their path to halt the rush toward Paris.

There is no need of going into the detailed operations of the division save those that relate to Belleau Wood,

*Belleau Wood as It Appears Today. A Typical Spot That the Marines Had to Take*

which was the key to the immediate situation. In their plunge to the south the Germans occupied the little towns of Belleau, Torcy and Bussaires, which lie to the north and the northwest of the Wood. They now penetrated and occupied the forest.

Here they dug three lines of trenches—the first was at the southern end—and installed scores of machine-gun nests. Lines of barbed wire and sharpshooter holes completed what was a strong natural defense due to the thick underbrush and heavy trees. Garrisoned with infantry and alive with machine gunners, it was too strong a fortress to be allowed to remain in enemy hands. The Wood had to be cleared, and the task fell to the Marines, who, on June second, comprised the only American unit that had arrived on the scene.

The Marines Brigade had received orders to move barely forty-eight hours before, and the journey to Lucy-le-Bocage, the hamlet that lies to the south of Belleau Wood, had been made in motortrucks. Owing to the failure of the French to synchronize the orders for the mobilization of the various units, there was much confusion. Companies became separated, supply trains were misdirected, and much time and, what was more important, much energy and sleep were lost in establishing contact. I emphasize this point to make it clear that when the Marines went into action they had been traveling for a day and a night, had been without hot food, and likewise lacked tanks, gas shells and flame projectors

The French wanted to run the show, but General Harbord asked to be let alone. He said, "Let us fight in our way and we will stop them." He won out and was given a free hand. Thus it came about that Belleau Wood was the first engagement in the war in which our troops went on their own

So desperate was the crisis that the orders received by the commander of the Second American Division from the commander of the Sixth French Army read as follows:

> "Do not retire one step. Retake every inch of ground lost. Attempt to push back the enemy and choose every opportunity to kill him. Continue to install yourselves everywhere and without delay by digging into the earth in the positions actually held."

### *When the Marines Met the Germans*

THE Marines did not need this injunction. They knew that it was up to them to stop the Germans and they did it. They went into Belleau Wood across a wheat field

*Marines Raising the Stars and Stripes Over Belleau Wood*

swept by a withering fire. Once inside those dim confines they stayed. From June second until the last German was routed out of the forest on June twenty-fifth, Belleau Wood was the scene of what was probably the bitterest hand-to-hand fighting in the war. Those silent aisles of oak, birch and pine witnessed deeds of individual heroism that in other conflicts would have stood out as epic feats. At Belleau Wood they were merely part of the day's work. When you see that densely grown ground today, with its shell-torn trees and points of natural advantage, you realize

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*The U. S. Cemetery as Seen From the Wood*

# GLADYS HAD IDEALS

*"Ideals Ain't No Disease, Dot. It's an Imaginary Picture What You Paints in Your Own Mind an' Puts on a Easel Where You Can See it All the Time"*

## By Sidney F. Lazarus

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"NO WONDER you're getting fat, sitting here in the club lounge eating chocolate marshmeller fudge," said Madeline Vancastle to her chum, Dorothy Arden. "I've been out since 'leven o'clock. Why don't you walk, like me?"

"Tell that to somebody what don't know you," retorted Dorothy. "You mighta been out since 'leven, but you ain't been walking. If you had one of them taximeters strapped on your ankle, I betcha it wouldn't register more'n thirty cents right now, as high as the rates is. Whatcha been doing, I suppose, is standing on a corner telling some outta work actor how many curtain calls you took in Schenectady last week."

"Listen, dearie," said Madeline, "if you'd get out in the sunshine once in a while an' look at the tall buildings an' other beauties of Nature you wouldn't be so hard to get along with."

"Ha-ha," laughed Dot. "The pot calling the kettle off color ain't near as much of a joke as you making slighting remarks about my disposition. If I wasn't so sweet-tempered you'd lose the only girl friend you've got left."

"I knew when you et that Welsh rarebit after the show last night you was gonna have a grouch on today. Guess who I seen a little while ago."

"I got as much chance of guessing who you run into on Broadway as Volstead has of being ast to address a bartenders' reunion. Whatcha think I am, a vaudeville agent's telephone directory or something?"

"Peach Melba, on top of Welsh rarebit," sarcastically remarked Madeline, "has caused you to forget your manners, so I won't get sore at your snippishness. Gladys Foster is who I run into."

"Her name don't recall no headlines to me. What's she done—divorced a multi or married a marquis?"

"Neither. She's a girl with ideals."

"Can't she find no specialist to cure 'em? They say nothing ain't hopeless these days."

"Ideals ain't no disease, Dot. It's an imaginary picture what you paints in your own mind an' puts on a easel where you can see it all the time. Whenever you wants an excuse for not doing a certain thing, you just compares it with your ideal, decides it ain't up to standard, an' don't do it."

"Can you beat that?" asked Dorothy. "I've had 'em for years an' didn't know it. When I was living at home an' helped ma with the housework I had ideals of a dishwashing machine an' a vacuum cleaner long before anybody else ever invented 'em."

"I'm afraid your mind is too material to grasp my meaning," said Madeline. "Ideals ain't got nothing to do with housework or money."

"Say," sneered Dorothy, "your thoughts may not be material, but your hands is. I never seen your brain soaring so high that it kept you from reaching for your two cents change when you bought an evening paper. Besides, highbrow stuff never give me no thrills. Simple pleasures, like ordering roast beef an' finding that what the waiter brought wasn't either raw or entirely cremated, satisfies me."

"If a piece of medium-done beef is the ideal you've stuck on your pedestal, then you won't understand what I was gonna tell you about Gladys Foster."

"To listen to you talk," said Dot, "somebody'd think you was the leading spirit in one of them little-theater movements what only produces plays that nobody don't know what it's all about except the author—an' he ain't sure. Has this Gladys Foster been operated on, or is her ideals still hurting her digestion, or whatever they interferes with?"

"If you'd listen an' not ast so many fool questions you'd find out quicker. Me an' Gladys once lived at the same theatrical boarding house on Forty-sixth Street. That was when we was just starting out in the profession. Our reasons for having come to New York was the same. Both of us believed what our home-town reporters had wrote about our talents, so we came to the big city to show Ethel Barrymore an' Jane Cowl how little they knew about acting. Me an' Gladys should ought to have been made to buy commutation tickets, we rode in the producers' elevators so much. We was promised more jobs than we could fill, an' wasn't given enough to buy chewing gum with."

"You ain't taking me through no new country," said Dorothy. "I could act as guide an' holler the sights through the megaphone myself."

"Well," continued Madeline, "every night after me an' her had tried to satisfy our appetites on what the landlady had jokingly announced as dinner, we'd go to one of our hall bedrooms an' play a game called 'I betcha the office boys was sassier to me than they was to you.' All the other people in the house was playing the same game, too, except Alexander Stevens. He was a young chap, so skinny he mustta been awful thankful he hadn't been born in George Washington's time when they wore knee pants. No wonder he was thin, the way he acted at the dinner table. When the bell rung the rest of us would rush in an' grab the piece of meat we had took a fancy to, even before we set down. Alex wasn't good at the ancient art of spearing; he mustta been afraid he'd jam a fork in somebody's hand or something, so he waited till the contest was over an' took what was left. The only thing he ever drew was fat or gristle."

"Then he wasn't no actor?" asked Dorothy.

"He was a author, dearie, in the bud. Some practical joker had also told him the old wheeze about New York's welcoming genius with open arms, but when he got here he found a long line ahead of him. New York welcomes you all right, but it don't invite you to no waffle breakfast the next morning. Alex was writing a lotta gems which didn't seem to be appreciated like he expected they would, so he had to make his living scribbling short newspaper items, for filling-in purposes."

"If he wasn't making money, how did you come to know he was alive?" asked Dorothy. "You don't waste time on nobody what can't come through when you say 'Gimme.'"

"I was good-looking then, just like I am now, only I didn't have the experience an' wasted a lotta time letting people look at me an' talk to me when they couldn't do me no good. Besides, you never can tell about fellers like Alex, dearie; sometimes they grow to be editors an' can put your picture in the paper every week if they want to. Well, one day on the street I run into a cornet player I had been made acquainted with at a dance somewhere an' he ast me was I working."

"An' you told him no, but you had several good prospects," said Dorothy.

"You should ought to be a mind reader, dearie, 'cause them was my exact words. Well, he said a feller what was rehearsing a tab show needed girls an' for me to go to Ryan's Hall if I was interested. I didn't care any more about landing the job than a politician cares about newspaper write-ups, so I beat it to Sixth Avenue as fast as my legs would carry me."

"Ryan's Hall," mused Dorothy. "If that old shack couldn't bring a star-gazing girl down to asphalt, nothing could."

"Even to get inside a rehearsal hall was like passing the gates of heaven to me then. When I opened the door the

feller what was staging the dances looked at me an' pointed to some chairs over against the wall. I sat down an' the bird forgot about me for nearly an hour. I was awful scared an' nervous at first, but after I seen how awkward them other girls was my confidence came back. I wasn't no Pavlowa or nothing like that, but if I'd been as hard to learn as them girls was, I'd a had my school-teacher arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses."

"Modesty," observed Dorothy, "wasn't never your most outstanding fault."

"An', dearie, I ain't never seen you billed as no shrinking violet neither. Besides, if a person don't think well of themselves, nobody else is gonna. Well, after a while the feller in charge came over an' ast me did I want a job. I told him I did, if real money went with it, as I could get all the free exercise I needed without leaving home."

"'We pay forty dollars a week,' says he. 'What experience has you had?'

"'Was out with a tab show all last season,' I fibbed.

"'What show?' he asts.

"'Oh, one out West,' says I. 'You wouldn't know nothing about it if I told you the name, 'cause it never came East.'

"'Can you dance?' he asts.

"'I been watching the girls you has engaged do their stuff,' says I, 'an' if you're satisfied with them, you're gonna pin a medal on me.'

"'Can you sing?' he asts.

"'Well, I never had no offers from Grand Opera,' says I, 'but I can put a song over, an' what do you expect for forty dollars?'

"'Be here at ten in the morning an' bring your rehearsal clothes with you,' says he. An', Dot, that was the sweetest-sounding speech my head phones ever listened in on, before or after."

"Then you ain't never heard a Pittsburgh millionaire say 'Will you marry me?'" said Dot. "Excuse the interruption; go right ahead with your story."

"Well, when I got back to the corned-beef-an'-cabbage odors an' told Gladys an' Alex about me having landed a job, they was both as happy over it as I was. Alex had sold one of his brain children that day for five dollars, so he give a celebration—blew me an' Gladys to a bus ride an' ice-cream sodas. Gladys didn't seem jealous of my success or nothing, so I told her I'd try and find out if there was a acting part in the tab for her, she not singing none an' dancing less."

"Oh, I see," chimed in Dorothy. "This Foster girl had ambitions to do Juliettes an' Desdemonias. I guess she thought her head was shaped just like Sarah Bernhardt's."

"Didn't I tell you she had ideals? Whatcha think they was, juggling or trapeze work?"

"I've heard of women what wished for a ideal man," said Dorothy, "so you can't never tell how foolish some of 'em is."

"Well," continued Madeline, "the next day I went through the dance routines with the other girls, an' I guess I done all right, 'cause the feller didn't tell me not to come back. By the second day I had got up nerve enough to ast the producer couldn't he use my little girl friend."

"'What can she do?' asts he.

"'Act,' says I. 'Regular acting, like "Harm one hair on yon fair maiden's golden head an' I'll knock you for a goal"'

"'Oh,' says he, 'Shakspere stuff. No, we ain't got nothing like that in this opera, but I can use a girl what can play a dairymaid.'

"'This little friend of mine,' says I, 'is so good as a dairymaid the bulls come right down off the billboards an' lick her hand.'

"'Bring her along tomorrow,' says he. 'If she looks like a million dollars an' is a real actress, I'll give her forty a week.'

"'Ain't you the nicest man?' says I, straightening his necktie. 'My girl friend will be here in the morning with hay in her tresses, if there's a feed store within ten blocks of where we live'"

"Why was you so anxious to get her in the show?" asked Dorothy.

"Two of us rooming together on the road could live cheaper than one, an' I didn't like none of the other girls in the troupe; they was too fresh."

"Who was too fresh?" asked Dot.

"The other girls. Why?"

"I just wanted to be sure an' not do nobody any injustice," said Dot. "Gee, that musta been a rough bunch."

"Well," continued Madeline, "when I piloted Gladys into that rehearsal room the next morning her ideals come right up in her throat. On one side of us was a jazz band, an' on the other a quarreling couple learning a two act with personal remarks. The walls was so thin when the jazz band was tooting we had to get close to our piano to know what tune we was singing. The feller what was staging our show had took off his coat, collar an' shirt so his language would be free an' unhampered, an' the girls, on account of the weather being hot, wasn't muffled up in no fur coats or nothing. Gladys gave the scene the once-over an' then moaned, 'I can't! Oh, I can't!'

"'Don't lose your nerve, dearie,' says I. 'This guy don't know nothing about acting. He'll never get wise to how bad your work is unless you tell him yourself.'

"'I'm not scared,' says Gladys. 'It's the atmosphere.'

"'It is awful hot in here,' says I. 'Come on over near the winder; maybe there's some air coming in.'

"'Why didn't you tell me?' asts she. 'I never imagined it would be like this.'

"'Don't let on you're impressed,' says I. 'The largeness of this production has perhaps took your breath away, but you'll get used to it after a while. These people is real troupers, an' by tomorrow they'll all be calling you by your first name an' everything. Perk up; here comes the director. If he asts you what experience has you had, tell him two seasons of stock in Oshkosh. So long. An' good luck. I gotta climb into my rompers now.'

"Well, she mustta bluffed it out all right, 'cause when I come out from behind the screen in my lavender-checked bloomers, Gladys had a script in her hand an' was learning how a dairymaid repulses a wicked city feller with a black mustache an' patent-leather boots."

"With her nose turned up all the time," said Dot. "I don't guess the other girls invited her to no week-end parties at their villas, did they?"

"They didn't get the chance even if they'd wanted to," answered Madeline. "About the third day after she joined the troupe we begin rehearsing a song called The Old Swimming Hole, an' that's where Gladys threw up both hands an' sunk outa sight. The way the feller explained the number to us, Gladys was to sit on a log an' recite the verse, just like it was a story, an' then we was to pick up the chorus an' go into our dance.

"'What kind of costume do I wear?' asts Gladys.

"'I wouldn't call it a costume,' answers the director, 'cause there isn't that much of it. It's a one-piece bathing suit, young lady, an' the girl that wore it last season was smaller than you, so you won't have to iron out no wrinkles.'

"'But, Mr. Stone,' says Gladys, 'dairymaids are shy an' modest; they wouldn't wear nothing like that.'

"'You should tell me what a country girl wears in one of my companies!' snaps Stone. 'Go ahead an' learn the song; rehearsal rooms cost money.'

"'I'd rather not wear a bathing suit,' says Gladys. 'Couldn't I have on a gingham dress an' not go in swimming?'

"'Men don't buy tickets to see bungalow aprons,' snapped Stone. 'An' besides, this suit is almost new, an' I got enough expense without extra costumes.'

"'I understood this was a dramatic part when I took it,' begins Gladys.

"'An' I thought you knew the show business when I give it to you,' says Stone. 'You wear what I tell you or you get out!'

(Continued on Page 236)

"'What Can She Do?' Asts He. 'Act,' Says I. 'Regular Acting, Like "Harm One Hair on Yon Fair Maiden's Golden Head an' I'll Knock You for a Goal"'"

# The Great American Scandal

## Turning Back the Crime Tide—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

*Nothing Will Clean Up Criminality in America Unless It be Public Interest and Citizen Activity*

BEFORE you are through reporting the crime situation in the United States I hope you will tell us the remedy." Many have written me stating, in substance, this desire.

Others have written saying, in substance: "You have presented the fact of America's criminal's paradise, but it is to be hoped that you will dig deeper and show the fundamental causes of crime and how we can prevent criminality by birth control and eugenics, by spiritual teaching and love, by removing poverty or overcrowding in cities, by taking steps to discover in each individual child any abnormal or criminal tendency and attempting to root out the seeds of crime rather than the blooming plants."

Unfortunately, the answer to the first suggestion is that there is no one panacea to cure our scandalous crime record and lawlessness.

Unfortunately, the answer to the second suggestion is that though no one can deny that creating perfection in mankind and an ideal social and economic environment for mankind to live in is so desirable that we are all at work on that almost interminable job, when the house is on fire only the fool goes away mumbling, "If we use the hose we shall forget the great and learned and more important subject of fire prevention. In case of fire it is not water we need; it is deep study into the nature of fire. Let us allow all our fire-fighting machinery to become antiquated and let it stay in the barn. Let us take counsel with one another as to what causes fire and what sympathy we can find with these flames. Let us drink deep at the springs of historical and learned research, let us realize that fire is not wicked but merely stupid or abnormal. Let us not alarm the neighbors. Pray keep this fire dark. And above all, let us not engage in hasty action."

The truth is that the doctor who, coming to the bedside of our inefficiency of authority and law enforcement, expects to cure by prescribing one pill is doomed to failure. But perhaps equally useless is the physician who turns sadly away and says, "This is my suggestion. Such things would not happen if we could only eliminate sin, folly, vice, imperfection and unhappiness from the world of man."

### The One and Only Cure for Crime

IF ANYONE doubts the end to which this survey of crime leads, that doubt can be cleared in a single sentence as follows:

The only cure ready to hand for lawbreaking and the tumbling down of authority and the degeneration of a sense of personal responsibility is law enforcement.

The idea that law enforcement means brutality, or that law enforcement precludes or prejudices the attempts of intelligent or learned or good persons to bring about a world in which law enforcement and even law may finally become superfluous, is a ridiculous idea.

As one judge writes me, "There is something grotesque about those who try to muddy the water of clear thinking by saying that punishment has not eradicated all crime and that to eradicate crime we should go to fundamentals and make the world over. What is their purpose? To abandon the idea of punishment as a means to deter those who are tempted to become criminals? If such is the case you are quite right in saying that they should also propose to abandon law, since law which has no enforcement is utterly idle. But if we assume that we are to keep law and consequently law enforcement, is it the idea of these gentlemen who see horizons but not the ground under their feet that it is their duty to weaken and emasculate punishment? Is it necessary to abandon punishment so that that social, economic or eugenic or medical or psychopathological investigation may go on? Certainly not. And you will find those who try to make out that it is necessary are merely using science and research as a kind of wool to pull over the eyes of citizens whom they hope to lead away from law, order, authority and law enforcement."

The next group which attacks or undermines law enforcement has in it those who try to center the whole effort of law and law enforcement and the penal system upon the cure of the criminal. No sensible person can stand against any attempt to treat individually and to cure the criminal, but it is a light-headed idea that laws were written and law enforcement and penal systems are being maintained solely as a clinic and hospital system. No one objects to clinical and hospital methods, provided they do not lead us into the idea that laws, police courts and prisons are dedicated solely to the criminal's welfare. The experimenting scientist should have every right and every encouragement to help us in restoring the law-abiding personality, if possible, to every criminal; but the influence of the scientist is sinister if he, instead of saying that any really demonstrable discovery of abnormality is a reason for quicker and surer machinery of justice, says that it is a reason for more dilatory and more vacillating justice. The scientist should be charged with the responsibility of emphasizing that his findings are reasons for keeping prisoners rather than reasons for letting them go, and finally are new reasons for the restraints of law enforcement rather than reasons for their abandonment.

Above all, this new interest in the individual criminal will be a bane and not a benefit if it makes us forget that the reason for the summary punishment of a wrongdoer is not primarily concerned with that particular wrongdoer. Mere punishment as far as he is concerned has been shown to be less than 50 per cent effective to keep him from wrongdoing in the future. But that fact is of small importance. The real reason for punishing one person is to serve notice on the millions of others what it will cost each of them to engage in wrongdoing. Punishment is not dedicated to the guilty one in any case; it is dedicated to keep the innocent from becoming criminals. The deserter in war is not shot because he is dangerous, or because his particular desertion has done any great direct harm, for it has not; he is shot because if desertion became common it would be a great harm, and because the execution of one deserter is believed to deter others who might desert if they could do so without cost to themselves. He is shot for the morale of war, just as criminals, unimportant in themselves, are punished for the morale of well-ordered peace. If one is an anarchist—believing in no law—it is possible to attack the theory of punishment, but there is something soft or chuckleheaded about anyone who asserts that punishment does not deter wrongdoing, but who stops there and refuses to go on and say, "I do not believe in punishment, hence I do not believe in authority. In fact, if you must know the truth, I am by temperament or for reasons I will not disclose, against the Government."

In brief, it is not only the imperfections in our home training, in our intake of immigrants, some of whom are low-grade material, in our spiritual and moral tone, in our lawmaking, in our police systems, in our courts or in our prisons which public opinion must help to wipe out. There is another trouble. It is that we have in hiding behind the masks of learning a good many theorists playing endless jackstraws, behind the masks of science a good many faddists engaged in feather-dusting criminality. Not only do their results discredit vital research and real science as applied to crime but they furnish to the sentimentalists an excuse to weaken our treatment of the criminal, and to the subversive and revolutionary conspirators a chance to disguise their attack upon law enforcement and authority by the false labels of Enlightenment.

### Public Interest and Citizen Activity

IF WE are not ready, in face of so much lawlessness, to listen to intellectual lullabies, if we are not to abandon the idea that we can better our record in fighting crime merely because the remedies are many instead of one, if we are unwilling to delay doing something now because it is urged that crime can only be completely eradicated by eugenic, social and economic Utopias, then reasonable and practical men have various remedies at hand.

The very first of these is public interest. The reason this investigation was undertaken was to stir public interest. I have listened for six months to those who have told me that the remedies should be in the hands of scientific research workers and specialists of the bar; but since the remedies have been almost exclusively in their hands for the entire period during which crime has grown steadily worse and our indulgence of it and of antiquated systems of law enforcement continually more senile and flabby, I now have a great deal of hope in public interest and citizen activity. It will always be in the mouths of the complacent to call all public interest hysterical and anything that arouses public interest an agitation. But my investigation has convinced me that nothing will

clean up criminality in America unless it be public interest and citizen activity. The overwhelming majority of police, judges, prosecutors and even criminals believe it too.

A criminal of record and distinction has said to me concerning a particular city, "Make me the chief of police of —— and in forty-eight hours I would clean this town of every crook in it. There would be only one condition I'd ask. I would ask that the citizens should really want to have the town cleaned up."

In the absence of the will of the public to have the clean-up made there will be no effective clean-up. One proof of this is that we have had no effective battle against our rising crime tide. In certain localities there have been some effective skirmishes. The case of Cleveland is one case where a careful survey brought about improvement. But it is not to be forgotten that it was public opinion which brought about the Cleveland survey, and public opinion upon which depended the carrying out of the survey's recommendations. The brief of the Cleveland Survey published by the Cleveland Foundation opens with the sentence, "The Cleveland Survey of criminal justice marked the culmination of a long period of growing public distrust in the quality of law enforcement in Cleveland."

### *Reform From Without*

THE same publication ends the account of the survey with these words: "The survey was intended to do no more than analyze the problem in its entirety, to point out the essential improvements and to show the way by which such changes can be brought about. More important still, it had an educational value. It was intended to capture public interest, to get a large number of people to think simultaneously about this specific problem and to use this public interest to insure a permanent result. It was intended from the beginning not merely to rouse interest but to use an aroused interest to promote permanent and intelligently directed facilities for informing and releasing public opinion."

If it is necessary to decide which comes first—public interest or scientific surveys—a good guess is that public interest and determination are the parents and not the offspring of surveys. Indeed, one of the useful products of aroused public opinion is the spotlight that the right kind of thorough investigation throws on the detailed facts. Everyone knows that we have crime and lawlessness in a measure unequaled in other civilized times and places; but the loopholes by which our criminals escape punishment, and the useless mollycoddling of wrongdoers on one hand and on the other hand the waste and futility of antiquated or inhumane or blind penal systems, are concealed from the average man until mass public opinion insists the facts shall be thrown upon the screen. Then and then only will effective remedies be applied.

*The Real Reason for Punishing One Person is to Serve Notice on the Millions of Others What it Will Cost Each of Them to Engage in Wrongdoing*

It might be wished that such agencies as law enforcement, as police, courts and prison systems would reform from within. But probably they will not. Certainly we have every reason to believe that in practice they do not. It is idle to say that, if the police system or court practices and procedure need jacking up, the whole monopoly of reform should belong to veteran police or learned students of yesterday's law, because they are best fitted with knowledge of the situation. It is idle to say this, if after the enjoyment of that monopoly they have done approximately nothing.

The report of the special committee of the American Bar Association in 1923 indicated that reform was needed from without. It said, "Our procedural criminal laws are outworn and cumbersome. . . . In dealing with the criminal law the conservatism of the bar is well known . . . our system lacks in three great essentials for law enforcement—celerity, certainty and finality."

Chancellor Hadley has said to the bar association: "I am afraid that we cannot look for the reform of a system from those who administer it. It is difficult to get those who help to create a system to see its faults. . . . The criminal practice has, except in unusual cases, been abandoned as unremunerative and unattractive by the great majority of our better lawyers. The result is, therefore, not surprising. As a piece of social engineering, our system of administering criminal justice has proved badly deficient, but no one in authority by reason of position or learning has pointed out the defects. Though we have realized in a general sort of way that we were trying to make effective a system devised for social, political and industrial conditions of life after those conditions had long ceased to exist, very little has been done to adapt this system to conditions of modern life."

When Dean Pound, of the Harvard Law School, directed the Cleveland Survey he was unable to find any substantial measure of evidence that without the spur of public opinion the members of the bar would do much to improve the law-enforcement machinery.

The record and the opinion of authorities have convinced me that if the loopholes and stupidities in our battle front against the criminal are to be eliminated, it will be done by public opinion and citizen action, and by no other agency.

What then are the steps to be taken? The first of these is organization. If any community has the need for any organized action, it is the need for action to insure the safety of persons, property and peace. As a result of this investigation of which this article is the last chapter, there has been formed already a National Crime Commission. It is for that body to determine its course of action, but it is my hope that its existence and its efforts will result in crime commissions in every state and every city in the land. A national organization may be unable to do more than act as an information center, a clearing house and coördinator for local, voluntary citizen organization. To do more would be to assume responsibilities chargeable to states, cities or zones. To attempt more might point the evil way toward thrusting upon the Federal Government a new job which it could not do even with the creation of another expensive and dangerous bureaucracy of oppressive centralization. The only form of centralized action which can be urged upon any central body is that which cannot be undertaken effectively state by state. One example is the great need for an adequate central national identification bureau to prevent criminals from hopping from state to state, and even from city to city, so that when they are arrested they cannot conceal their character or claim the favor of being treated as first offenders. Another instance is the crying need to keep identification records of all immigrants and deport those arrested for serious offenses. We have often obtained criminal material from abroad; we should send it back. Another is the necessity, recognized by the majority of observers of crimes of violence, of Federal action forbidding interstate commerce in arms that can be concealed on the person.

But in the main, the suppression of our tide of violent criminality depends upon local organization of citizen bodies acting voluntarily and legally.

### *The Right Kind of Survey*

THE first result of such an organization arises from the mere fact of an expression of citizens' interest. No criminal, no police official, no court officer, no juryman, no parole-board member, no pardon-granting governor will fail to feel a new sense of responsibility. The second step, probably, will be a survey of the situation at hand. And such surveys, if properly conducted, will in most communities reveal conditions more amazing to the public than any I have been able to present.

Surveys, however, are dangerous undertakings. If conducted by impartial fact finders, they are almost an obligation upon any citizen organization which undertakes to deal with the crime evil. The grave danger lies in the fact that so many so-called experts are faddists. Many of them will overlook crime and concentrate upon vice, or the failure of enforcement of some particular goose-stepping law. Many of them will skip lightly over crime and the machinery of punishment in order to report that crime is only a by-product of mankind's imperfections and misfortunes, in the same way a foolish general resisting invaders might, under fire, stop to lecture to his troops on the fundamental causes of war.

The only survey worth anything is made by a surveyor who wants to teach nothing and is hungry to learn everything. It is a little difficult to find an expert of this kind in a day when so much attention has been directed at the nonsensical idea that the criminal and his misfortunes are the objects to which all relief and effort are to be dedicated.

Furthermore, necessary as fact finding may be, useful as good surveys always are, there is a good deal to be said for the acceptance, before the survey, of much information for this simple reason—it is known to everyone. The proof of an affliction of a barrage of holdups, killings, bank robberies and other crimes of violence often requires no statistics, charts, data cards or learned treatises. There may be a good deal of nonsense in spending a thousand dollars to find out that a certain section of a city is more violent than some other; the first, second and third man one meets on the street knows it already. It may be quite clear to the average man, without further proof, that the machinery of the courts is full of loopholes; it may be quite apparent to any citizen, without the help of an expert, that many criminals turned out on bail or released by parole boards commit new crimes. And yet no one can deny that, unlike other civilized countries, we lack criminal statistics,

(Continued on Page 225)

# Dimity Gay, Grandpa's Little Maid

## By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*"Now Go to the Horrid Old Vamp," She Ordered. "And Some Day I Will Come and Rescue You From Her"*

VII

BY THE time Archie, next morning, had telephoned to inquire if Dimity was in good health, and was answered by the butler in words to the effect that probably she would be found to be tolerably well when she woke up and got down to breakfast, grandpa had reached the place where that popular "natural" water Sfitz was naturally manufactured, and put in a call to Archie. He was informed that Archie was on the way to see him at the works.

But it was gentle Julius Balm who arrived there first, for Julius had not been really happy or even half easy in his mind from the moment when, returning with the fair sisters from the threesome of yestereve, he found that Grandpa Hackett had driven up and rushed Dimity and Archie away, leaving the others to fend for themselves, or, rather, to be fended for by Julius. Apart from old Avery's incredibly faulty technic, it had been annoying to Mr. Balm in another and more personal way.

Mr. Hackett's violent, even headlong, haste with Archie had jarred the business expert's sense of what was expert business, and the necessity of driving the three sisters back to Salington Hall in his car had irked Mr. Balm a little because it slightly snuggled up his private affairs. For Julius had an appointment to dine with the highly experienced and dangerously attractive lady who had so interested Dimity when she entered the clubhouse—the all-but film star, Liana Twyne.

Mr. Balm, in his leisure moments, was deeply interested in Liana, and to feel that he was keeping her waiting while old Mr. Hackett was clumsily wrecking the plans he had so carefully made was uncommonly like adding insult to injury.

Still, these are things which all business experts must expect to encounter, and it was with his customary impressive calm that Julius entered old Avery's office and greeted its rather complacent occupant.

"'Morning, Balm," chuckled the old-timer. "Excellent bit of news for you this morning."

"Hah! And that is?" queried Julius, placing his silk hat in a safe place and selecting a chair.

"I've got the spring—practically."

"Eh?" Mr. Balm's wide mouth opened a little. "You say you have got the spring?"

"As good as. You see, I saw that young Crust had fallen head over heels in love with that little maid of mine, Dimity, so I struck while the iron was hot. I took hold of the situation; invited the boy back to dinner, threw them together for the evening, and before the lad left for home we understood each other. We had made our bargain, in fact. In return for his father's consent to sell me that spring, I guaranteed that Dimity should be engaged to Archie. He assured me that he would get Sir Bessemer's consent the moment he returned home and would call here this morning. In fact, Balm, I'm expecting him at any moment."

And totally ignoring the growing look of dismay which was blotting out what little brightness there was on the business expert's face, old Avery rubbed his hands together, chuckling.

"We old tortoises can make some of you young hares extend yourselves yet," he stated.

"But just a moment"—Julius leaned forward, speaking very earnestly—"do you seriously believe that Sir Bessemer Crust is going to say yes to a blunt request sprung on him unexpectedly late at night by his son? My dear sir—my dear Mr. Hackett—the notion's fantastic! Why—why, it was a situation calling for extremely delicate, gentle and infinitely patient handling! It was my aim that, gradually, a faint dim perception stealing slowly, like a mist, should invade Sir Bessemer's mind to the effect that Archie was looking brighter, happier and healthier. Why? Because he was in love with that very exquisite and sweetly ingenuous little soul, Miss Dimity. Then, by slow degrees, and after Dimity had crept into his heart, it was to be very gently insinuated, bit by bit, into his consciousness that to continue that happy state of affairs—to maintain, as it were, that improvement in Archie's general—er—all-round form, it might be perhaps as well to listen to something in the nature of a few words of manly and neighborly regret from you about that old quarrel and let bygones be bygones, and so, by easy stages, come to the point where Archie and Dimity between them could coax him into selling you the spring. He would, by then, have been molded and shaped and humored and—er—jollied into a frame of mind in which giving up the spring—for a solid cash return to be settled on Dimity and Archie—would have been a pleasure instead of what it now seems to him—namely, a sheer impossibility that it is ludicrous to attempt to discuss. That, Mr. Hackett, was my plan, and I'll say frankly that I have entered a hundred-guinea fee up against you in my ledger for the plan alone—and cheap enough too! The conduct, the execution, the carrying out of this subtle and perfect plan, sir, called for the most sheerly cautious, refined, patient, impalpable, intensely delicate manipulation, extending possibly over many days—weeks. Why, man, I was prepared to devote months—aye, even years if necessary—to it for ultimate success!"

Mr. Balm's voice rose a little, and he seemed to be suffering all over.

"And what have you done? You have substituted for my delicate psychological diplomacy a—a runaway goods train. Instead of approaching the perceptions of Sir Bessemer, as it were, with faintly fanned airs, hardly perceptible, you have run a motortruck over him, taken a steam hammer to him, sir! Instead of softly touching his consciousness with a strand of softest silk, you have stuck a bayonet into him and you feel that you have shown the younger generation a new trick in the handling of an obstinate old gentleman! Sir, it is inevitable that he refused the boy! You will see! I stake the whole of my reputation as a prominent and leading business expert on that statement."

Julius paused, thought a moment, then added, more softly, less severely:

"You have thrown away by this almost—forgive me—indecent haste at least a hundred and fifty guineas' worth of my time, upbuilding, web spinning and spade work. But it is not the mere money—that can be paid; the question is, Can I find among the débris of my ruined, deboshed and trampled-upon plan a loose end with which to start respinning?"

He walked about a little, exhibiting symptoms of intense strain.

Old Avery, entirely deflated, watched him in silence, with an expression of guilt, furtiveness and shame. He was wholly subdued, for J. Balm was a very impressive man.

"What is called for here is not one business expert, working single-handed miracles, but a committee of them," said Julius, like a man moaning to himself.

A clerk announced that Mr. Archibald Crust had called. Mr. Hackett signed the clerk to show him in, took a long pull of Sfitz from a glass on the desk and looked anxiously toward the door.

He needed only one glance. Archie was no dissembler.

"Well, my boy, how are you this morning? Did you manage everything to your satisfaction last night?" croaked old Avery.

Archie took a chair.

"My father simply would not listen," he said frankly. "He refused to consider any idea of selling the spring—for me or anybody else. Hopeless. I—I assure you I've never had such a night in my life. It's been awful. I'm at my wit's end."

Mr. Balm looked at Mr. Hackett.

"I told you so," he stated, with extraordinary impressiveness. "That is exactly and precisely what I told you would happen. Now did I not? I did. You heard me tell you just that. It's as I feared, and absolutely and utterly what I said to you—told you not five minutes ago. Hah!"

He passed a large white hand over his forehead.

"However, that's that. It is of no use to cry over spilled money. What is wasted is wasted; to grieve over what is lost is merely inexpert."

His face lit up again.

"We must start afresh, build up again, like the ants. I shall start immediately, for, rest assured, Mr. Hackett, I intend to succeed in this matter. I shall reconstruct,

press on, continue, regardless of obstacles, heedless of expense. Leave it to me!"

He inflated himself a little.

"But if I take hold of these ruined plans and begin again it must be on one inexorable condition. There must be no interference either from you, my dear Mr. Hackett, or from you, Archie. Is that agreed?"

"Oh, certainly!" Archie was eager. "Yes, yes," agreed old Avery. "Only don't be—um—too heedless of expense."

The business expert waved an airy hand.

"That will be taken care of," he said ambiguously. "The main point I desire to impress upon you gentlemen is this—that to insure success, I must—I really must insist upon being regarded as, pro tem., the pivot, the—er—king-pin of this thing. That is essential."

They agreed readily, for they quite obviously believed that what he said was correct. But it would have been more correct if he had said that the real king-pin of the thing was a slim little soul in moonshine-blue silk pajamas who at that moment was looking out of her bedroom window, apparently doing her best to blind or bewilder a steady-going gardener, a family man, busy with a mower on the tennis lawn below. Dimity, of course. What was the good of talking in grandpa's office about the pivots and king-pins of any affair in which figured a child with eyes as blue, hair as perfect, wits as hair-triggered as Dimity's? They were all old enough to know better.

Maybe some faint premonition of that stirred in the gentle Julius Balm's mind as he came out of the Sfitz works with Archie and paused at the side of the big and expensive two-seater which had been Archie's last birthday present.

"Where are you going, Archie?" he asked.

"Why, to Salington Hall, naturally, to see Miss Gay."

"Ah, yes, of course. Do you mind very much if I precede you there for a few moments' conversation with the young lady? It is for both your sakes."

Grudgingly Archie conceded him a few priceless minutes.

DIMITY, adorable in one of the new summer frocks, proved available to the questing Mr. Balm. He found her in a corner of the veranda, engaged with some lettuce, strawberries, a soft-boiled egg and a little honey.

Julius was not the sort of man who, in his most pessimistic moods, would be liable to anticipate any difficulty in getting his own way with a child like Dimity, for he figured her in his own mind to be just a very pretty little doll with an intellect to match. Provided one kept her supplied with the unimportant little trifles her type needed—sweets, a frock or two, a few boys to play with, plenty of dancing and tennis—she would be as good as gold and far more obedient.

That was, sketchily, Mr. Balm's idea of Dimity Gay as he weaved round the house in search of her.

The great idea which he had expensively thought out for old Mr. Hackett had worked out admirably up to a point. Of the fair four sisters, one had proved a winner in the Crust Stakes—Archie had unquestionably fallen fathoms deep in love with Dimity, and from no point of view whatever did Mr. Balm blame him.

Old Avery's insane haste had snagged things a little, but not beyond repair. On the whole, the smooth Julius was confident, and nothing in Dimity's reception diminished his confidence. She greeted him as though he was just the very person she wanted to see come along; she said how nice it was; she offered him a little honey, then some strawberries and cream; and finally said that if he wasn't hungry, perhaps he would like to have a cigarette while she finished her breakfast.

Mr. Balm let her prattle a little—getting her depth, he fancied. He judged her to be quite shallow, but he esteemed himself a cautious business expert. Presently he slipped in an observation about Archie Crust's good looks and, as he anticipated, that fetched her forthwith.

"Oh, yes, isn't he? I think that sweet little wave of his hair just above his ears is lovely, don't you, Mr. Balm?"

Yes, Julius was wholly at one with her about Archie's sweet wave.

"He is a very charming boy—one of the most charming boys I have ever met in my life, Miss Dimity. And I am extremely glad that you and he have decided to be such good friends."

"Oh, yes, and so am I, because it was awfully important to grandpa for one of us to be friends; and being sincere makes it so much nicer, doesn't it? I would not be happy if Archie liked me and I did not like him, but only pretended to."

"Quite—oh, quite. I am very glad and relieved to hear how cleverly you realize the importance to your grandpapa of Archie's friendship with you. It shows me that you are as sensible and level-headed and practical as you are lovely."

"Oh-h! Am I really sensible and practical? Why, they don't seem to think that at home. Mamma often says that she hardly dares to think what will become of me."

"Ah, but that may be because they are too close to get a clear view of you. But you are very practical, indeed," continued Julius, utterly unaware that he was speaking the stone-cold, stark-naked truth, "and that makes it so much easier for me to tell you a little bit of bad news."

Dimity's eyes went through the process which film scenario creators call registering alarm.

"Oh, dear!" said Dimity.

Julius explained in simple words the fiasco which her grandpa had so completely perfected, and Dimity nodded wisely.

"I could see last night that grandpa was in a very great hurry to make Archie like me well enough to want to do something for grandpa," she said. "And it was very sudden, wasn't it—for Sir Bessemer Crust, I mean—because, of course, he must wonder why Archie is suddenly so anxious for him to be kind and sell grandpa the salt spring. I think it is a pity, although it doesn't matter to Archie and me—our friendship with each other. But I should think that it will be hard now to persuade Sir Bessemer, for if he won't do it to please Archie, he won't do it at all, don't you think so, too, Mr. Balm? That is a practical thing to say, please, for a girl, I mean, isn't it?"

Rather glumly Mr. Balm agreed that it was.

"And it doesn't matter now how deep my friendship with Archie may become. If Sir Bessemer won't do what Archie asks him to do to please his only son, he won't do what I ask him to do just to please his only son's little friend, will he? So, you see, I don't think my friendship with Archie can ever make any difference to grandpa now, and that is a great load off my shoulders."

She wriggled them to prove it.

Julius thought that over. It sounded confused; but he got the drift of it, and it was not particularly cheering

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*"He Will Just Call Me His Little Maid. He Will Forget Everything When He Has Got What He Wants. All Men Do!"*

# FURNISHED IN ANTIQUES

## By Philip Meredith Allen

IT WAS all settled. We were to be married in the spring. It was also settled that while we both wanted to be near the city, we preferred to live in the country, not too far, but not too near. Aside from that, plans were more or less hazy.

Soon we decided the time was ripe to select furniture, and Babs was all for furnishing the whole house at one fell swoop. Now at home there had always been a number of old and reverent pieces that had been in the family since time immemorial. They were the prizes, chiefly because of family attachment, and secondarily because of their antiquity.

"Why not furnish in antiques?" I put the query more as an experiment than as a workable suggestion.

"Oh, Lord, no!" came the quick reply. "Those terrible, old, shabby things! No, I want everything new and everything modern. No antiques in my house!" Not a very promising beginning, but I didn't argue. Instead, I bided my time. Later I casually made an engagement to visit some friends whom I knew to be antique hounds, and upon arriving, managed without much effort to switch the conversation to old furniture.

*The Little Farmhouse. At Right—The North Door With the Eagle Knocker*

### *Light Hearts and Pocketbooks*

THEN started the orgy of demonstration, explanation, coercion, argument and various other forms of pressure, in which I had two ardent supporters. Needless to say, with such irrefutable proof, and with examples of beautifully refinished furniture on hand for demonstration purposes, it took.

*The Secretary Desk*

Then started the quest of the antique.

First we decided that we wouldn't excommunicate the modern entirely. "Just a few choice pieces here and there" would do for antiques, but knowing that the bug had bit, I made no objection.

This was in the spring of last year. I had a few thousand dollars for furniture, business was picking up nicely, and while I had misgivings as to just what we might be able to afford, we started out with light hearts and none-too-heavy pocketbook.

Now I might interpolate here that though we made a few mistakes in the early days of hunting, they were not costly, and that most of the dealers from whom we bought were scrupulously honest with us. Several times, in the beginning, they spoiled sales by telling us that this piece was a reproduction; that that piece was not particularly good, nor was it very low in price. I acknowledge this in fairness to the dozens of dealers who have lost sales to us rather than misrepresent or even permit us to misrepresent to ourselves in our early enthusiasm. I do not say, mind you, that all dealers are honest. Such a sweeping statement would be untrue and obviously ridiculous. But those with loose tongues and snap judgment who know little are always ready to take a fling collectively at the good people who deal in old furniture. To read or hear, one would think that most of them are fakers.

We confined our buying almost altogether to upstate Pennsylvania antique dealers, with occasional sallies to New York State, New Jersey and New England.

We were extremely fortunate at the start to meet Fred. Fred is one of a disappearing school of craftsmen who take infinite pains and who have no regard for time. For forty years he has worked on old furniture. His finishes are far the best we have ever experienced, and the number of his would-be patrons is legion.

In Fred we found a kindred spirit. He, too, liked to shut up shop and speed over the countrysides in search of the elusive buys. Since Fred would not keep a car, he accompanied us in many of our journeys, and with the zeal of the neophyte we drank in his words of wisdom. We have put virtually every spare hour during the past eighteen months in either the search or restoration of antiques, but we have never found his peer in the knowledge of woods or construction. Certainly in the matter of chairs, with the exception of Wallace Nutting, he has no superior.

### *A Waiting Game*

BE THAT as it may, through his ever kindly guidance we learned the difference between painted grain and curly maple. By the rapid steps of rabid students we learned by his teachings and through an intensified course of reading, the woods, the periods, the styles. And, most important of all, we learned to wait.

In the first rush we were more or less inclined to buy anything we might be able to use. Our tendency was to "hurry up and buy, before it's all gone."

Fred corrected that. We would be all hopped up over a chest of drawers. We'd go to Fred for his opinion before we'd buy. Thank goodness we had that much sense. In his slow, deliberate way he'd adjust his spectacles and look at it. Then he'd pull them down over his nose and look at it over the rims. Then he'd put them back where they belonged and look at the piece from under the rims. By about this time he'd decided

"Now, you see," he would say, "this piece isn't right. It's too high in the first place. The legs are too heavy. The drawers aren't arranged right. Just wait a while. You'll find a better one."

Now that was heartbreaking. Here was an old piece that looked fine to us, until he picked it apart. Then we wondered what we ever saw in it. But Fred's buying was done ten or twenty years before. How could he expect us to be able to find the pick-ups in 1924 that he got in 1905, or even 1915? Hadn't we better buy it anyway? Should we let it slip? If it wasn't particularly good, wasn't it a bargain anyhow? But we always bowed to his very superior judgment, and as it came out later, it was always vindicated.

I dread to think just what our collection would have been without the help of such a preceptor to point the way during the faltering period of first steps. However, we advanced, and soon learned to walk independently. Immediately upon buying anything, however, we took it to him, and were generally rewarded by his approval.

During the year and a half we have been buying, money was coming in from the business and other sources, and I had no hesitancy in spending it upon old furniture, first because it didn't cost much more than new, and second because it would enhance instead of depreciate in value. Then, too, it would last, instead of requiring constant replacement.

We didn't start with any particular plan in view, but before we had bought six months it became manifest that we would be satisfied with nothing less than an all-antique home. This, with the exception of the piano, phonograph, radio and overstuffed davenport, is now a realized fact. Three avenues were open for the acquiring of antiques. We could buy from the downtown shops and stores, or leave the entire thing to an interior decorator, or we could look for our own things, drive our own bargains, and shop around from place to place. The first two of these three methods we dismissed as too prosaic and lacking in the thrill of the hunt, so we started touring the countryside.

At first we combed the porches of farmhouses, expecting at every turn to come upon a fine Windsor chair or a lowboy that could be picked up from unsuspecting owners; but though we looked for hundreds and hundreds of miles we were not rewarded, and finally concluded that that particular method would consume time, gas and tires, but produce nothing.

### *The Aerie of the Eagle Knocker*

THEN we tried asking at the old houses we found, but either there was nothing desirable or nothing for sale, or else the resident had inflated ideas of the values of commonplace pieces. Shortly after it was announced that a highboy had brought more than $5000 in a New York auction, every high chest of drawers became a highboy, with consequent appreciation of value in its owner's mind. Then a lowboy price was quoted in a popular periodical, and presto, each table and bureau promptly became a lowboy!

*The Six-Foot Highboy*

Now one of the things we most wanted was an old American eagle knocker. We found this on an old farmhouse, and at once proceeded to try to buy it. The wily farmer had a substantial idea of its value, and talked about it a good deal without naming a price. Finally he said that it was real antique, and that "a feller came through last month and offered forty-five dollars for it."

At this time, in our blissful ignorance, we couldn't tell new brass from old, but some guardian angel forbade our buying. Later we learned that this farmer had built up a lucrative trade among tourists by being "persuaded" to sell his knocker for fifty dollars or more. He bought them by the gross, and ten minutes after he'd sell one there would be another on his door, baiting the next unwary traveler. A surprisingly large number is sold from this door each season.

Another antique hunter of my acquaintance, recommended an upstate dealer to us one day, and we forthwith nosed our car in that direction and opened the throttle. This dealer was in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country, and we found his place a veritable treasure-trove of antiques, at about one-third the prices then current in the city and near-city shops. It was our first experience with shops "in the rough," to use the vernacular, and we liked it.

His stock included all types of early Dutch furniture, as well as many really good examples of Hepplewhite, Chippendale, Sheraton, and other old masters, and we browsed in it five or six hours. We bought, among other things, a hope chest in old walnut that we have never seen equaled. It was beautifully made, with original delicate willow brasses, fancy wrought-iron hinges, old lock with an enormous key, and reeded bottom. This cost us forty-five dollars. We were subsequently offered a hundred for it.

*Old Doors and Old Iron. Note the Staghorn Hinges*

We also selected a high chest of drawers in cherry, literally covered with inlay, on slender, graceful French feet, also with original brasses, for sixty dollars. I mention these prices, as I shall mention others that I remember, in order to illustrate what can still be accomplished by beginners who are in earnest. These same pieces, bought in cities under other circumstances, would probably have cost three times as much. Our present collection includes six, possibly seven, museum pieces. Certainly we never would have found them in buying from city shops, or finding them, we couldn't have afforded to buy them.

In studying possibilities of purchase we found that the antique business, like any other, has its seasons. Country buying, at any time, is more likely to be satisfactory in most instances, but the country season and the city season alternate, and it is in the lulls that the best buys appear.

For instance, few tourists travel the outlying districts of Pennsylvania during the winter months. These months are utilized by country dealers for replenishing their stocks for next summer, and they often get very short of funds. It was in midwinter, under these circumstances, that we found our first rare piece, a sedate old walnut chest-on-chest, with scroll top and very fine willow brasses, complete. It was in rickety shape and needed a bit of work, but it was all there, and certainly all original. It was marked $350, and was worth all of a thousand. This particular dealer had overstepped himself a bit, as is often the case, and in addition to that had ordered a new and expensive motor car. After quite a bit of talk he let us have it for $275 cash.

### *Possible Pick-Ups*

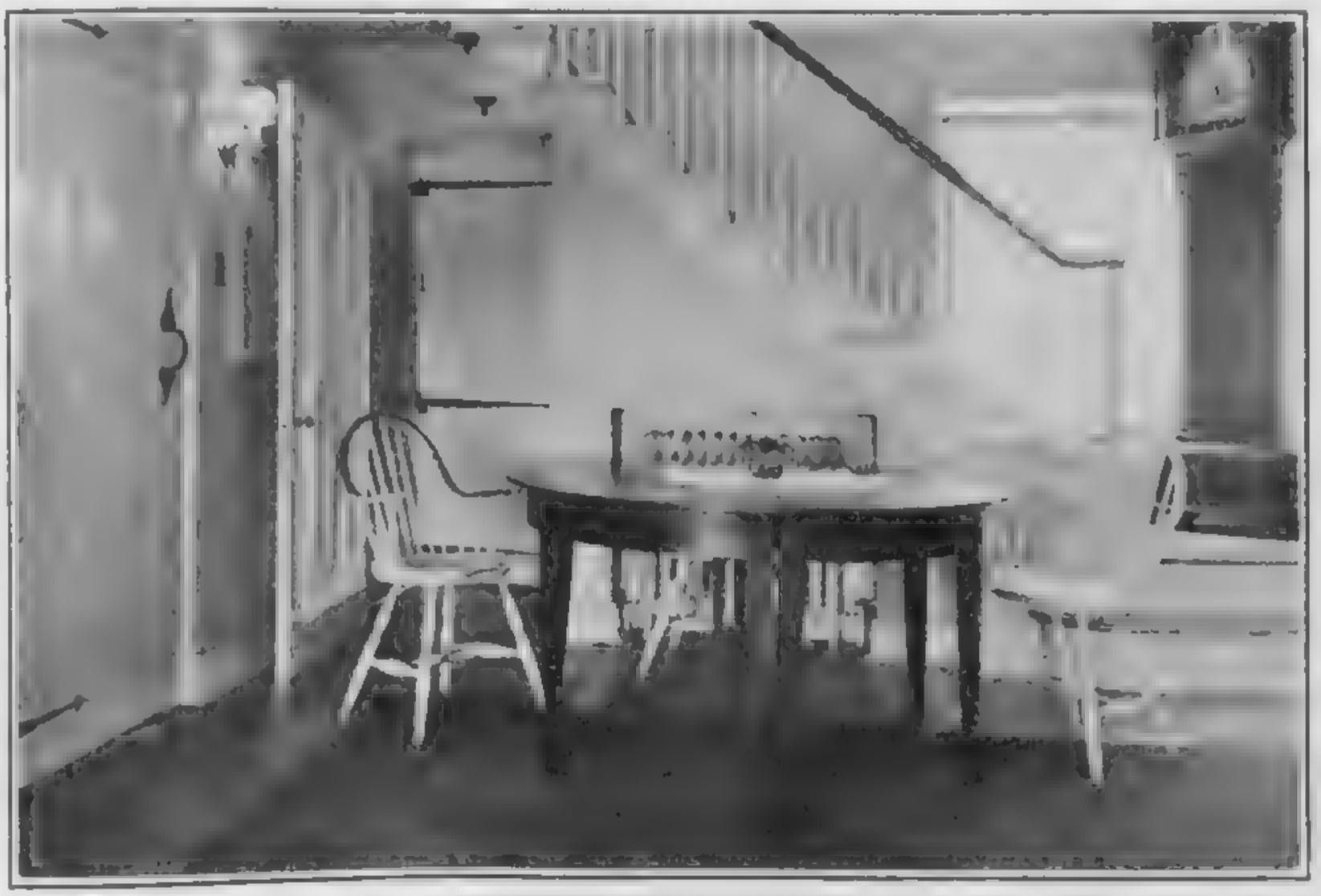
THIS is simply illustrative of the possibilities of pick-ups, and it encouraged us no end. We had heard of such things in times past, but this was the first experience of present-day bargains. The piece had a particularly graceful scroll, with deeply carved walls of Troy. The wood had that rich, warm, mellow grain that is only found in old wood. It probably dates to 1750, maybe much earlier.

We soon determined that the country dealers would be our best bet, and later experience more than justified this conclusion. They were in direct touch with local people and were known in their respective spheres. Thus when anything was to be sold they would be notified, and if it were good they generally got it, and at a reasonable price.

Antique dealers are a law unto themselves. In any other business an article is sold upon its merits and at its worth, but we found over and over again the quotations "I got that cheap, so I can sell it cheap," or "I paid too much for that, so I have to get so-and-so for it." There seems to be little desire to sell at actual value, but rather to make a certain percentage on each sale. Thus some pieces are marked several times what they're worth, while others are underpriced a half or more.

Another peculiar idiosyncrasy of the trade is the penchant among the dealers to buy from one another. I have seen one piece in seven different antique shops, and very often recognize something or other in new surroundings. Just why this condition should exist to such a great extent I never could tell. Of course, when a dealer gets an order for something he doesn't have, he

*Continued on Page 86*



*A Pair of Hepplewhite Dining Tables*

# TESSIE IN ON A BIG NIGHT

## By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

*He Begun Thinking About What He Ought to Do to Square Himself, So Naturally He Comes to Me for Advice*

AND what did that big hunk of cheese want, Tess?" asks Mame, my ear-stretching assistant at the news and candy stand.

"Why, isn't the reception good today?" says I. "You don't usually miss out on much."

"He talks so low and husky," complains Mame.

"So would you if you'd been cheering for this and that three days running, and getting steamed up on synthetic Scotch for as many nights," says I. "He's been attending some sort of convention, the Hon. Bill Bumpus has, and between sessions he's been showing the boys that the delegate from Waycross, Georgia, can be just as quick with the 'Let's go, Buddy,' stuff as the best of 'em. But this morning he woke up to find old R. E. Morse sitting heavy on his chest, and he begun thinking about the little wife and kiddies at home, and what he ought to do to square himself, so naturally he comes to me for advice. Should he buy her some jewelry, right out of a Fifth Avenue shop, and what and where; and how was he going to explain about not looking up her second cousin that lives in Flatbush?"

"Huh!" says Mame. "I notice when them old birds wanna spill their troubles they pick out an easy looker like you. It ain't often they come to me."

"If you're getting green-eyed about it, Mame," says I, "I'll switch the next one to you. And here he comes—a young one, at that. Now hop to it."

Saying which, I steps back and lets on not to see this kind of seedy-dressed young gent who's been drifting sort of gradual across the lobby. I could tell by the way he edges up to the counter that he was no cash customer, but what he had on his mind there's no guessing. He's shabbier than we generally get 'em at the Gloriana, but he must have a room key somewhere about him or he'd have one of the house detectives on his trail. That certainly was an antique straw lid he has on, and with the baggy-kneed trousers and the hair that was almost long enough to bob in the back, he sure was a picture of something that had wandered in from one of the eight missing districts.

Although Mame is giving him her best adenoid smile, he passes her up and stares by her at me. I was thinking of ducking behind the screen when he gives me the hail.

"I say! It's Tessie, isn't it?" he asks.

'Course, then I had to come to the front, and as soon as I'd had a close-up I remembered the face. You'd most think I should have spotted him at first glance, for I must have seen him two or three times a day all one winter; but somehow a map like that gets away from you. Not that he hasn't good features, for he has—almost too good. Regular, you know, with a fine straight nose, a good mouth and well-set eyes. In fact if his chin had been a bit firmer he might have qualified as a screen hero of the Jack Pickford or Barthelmess type. There's just that much lacking, though, and it leaves him in the Percy-boy class with thousands of others. Still, I can easy recall the kind of whimsical curl of the lips and the vague, shifty look in the light-blue eyes.

"If it isn't Perky Blair!" says I.

"Good girl!" says he. "I thought I could bank on you, Tess."

"But why the Rube disguise?" says I. "Doing it on a bet?"

He shakes his head.

"Not exactly," says he. "You see, I am—at least, I've been—well, I might as well give it to you straight, Tessie. The fact is I've been up against it."

"Not gone broke?" says I.

"Absolutely on the rocks," says he.

"You don't mean it?" says I, nearly gasping.

For honest, when he was sporting around here winter before last, I had him listed as a regular plute, one of the kind that had always had it and always would. Of course, he did spray it about now and then like an oily richer; but even when he was tossing fivers at the check-room girls he did it with such an air that you got the idea it was a habit of his and not just a splurge. Besides, he dressed the part so well; neat and ritzy with no Rialto haberdashery or pearl-buttoned spats, but real quiet morning suits and dinner coats that fitted his shoulders like the peel on a banana. One of these immaculate, finicky boys too. I've known him to go up and change just because a shirt front got a bit bulgy or when he discovered a speck on one of his cuffs. And he was always barbered and manicured to the minute. Then he had a line of patter that went with it, such as casually mentioning his tobacco plantation on his Virginia estate.

"How about that estate of yours in Virginia?" I asks.

"Gone," says he, shrugging his shoulders. "Had a brother managing it, you know. Big mistake. Made a sad fizzle of it, Bayly did, with his fox-hunting and his sprees in Richmond and Baltimore. I didn't realize what he was letting me in for until I got the foreclosure notice. Then I went back and made as good a fight as I could to keep the property. I believe I'd have won out too, if we'd had a decent crop that season. But the worms and the drought and a low market were against me. I had to quit, give up the old mansion—everything. And what little they did leave me, Bayly needed more than I did. Married, you understand, with a couple of youngsters. And Bayly's a good sort, after all.

"'You take it, old man,' I told him. 'I can clear out.' That's what I did too."

"Sporting of you," says I. "Not many brothers would. But since then, what you been up to?"

"You'd never guess," says he. "Gas and hot dogs."

"Eh?" says I, gawping.

"Beggars can't be choosers, you know," says he. "And I found myself stranded up on one of those New England farms where smart Yankees have been starving for generations. Looked hopeless. But it happened to be right on a state road running up through the mountains, with lots of motors rolling by and no filling station within five miles. So I finally persuaded the old boy to put in a pump and a couple of barrels of oil and we began to do business right away. Then we added the hot-dog stand, with tonics and sandwiches and cigarettes and free crank-case service, and things began to hum. Really, you've no idea how much money can be taken in at one of those roadside stands. Why, most of the people who have 'em just quit farming altogether and make enough in three months to spend their winters in Florida. Ours was one of the best too."

"Some enterprising," says I. "Who'd have thought it was in you, Perky? Easy work, too, I expect."

"Easy!" says he. "Say, that's what I thought when I made the proposition. But I never made a wider guess. You know, I've been brought up rather soft. Riding around on a horse and watching the field hands plant and cultivate and cut the crop is what we call work in Virginia. But winding a gas crank, and drawing oil, and filling radiators, and broiling Wienies, while it may not sound strenuous, is no light pastime, especially when you keep at it for from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Honest, Tessie, during the middle of the season there, and on Sundays and holidays, I'd be on the jump from soon after sunrise until well after dark, taking my meals on the fly or missing them altogether, and finally dropping into bed dog-tired, only to be routed out by some fool driver who'd just noticed that his tank was getting low. And such greasy work too! At first I tried to keep myself rather neat, with a clean khaki suit every day, but I had to give that up. Within an hour I'd be smeared with oil and grease. It got into my hair, worked into my skin. So I just wore one outfit until it was soaked through, and then put on another while that was being boiled out. You should have seen some of the ladies in limousines stare out at me, with their noses turned up. I suppose you'd have done the same."

"Not if I'd recognized you, Perky," says I. "I'd have stood up and cheered. I do now. Any cabaret hound such as you were who can switch his breakfast hour from noon to 5:30 A.M., and who can jump from time-killing to honest toil, is due a rah-rah from Tessie, for it's about the only case on record. They ought to put your name and fame on a bronze tablet somewhere in Times Square. But what's the idea of coming back, Perky? You haven't slipped off the pedestal, have you?"

He grins sheepish at my kidding and nods.

"If I was ever on one, I have," says he. "I wasn't playing myself for any hero either. I don't like to work any better than I ever did, but I meant to stick to it until the end of the season. I think I would have too, if it hadn't been for Nina Nobles and her crowd. You remember Nina, don't you?"

"The one that puts on the Dancing Nymphs act at the night club?" says I. "Yes, I've seen her number once or twice. Two yards of chiffon to each girl. What were the nymphs doing so far from Broadway?"

"Waiting for a few padlocks to be lifted, I suppose," says he. "Anyway, she'd been taking them on a fresh-air tour through the mountains and they were on their way back. I'll say they were anxious to get there too, for as I was filling the tank they were begging the chauffeur to try to make Springfield by midnight so they could be home next day. I gathered by their chatter that they'd been away less than a week, but you'd have thought to hear 'em they'd been banished from New York for a year. And somehow I caught the fever from them. From that minute I was restless. I was homesick for the big town. I wanted to hear the roar of it, to see the lights on Fifth Avenue, to mix again with the theater crowds, to jump into a taxi and go to the Club Midi, or some such place, for dinner and dancing. I dreamed of it at night, I thought of it all day as I ground away at the gas crank. Every New York license plate that went by beckoned me to follow. Of course I knew I couldn't stay here; but if I could only see it all once more, look up a few of my old pals, stop for a night or two at the Gloriana—well, that sort of thing. I stood it as long as I could, then all of a sudden I made a dash, and here I am."

"Huh!" says I, looking him over. "How you financing this return-of-Perky-Blair act?"

"That's my weak point—finance," says he. "But I rather thought some of my old friends here might ——"

"I see," says I. "What luck so far?"

He shrugs his shoulders.

"None at all," says he. "And I was depending on Tommy Quade, at the desk. We used to be quite chummy, you know, Tommy and I. 'Just tuck me in anywhere for a night or so, Tommy,' says I. 'Any baggage?' says he. 'No? Sorry, sir, but we haven't a thing left.' And when I had a tenth floor suite here I was always handing him theater tickets or something!"

I nods. "Few room clerks get as hard-boiled as Tommy Quade," says I. "He has one-way pockets. Who else have you tried?"

"Why, Otto, of course," says he. "He's supposed to be one of the wealthiest head waiters in town, isn't he? I know I contributed an even hundred to make that Christmas a merry one for him, and there must have been many others. Owns a row of apartment houses, I hear. And we were great cronies, Otto and I. I was sure he would stake me to fifty or so. But what do you think?"

"Ten would be my guess," says I.

"Not even that," says Perky. "Couldn't seem to remember me at all."

"That's the failing that has made him such a success as a landlord," says I. "And after Otto?"

He spreads out his hands.

"I don't know," says he. "I thought I'd have a talk with you. You always seemed like such a sensible girl, Tessie."

"Meaning, I expect," says I, "that you never could date me up for any of your wild parties and that I turned down your little presents. Well, I haven't changed any. All I've got for you is conversation."

"And I'm grateful for that much," says he. "It's more than I'm likely to get from anyone else. How's everybody? You have a new assistant, I see. What's become of Edna?"

"Oh, Edna!" says I. "Why, she graduated to the Follies, picked up a dancing partner, and now I believe they're doing a turn at a night club. They were a week or so ago, at least, when she was in here for luncheon. Lots of speed to Edna; but she's got a good heart, at that. Stopped for a chat with me and left her phone address. Used to play around with you some, didn't she?"

"For a while," he admits. "But as a playmate Edna was rather expensive, even for me; nothing but de-luxe taxis, orchids and the Ritz roof. Some gold digger, that girl—a regular forty-niner. And twice she came wiping her eyes because Brother Joe was in trouble again and needed fifty cash bail. I had to resign as official rescuer of Brother Joe."

"That's interesting too," says I, "because she never had a Brother Joe. Then there was little Ann Tibbetts in the check room, wasn't there?"

"Oh, yes! Ann," says he, casual. "Nice little thing, snappy black eyes and pouty lips. She was different. Knew her way about though. She's left too, hasn't she?"

"Must have gone soon after you checked out," says I. "I never heard where or why. They come and go, you know. And sometimes, when they get on, they drift back just to show us their furs and opera capes. You're the only one, Perky, I ever knew to stage a hard-luck comeback. Better call it a misdeal, hadn't you, and make for the old filling station?"

He lets the good-looking shoulders sag hopeless and spreads his hands limp.

"I suppose so," says he. "It's going to be tough though. If I could have just one night of it, Tessie—a regular night—then I'd be satisfied to go back. Honest, that's all I was planning. And I thought I could find some of the old friends that I used to spend my money on so free who who might —— But I suppose it's no use. They're all like Otto. They forget. Oh, well ——"

Such a beaten, kicked-dog look comes into the light-blue eyes that for a minute I lose sight of the fact that I'm supposed to be hard-boiled myself. And the next thing I knew I had this hunch.

"Listen, Perky," says I. "You go over and park yourself in one of those Spanish chairs the other side of the lobby while I try out a scheme. I don't promise to pull anything for you, understand; but I may. If I do, I'll give you the signal. If I don't, you must go back and weep into the hot-dog pan."

With that I steps back of the screen and calls for Edna's number. She answers through a mouthful of breakfast roll and I explains Perky's Rip Van Winkle act and how hungry he is for one more inside peep at the Broadway merry-go-round. (Continued on Page 62)

*So I Goes Back Up the Stairs and Scouts Around, to Find Perky Still Jazzing With the Little Blonde*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14, 1925


## The Crime School

PROHIBITION may or may not be a bad thing, according to one's convictions, but breaking the prohibition law is a bad thing, regardless of one's convictions. Under present conditions any sensible man who gives the matter consideration will obey the law, if only to safeguard his person and his property.

The backbone of the crime wave that has followed in the wake of this law is not the bootleggers and their associated crooks, but that large and thoughtless body of respectable citizens whose agents and servants they really are. The prop of the bootlegger and his school for crooks is not the lower but the so-called upper classes of America. Without the aid, comfort and patronage of these men and women the bootleggers and their gunmen would go out of business tomorrow. The upper world has been enlarging and strengthening the under world. So long as the clubman is above the law, the gunman will be too. That is the deliberate judgment of an able enforcement official, and the facts would seem to bear him out.

If the opponents of prohibition are right in their contention that the law does not represent the will of the majority—and it is possible that they are right—they can make effective their opinion at the polls. But the truth about a large number of these men and women is that they talk more than they vote. Their conversation is for the cocktail hour and not for the primaries. They feel deeply, they talk loudly, but they play better bridge than politics.

Meanwhile the crime school that they are unwittingly backing is treating them with the basest ingratitude. For it is a short step from acting on the defensive for a bootlegger to taking the offensive for oneself—from gun play against prohibition officers to gun play against bank officials; from hijacking a truckload of booze to sticking up a store for the contents of the cash register, or a man for his pocketbook, or a woman for her jewels. Smuggling in booze leads naturally to smuggling in Chinamen, and jettisoning Scotch when one is pursued may lead, as it has, to jettisoning Chinks—after they have been knocked on the head. Drugs, too, are a natural side line.

We are really paying too high a price for our cocktails. We must decide to take them legally or let them alone. We should bring the prohibition question to a vote and abide by the decision. Perhaps the law was not put into effect by a minority after all.

It is customary to speak of prohibition as a "moral law." Actually, while it had the whole-hearted backing of many moral reform groups, the force that finally put it over was economic. The desire for a sober Monday, for a clear-headed engineer in the cab, for the closing of the saloon with its drain on the pay envelope, was, among other economic reasons, the factor that gave the law its final push onto the statute books. But it is to be feared that among the business men who favored the law, as well as among the congressmen who voted for it, there were and still are a certain number of drinking prohibitionists.

The law has resulted in demonstrable good, as well as demonstrable evil. But if a large majority still wants prohibition and decides for the law, it must also decide to enforce it at any cost and against all classes. The workman must have his beer hour if the rich man is to have his cocktail hour. It is just as important to have clear heads around the directors' table as in the engine cab.

Until there can be a decision at the polls we can enforce the law by obeying it, not necessarily because we favor it for either moral or economic reasons, but purely as a matter of self-protection—as a step toward closing the crime school that we have been encouraging and supporting. Its graduates are turning their guns against us. The time has come when the importance of "personal liberty" must be weighed against the value of personal safety.

## Don't Give Up the Ship

WE READ much in the newspapers about the political aspects of our shipping mess, but nothing at all about its reactions on the rank and file of the men in the service.

Shipping is more than ships. It is trained, experienced and loyal men. Yet how can we keep such men under present conditions? How can we develop an efficient personnel on land and sea? How can we build up a permanent merchant marine under government boards and policies that are constantly shifting? The answer is that we cannot.

The first essential of any business is not a board, but a boss, and then there must be some assurance of stability, permanence and promotion for the men under him. No man of brains and common sense is going to stay long with any organization which is not built on a well-considered plan; that is not looking forward to a steady growth; that cannot offer its employes a reasonably assured future.

There seems to be no escape under present conditions from government operation. But even so, we can perhaps find a way to minimize government stupidity. It would be folly for us to lapse back into our prewar condition on the high seas.

Today there are no better ships, no better found ships for comfort, food and service than Leviathan and George Washington. But they were not new when they were reconditioned, and before they can be replaced they will be fairly old, as North Atlantic passenger ships go. We should be laying down the keels of two—or better, three—new ships for this service, not such big ships as Leviathan, perhaps, but large and speedy. We should maintain and expand our other foreign services, especially that to South America. They are vital to our growing trade and prosperity. When Barry Cornwall wrote:

*"The sea! the sea! the open sea!*
*The blue, the fresh, the ever free,*
*Without a mark, without a bound,*
*It runneth the earth's wide regions round"*—

he might have added, and not have been far from the truth, "and without an American flag on it!"

We made a blundering start to remedy that condition, but we are drifting back. Only a courageous policy in the hands of an able business executive will put us on our course.

Secretary Hoover has been handed all the odds and ends, the cats and dogs of Government. From them he has built up a strong and admirable department. We incline to the opinion that he might salvage the remnants of our fleet, and not only keep our flag flying on the high seas but put our merchant marine on the right basis.

"Don't give up the ship."

## The Foolish Four Hundred

MORE than eighty per cent of the losses which are incurred by buyers of promiscuous get-rich-quick stocks are due to a desire for extraordinary gain and to the blandishments of the high-power salesman. Not long ago investigators, acting for the Better Business Bureau, interviewed upward of four hundred persons, residents of fifteen states, who in three years had lost $435,000 through purchases of almost worthless securities. Though the number of shorn lambs interrogated was not large, they were so widely distributed that their motives, their mistakes and their losses probably represent a typical cross section of millions of individual experiences.

Forecast of dividends ranging anywhere from eight to one hundred per cent was the bright lure for which most of the foolish four hundred fell. The great insurance companies, whose directorates include the ablest financial experts in the country, men whose interlocking connections and daily associations give them singular facilities for seizing money-making opportunities, think they are doing very well if they can find sound investments which will average their policyholders somewhere between four and five per cent. Rarely will they buy a block of bonds without having their statisticians go over the issue with a fine-toothed comb; and yet, for all their care and prudence, it is an uncommon thing for a railroad to go into a receivership without finding the insurance interests prominently represented on the bondholders' protective committee.

But the foolish four hundred rush in where their betters fear to tread. They exhibit a marked predilection for unlisted issues, and their special favorites are the common stocks of fly-by-night oil, motor and mining companies. For the most part their selections are so conspicuously bad that they would have a much better chance of winning if they put their money on a roulette table or a faro outfit. The figures support this contention, for the average sum involved in the speculations examined was eleven hundred and ninety dollars and the average loss was eleven hundred dollars. Even the most vicious games of chance offer something better than a one-to-eleven shot or they could not find customers enough to keep the house open.

Not the least surprising thing developed by this inquiry is the fact that most of the losers were persons who ought to have known better. For the most part they were business and professional men, persons who had it well within their power to ascertain precisely what sort of concerns they were buying into, and whose bankers or other financial advisers could have told them the hazardous nature of their gamble. The chances are they did not care to be told, for the one thing a sucker cannot stomach is sound, disinterested advice. Flattery, fancy promises and iridescent dreams of wealth are the food he battens on. These are the signs of his suckerhood.

## Capital for Old Age

TIMES change and with them the emphasis upon intellectual interests. Success in money making can have no worthwhile meaning in life if the major currents of thought are not even tapped or sampled. Perhaps it is not true that a young man once read Hamlet and remarked that it was too full of quotations. Yet if such a young man did exist he might well have been a good shot or even borne a low handicap at golf.

Though most men and women die before reaching a real old age, yet enough live on to and beyond the three-score-and-ten period to make it useful to have resources for that period of life. Living in San Francisco is a gentleman who will be eighty-six years of age if he lives to December thirtieth next, one Edward Francis Adams. Mr. Adams served through the Civil War and became prominent in his profession. But that does not matter here. More than twenty years ago he founded a discussion club which now has more than three thousand members. With the exception of a few weeks when he had the flu last winter he has attended practically every meeting. It is not suggested that all men found discussion clubs. Heaven forbid! But all men need interests which can be carried through life and remain worth while to the end.

# WHEN A MAN'S SIXTY

## By James J. Corbett

IT WAS only last week that I had another birthday. It was my fifty-ninth. I shouldn't have mentioned it, I suppose—just passed it by like a fellow you see coming and know is out for a touch. But I'm not, like the ladies, shy about my age. I don't care how many candles they put on my cake. Even the theatrical managements don't seem to care as long as I look and stay young.

Of course, I ought to have taken pause that morning for sad and sober reflection. I should have said to myself, "I'm in my sixtieth year. The boy's getting along; soon will be an old, old man"; or, "Old age is fast creeping upon me." Did I? I didn't. Simply looked in the mirror and grinned at myself and whistled.

It's not that I haven't had my share of trouble—and tragedies too. But if you look at it right, the good things in a man's life more than make up for the bad ones—all the losses, sicknesses and disappointments.

I know now that a man can keep his interest in life, his freshness up to the end. And with that spirit he has something else that youth cannot have—more wisdom and tolerance and charity for the other fellow, and a wish to make his world around him a little better with the passing years. What I want to drive home is that you can be seven people in one at sixty—child, boy, youth, young man, the man in early middle age, in the prime of life, and the old fellow watching the sun set too.

But I'm not worrying much about the sunset. For me the sun still seems high in the world. Of course, I'm rather lucky in still being able to eat three fair meals a day, to take good exercise, to sleep soundly and to pursue my career on the stage as actively as ever. And they tell me I look forty-two, and I haven't a gray hair in my head. But that isn't what counts so much. Gray hairs and wrinkles don't matter. Inside, a man can have all the other things we've been talking about, even if he is grizzled and has a little corporation—that is, if he'll only start to take stock now.

The system is simple, so simple that if I hadn't observed men all around me I should think it foolish even to mention its two rules—moderation and the right mental attitude.

Now it wasn't all luck with me—my finding myself in my sixtieth year so fit, I mean. And I hope I may be pardoned for speaking once more of myself, since it is only by telling of my experience that I can drive these two rules home.

I suppose I must have inherited a pretty fair constitution from my parents. Still, in boyhood, I was frail. Perhaps I had better say I inherited from my mother the will to be strong. For my father was a quiet, thoughtful sort of man; and she was the active one of the couple. Even in her later years she loved to dance and she had a special fondness for bowling. I can hear her laugh still when she scattered the pins for a spare. And with all these things, she could cook and bake the most wonderful suppers. When we prospered enough so that we had help and we could relieve her of these duties, she wouldn't just sit still. I'd find her all the time bobbing up somewhere down in the town of San Francisco, out to see what was going on; she kept up her interest in life to the end. Now I'm sixty in turn; but I miss her still, as much as if I were still a boy. So I'm sure it was her spirit that gave me the will to be strong. Not that I haven't done foolish and wasteful things, but in the main I've kept pegging away ever since one day when, at twelve, I realized I'd have to work to keep in shape; and I used to get all the exercise and all the fresh air I could, taking long walks by the ocean. And this was long before I had any idea of boxing.

For that matter, strange as it may seem, pugilism really never interested me so much. It was the right thing for me, I suppose, at the time; for it kept me fit, and since I was lucky enough to excel, it gave my parents and my family chances to travel and do things that we might otherwise not have had. But it was never the sordid side of the ring that appealed to me—the licking of a man, the infliction of pain. Of course, victory did have a thrill; and there was a satisfaction in being able to handle and defend oneself and in being a bit faster than the other fellow. Still, I came into the ring by accident; and I

(Continued on Page 164)

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

## Saving the Chantey

QUITE a lot of literary men seem to feel pretty bad about the disappearance of sailors' chanteys. It appears that the sailormen of today are no longer heard to chant Whisky Johnny and Blow the Man Down as they strain against the capstan bars or take double tucks in the royal to'-gallant flying spanker. No; if he sings at all, the sailorman of today restricts himself to such topical successes as Red Hot Mother and others of the type known popularly, I am told, as "Mummy" songs.

Why the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe Finally Had to Move

Learned investigators are inclined to the belief that the decline of the chantey is due to the fact that the seafaring man is no longer properly a sailor; he may be, on an ocean liner, a cook, a waiter, a printer, an electrician, a barber, a gardener; or he may just do general housework around the docks.

Well, then, it seems to me that if we wish to preserve the chantey, we must adapt it to the type of sailor of today. You cannot expect a sensible tar to sing "Heave away on the bowline" as he serves hot bouillon on deck. True, he could sing "Heave away on the bouillon," but that would be considered in poor taste. No, someone must provide him with chanteys adapted to his work.

With me, to think is to act. (And a restful life it is.) Here is a chantey for room stewards:

*'Twas on the old Emetic, a Green Line ship,*
*(Turn the blanket down, boys, turn the blanket down*
*A passenger there was, didn't believe in no tips,*
*Turn, turn, turn the blanket down.)*

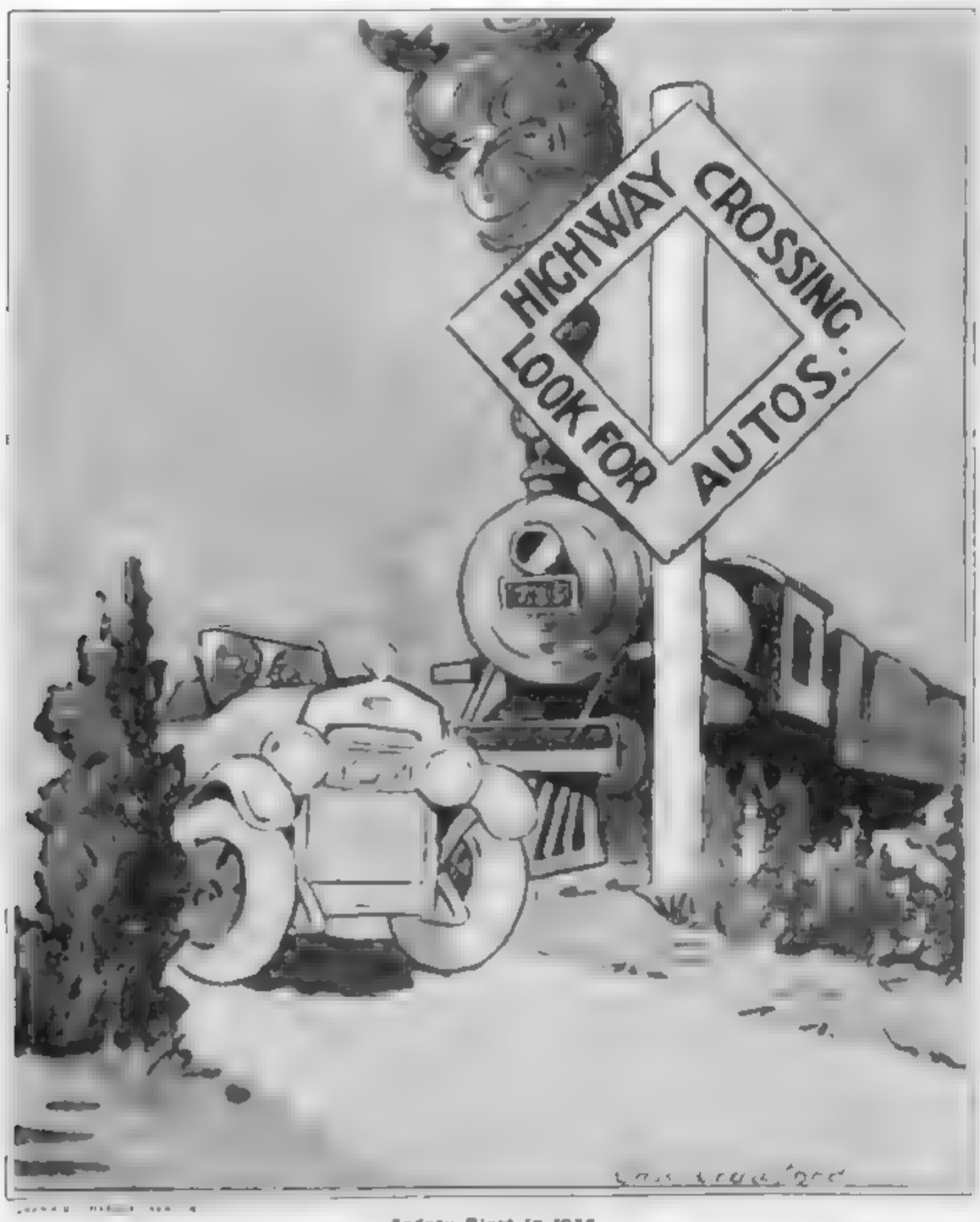
*But his porthole it come open, how it happened none could say,*
*(Turn the bed sheet down, boys, turn the bedsheet down)*
*And the ocean come in and near washed the guy away.*
*(Turn, turn, turn the bed sheet down.)*

*The guy blamed the steward, but the steward's words was few,*
*Smooth the pillow down, boys, smooth the pillow down.)*
*"The ship she's tippin' heary, tippin' hearier than you."*
*Smooth, smooth, smooth the pillow down.*

*And the guy put ten bucks in the honest steward's hand,*
*(Turn the covers down, boys, turn the covers down)*
*And a good thing for him, or he'd never of got to land.*
*Turn, turn, turn the covers down.*

The more I think of it, the more it seems that the idea is worthy of extension. Why not all have our chanteys? Why not pipe fitters' glees and roundelays? Wouldn't it be great if Congress would burst into a rousing catch between, or even during, the speeches? How a chantey would enliven the study hour in our educational institutions!

(Continued on Page 234

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At His Current Opera Rates of $10,000 a Night It Costs Signor Giovanni $5531.30 to Put Little Giuseppe to Sleep

This is Canned Foods Week!
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Most grocers are offering unusual opportunities to stock your pantry with your winter's supplies of canned foods. All the world's finest, most tempting foods brought fresh to your table! Learn the comfort, convenience and economy of buying them now by the dozen cans or by the case!

# Taste them!

Get your appetite all set for a real treat! Here's a picture that says something to everybody who likes beans. Can you look at it without wanting to pick up a fork? Place a real dish heaped high with Campbell's delicious beans in front of you and see how long you can resist their challenge to your hunger!

For Campbell's are selected beans of finest quality with a tomato sauce that makes them the best-flavored beans you ever tasted! And it's Campbell's own flavor produced by our exclusive recipes. Enjoy it every time you eat beans. Insist on getting Campbell's always!

## 12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked

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# A MAN OF PLOTS

## By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVII

NEWT was never inclined to rest upon his laurels, to be contented with a small success when by persistence a larger might be gained; nor was he likely to be satisfied with the appearance of success without the substance. The general determination which had brought him home, the determination to acquire control of whatever might seem to him worth the trouble, had crystallized into definite plans; these plans, modified to take advantage of opportunity, were now well set on the road to fruition. Sam had been compelled or cajoled into agreement; what resistance Linda was able to make had been overcome; Newt had led his brother into a snare of debt; and there remained only the necessity of persuading Mrs. Dunnack to be complaisant, and of pushing all these promises and prospects to their consummation. He was satisfied that Sam would be able to control his mother; he perceived that Mrs. Dunnack had lost the capacity for dominating those about her, as her years advanced. She was become a sad old woman, wiser than in her youth, but not so vigorous, not so well able to combat the flood of grief and sorrow which bade fair to overwhelm her. In her encounters with Newt she had tried to assume a positive stand, to overpower him by her resistance; but Newt, somewhat to his own astonishment, had succeeded in meeting her attack and checking it and to some extent turning it back upon herself, so that the courage which she had mustered to oppose him had given way to helpless tears. So he was quite sure that she would do as Sam should urge her to do.

As to Sam, Newt understood that his chief difficulty would be to overcome his younger brother's tendency toward an easy procrastination; to force Sam to go forward toward the accomplishment of the steps upon which they had decided. When he awoke on the morning after his final victory over Linda, his wits were immediately at work upon the problem still remaining. The date of his marriage to Linda was little more than three weeks ahead; it was important that in the meantime Sam make ready to receive his mother at the orchard. Sam must therefore begin at once to build.

Newt wondered how large a house Sam would build; he began to consider this in his own mind, and decided that Sam and his mother would need very little room. In this great house where they now resided, only the kitchen, the dining room and the bedrooms were used; two bedrooms, a kitchen and dining room would, Newt decided, suffice them in their new quarters. There was enough unused furniture in this house to supply their needs in the new one and still leave more than he and Linda would require. Newt wondered whether the shedlike building already in existence at the orchard might not be made to serve them; but he discarded this idea. Sam would need that space for the storage of his orchard equipment, for firewood, and perhaps to take the place of a stable. For Newt perceived that Sam would have to have a horse; and he decided that Sam could well enough take the horse in the barn here. He himself meant to acquire a car; he would hire men to do what work had to be done about this farm.

Thus Newt was able to go downstairs to the breakfast table with a very definitely conceived idea of the house Sam should do. Sam was down before him, but he had gone to the barn to attend to the chores; and Mrs. Dunnack was busy in the kitchen. Newt bade her an amiable good morning, and she responded with a dry little nod and a covert glance in his direction. He was in high good humor; it occurred to him to tell her that he and Linda had decided upon the day of their wedding, and he did so.

Mrs. Dunnack considered this for a moment without replying; said then in a stifled voice, "I 'lowed I wouldn't let you marry Linda."

He laughed reassuringly. "That was because you thought Sam wanted her, ma," he said. "I knew that. But Sam's told you different by now. And anyways, if Linda and me want to get married I guess we'd be apt to get married, spite of you."

"I talked to Sam about it," she conceded.

"Well, then, you know the way things stand with him," he reminded her. "I guess if he'd have wanted to marry her he'd have done it before now."

"He said he never did see his way clear," she replied; and Newt took this as assent.

"That's what I say," he retorted, in a tone of agreement. "That's what I say." She brought the pot of coffee to the table, and he sat down. "I didn't worry about you, ma," he told her. "I could see you'd be all right, soon as you understand."

"I can understand," she said quietly; and Sam came in from the barn and they spoke no more of the matter.

But before the breakfast was done, Newt asked his brother, "Going to the orchard today?"

Sam nodded. "I figured to," he replied.

"I'll go over with you," Newt said. "I might help you pick them Gravensteins."

Sam smiled a little wearily. "You might," he agreed indifferently. "Anyway, you can come along."

After breakfast Sam filled the woodbox, spoke to Mrs. Dunnack with a certain solicitude not usual in him. "You be all right, will you, ma? With both of us away?"

"Been all right before, ain't I?" she asked sharply.

"Plenty of wood? Want the tank filled?"

"I can pump water if I need it, seems to me," she replied.

He smiled a little. "Bothers you to have me fuss over you, don't it, ma?" he asked teasingly.

"I hate to be treated like I was a sick woman," she agreed. "I'm well as anybody, and able."

Newt laughed. "You're hitting at me, ma. Just because I tried to get you to let the doctor look you over. Never did anybody any harm to look out for themselves."

She looked at him and said a little wearily, "You'll never suffer from not looking out for yourself, Newt."

"That's just sense," he reminded her. "What any man would do."

Sam perceived that his mother was, astonishingly, on the verge of tears again; he drew his brother away. "We better get started, Newt," he suggested. "I've a lot to do, and the sooner we go the sooner we'll be back again."

"You go hitch up," Newt told him. "I'll be out, time you're ready."

"Mill get along without you for a day, you reckon?" Sam suggested; and Newt was reminded of his responsibility there. He had a curious momentary reluctance to go down to the mill this morning; but he shook it off as a weakness.

"I'll go talk to Herb," he decided, "while you're hitching up."

So it happened that the two brothers came out of the house together, and Sam turned toward the barn while Newt went down the knoll toward the mill. He was astonished to discover that his very feet faltered, as though they wished to hold back, hesitated to approach the shambling old structure; and he stopped for a moment, perplexed by this weakness in himself. The mill, in the bright sunlight, had certainly nothing alarming in its appearance. It was as it had always been, the roof a little sagging, spotted here and there with new shingles where leaks had been stopped; the corner posts vaguely out of line; the floor—when he came near enough to see—a patchwork of slabs where they had been nailed across actual or incipient holes in the old boards. The saw shrieked discordantly, its note rising to a scream as it struck a knot in the log, trailing off to a whir as the teeth bit through the end of the cut and spun around and around in the air so swiftly they appeared to be as solid as the central portion of the disk. The water was low this fall, so there was no natural power available, and the engine was working. Herb Faller stood at the throttle, easing the steam as the saw revolved uselessly, giving needed power when it began a new cut. While the saw was thus engaged with the wood the puffs of the exhaust steadily slowed their beat; when it spun freely, even with less power, the exhaust became a swift staccato.

Newt stood in the open side of the shed for a moment, watching the activities that went forward; he looked at the boards that were being sawed out of the hemlock log on the carriage, and spoke to one of the men, telling him that the cuts were too coarse, that the boards might be made thinner by at least a sixteenth of an inch.

"Nobody figures on an inch of lumber in an inch board," he reminded Faller. "No sense in throwing good lumber away."

Herb spat sidewise, making no comment; but Newt stood by till he saw that the change he suggested had been made. By that time Sam was ready, and Newt turned away and climbed the knoll and got into the buggy beside his brother.

As they drove toward the village the scream of the saw behind them rasped on Newt's nerves till he said impatiently, "I get mighty sick of that noise. Mill ought to ha' been set further from the house in the beginning."

"I've thought, sometimes, it bothered ma," Sam agreed. "Thought of moving it across the river, but that run into money and I never got at it."

"Well, ma'll be out of it pretty soon," Newt reminded him. "I'm going over today to talk about your building at the orchard. Look over the ground and see what you can do."

"What'd Linda have to say?" Sam asked, looking sidewise at his brother.

"She was pleased," Newt said in a matter-of-fact way. "Said things were working out the best way for everybody, it seemed to her. We decided there wan't any sense waiting till November. Going to be married in October, about the tenth."

(Continued on Page 45)

Sam Forced Newt Through and Followed, and Closed the Door Behind Him

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## —a food service

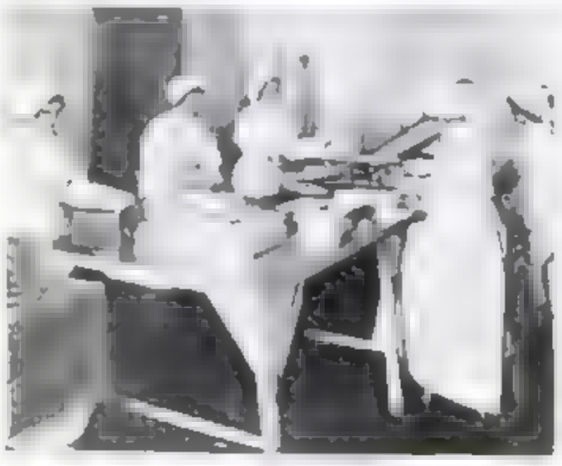
CAREFULLY protected from every harmful contact, Swift's Premium Bacon in its sealed carton exemplifies the Swift standard of cleanliness.

1 Only the very finest cuts furnish Premium Bacon. The sides are carefully selected and trimmed.

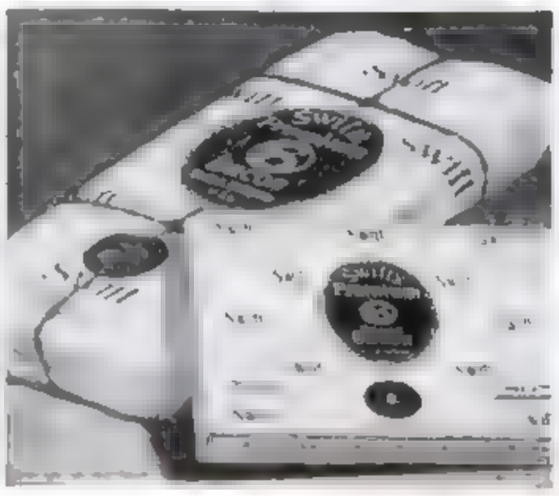
2 Premium Bacon is given an expert, unrivaled dry cure, the secret of its unusually mild, sweet flavor.

3 After the proper period of curing, the bacon is smoked by expert craftsmen over slow hardwood fires.

4 Here Premium Bacon is sliced, weighed, and packed in sanitary dust-proof cartons, without being touched by hands.



5 Whether you buy Premium Bacon in a whole piece or in the convenient carton, you are sure of obtaining always the same uniform, mild, sweet quality for which this bacon is famous.



THE PREPARATION of Premium Bacon illustrates perfectly the precautions by which the Swift standard of cleanliness is maintained.

Scrupulous care in every operation in all departments assures wholesome purity in every Swift product.

At the end of each day's work all equipment coming into contact with food products is sterilized with live steam and hot water.

Vigilant supervision maintains the exacting requirements set by the sanitary regulations.

Such facilities and safeguards are part of Swift & Company's service of supplying wholesome foods of highest quality at all seasons of the year.

## Swift & Company

*Founded 1868*

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*On the floor is shown the popular "Capri" design—Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. [illegible].*

# *"Beautiful, isn't it, Dad? You'd never guess how little it cost!"*

Justifiably proud of her cozy new home is this young bride. What fun to show it off to friends and relatives! And with beautiful *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs on the floors, it's so easy for her to keep the rooms just as she wants them—always spotless, sanitary and attractive.

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*Gold Seal* Rugs lie flat without tacking, too. They never "skid" under you, never curl at the corners to trip you.

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Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are very inexpensive. In no other sanitary floor-covering can you find such value at so little cost. When you buy a Congoleum Art-Rug you have secured the utmost floor-covering value that you can buy!

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*Gold Seal* Congoleum is the original felt-base floor covering—the only one with a record of nearly fifteen years' satisfaction to the housewives of America.

Only when you buy rugs or roll goods which bear the Gold Seal Guarantee, above, do you get the *tested* satisfaction of genuine Congoleum.

*"Kashmir" Design Rug No. 562.*

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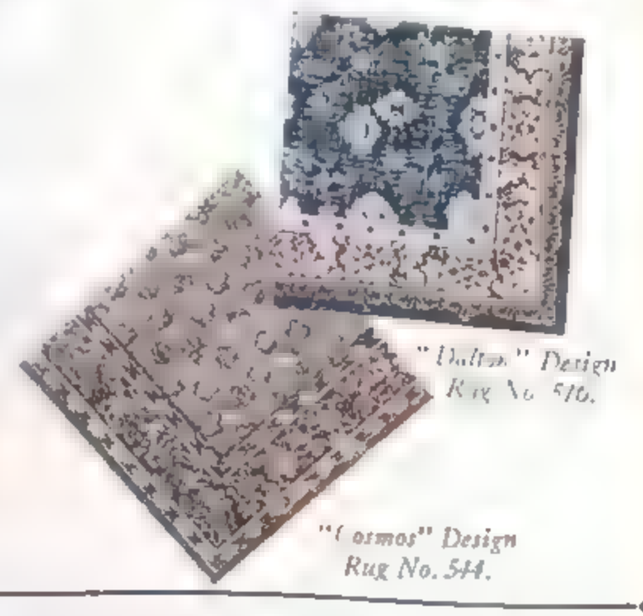

*"Dalton" Design Rug No. 516.*

*"Cosmos" Design Rug No. 544.*

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

Continued from Page 42

Sam did not at once reply to this. They were approaching the village and they met Andy Wattles on Bissell's delivery team, and Andy called a greeting to Sam as they went by.

Newt added, "I say there ain't any use of waiting longer than a man has to, when it's a question of getting married. Sooner the better, the way I look at it. And Linda said that was so."

Sam's voice was curiously uneven. "Well, that's right soon," he commented.

"Well," Newt urged, "I figure if you start in right away, you can get a place built in time. You and ma won't need much; just a little house. You can haul the rough lumber from the mill. Won't need a cellar this winter, so there won't be any digging till spring. I'll go to town tomorrow and order your finish for you. I can prob'ly get a better price."

"I have to figure on borrowing," Sam reminded him.

"Why, I said I'd take care of that," Newt replied. "You won't need over a thousand dollars, and I can let you have that."

"Don't want to put you out."

"Not a bit of bother," Newt assured him. He added, "I'll cash a check in East Harbor tomorrow, so's I can let you have cash. Or I'll pay the bills as they come in, for lumber and all. Give you credit at the mill for anything you can get there. I see some big logs there this morning, some of the lot we got last week out of Freeland, that'll saw up into sills and floor timbers; and we can get out all that kind of stuff in a day."

Sam looked at him curiously. "Guess you'll want some security," he suggested.

Newt laughed. "Why, it's a matter of business," he agreed. "But I'm doing it as an accommodation. You don't need to bother. Just give me a note at six per cent; and I don't care if you never pay me. Till we come to arrange things when ma dies."

"It'll maybe run over a thousand. I ain't figured it," Sam told him.

"Well, you won't have to pay cash only to the help you hire, and for the stock from town, and sashes and doors, and all. The more you get from the mill, the better. You can let it run there, and pay when you're a mind."

They jogged along for a time in silence. At last Sam said, "You better wait till November to get married. Then I can have it ready. Can't build in three weeks."

Newt reassured him. "I have to go to Boston on some business about the tenth of next month," he replied. "So Linda and me'll go, together, right after we're married; and we'll stay maybe a month. That'll give you time. If you ain't all ready, you can take care of ma all right. You can fix up part of the house ready for her."

"Take a month for the plaster to dry."

"Well, you can get the plaster on in three weeks, starting right in."

Sam said in a tone faintly critical. "You're a hand to think of things. Figured it all out, have you?"

"Never could see any sense in putting off a job, the way you and pa always wanted to," Newt told him. "Got a thing to do, best way is to get at it."

"Well, that's prob'ly right," Sam agreed.

"We can take the horse and haul up some stones and get the foundations laid out today," Newt reminded him. "Then tomorrow you can hunt you up a couple carpenters. I'll get Herb Faller at sawing out your lumber, and I'll go to town and arrange for the finish."

"Can't start till we figure out just what we want," Sam protested. "How many rooms, and all. Have to talk to ma about that."

"Say anything to ma yesterday?" Newt asked curiously. Sam shook his head. "You might as well," Newt urged. "Get her used to the idea."

"You're so dead set on it," Sam protested. "Looks to me, Newt, as if we was going too fast. Seems like a shame to bother ma, her so old and all."

"We talked that over," Newt reminded him half angrily.

"You still think the same way, do you?" Sam asked.

"She'll be a lot more comfortable over here," Newt urged. "Won't have the work she has now. A new house is easier to keep clean. And you can look after her and the orchard too."

Sam said slowly, "I been thinking, Newt. How about it if we go ahead and build just the same, but I hand over the orchard to you, and you and Linda live here and leave ma alone. I hate bothering her."

Newt looked at his brother in astonishment; he understood quite well that the orchard was as dear as his own flesh to Sam.

"Mean you'd give me the orchard?" he asked sharply.

"If that'd suit you," Sam agreed mildly.

Newt laughed, amused at this evidence of a willingness on his brother's part to make so great a sacrifice; it was like Sam, he told himself, to let sentiment overrule common sense, and for the sake of an irascible old woman full of sudden whims and angers, and who would be the last to feel any gratitude for such a surrender. But Sam's offer did not tempt him in the least; he meant that the orchard should in any case be his in due time, was quite willing to wait for a year or two. The trees would not bear heavily this year; the profits would be slight. He could afford to defer his acquisition of this property, which might be expected, for the present, to cost more than it returned. So all that Sam accomplished was to reveal to his brother more clearly than ever the weakness of his own character, the paltry scruples which could move him. Newt shook his head.

"No sense in that," he replied. "Orchard means a lot to you. You hold on to it. I don't begrudge it to you any more, even if pa did kind of do me out of it. You and ma'll be more comfortable there than at home."

Sam made no reply. They were approaching the Trask farm, could see the house on the hillside above them; and Newt perceived that Sam was looking in that direction, an unfathomable depth of sorrow in his eyes as though he gazed upon something irrevocably lost to him, something once highly treasured. Newt found a certain satisfaction in watching Sam's face as they slowly climbed the hill and passed the place. He himself hardly looked toward the house; looked only long enough to assure himself that Linda was not in sight. Trask was splitting wood in the shed, and they could hear his ax before they saw him; it was only after they had passed and gone on up the hill that he became visible.

Then Newt shouted back a greeting to the man, and Trask waved his hand at them.

*"Yes. She Asked Me if I Loved Her. And I—I Says, 'Guess I'd Have Told You Before, if It Was That Way With Me, Linda'"*

"I get along with Trask," he said, as he turned to face the road again. "I get along good with him."

Sam did not comment upon this. His eyes rested upon the shambling rump of the horse and he scarcely lifted his head as they turned into the wood road along the border of the orchard. Newt studied him briefly, felt in Sam a mood of passive acceptance of the situation, something like complete docility, as though Sam felt there was no stake worth fighting for, as though he were willing to submit to that which was come upon him.

The older brother said, as they turned off the road, "You might build here by the road, but you'd have to dig a well. Back by your shed you've got the spring. Never goes dry, does it?"

Sam shook his head. "No; it runs in the winter, give it a chance. You can hear it trickling under the snow. Good flow of water all the time."

"You can knock up a little spring house over it," Newt suggested. "There's a level spot right to one side big enough for the house to stand on, down along the shed. You can maybe hitch right onto the shed and save some building."

"There's a kind of sink there," Sam corrected. "Cellar'd be wet all the time. Best to get on the higher ground back a little ways."

"Well, you know best about that," Newt agreed. The shed was now in sight ahead of them, and Newt pointed. "Up there?" he asked.

"I ain't figured how big a house we'd need," Sam protested reluctantly.

"Just a square house," Newt told him. "I've worked it out in my mind." They stopped by the shed and alighted; and Newt picked up a nail and drew on the weather-beaten boards. "About twenty-five feet each way," he suggested. "With the two bedrooms on this side, and the dining room and kitchen here, and a pantry off the kitchen, say. Put a chimney in between the dining room and the kitchen, and an air-tight in the dining room would heat the whole house."

"I ain't any wood out here," Sam reminded him.

Newt pointed to the hardwood growth only a little distance away. "You can get it as you need it, up there," he insisted. "There's an old rock maple windfall there that'll make a cord of good wood, and a dead beech I saw one day; and you can burn green birch with it. Get along all right."

Under Newt's driving energy, Sam submitting to be led or driven, they had presently paced off and located the corners of the house that was to be; chosen for its site a knoll just above the spring, from which the valley below could be seen in all its sweep and glory, and the bright waters of the pond.

"Ma'll like to look out at that," Newt reminded his brother. "She gets a pile of comfort out of watching the millpond where she is. She's a great hand for looking at water."

They drove stakes, and then dragged stones from a ruined wall in the edge of the woods, the horse furnishing the necessary power. At noon Sam made coffee over the stove in his shed and opened a can of beans. By mid-afternoon they had done as much as could be done today; and when the sun began to slide down the western sky and they prepared to start for home a definite beginning had been made.

As they passed the orchard Newt said urgently, "You want to talk to ma right away, Sam."

Sam nodded. "That's so," he agreed. "Yes, that's so. If you're set in your mind."

"It's Linda much as me," Newt reminded him; and Sam making no comment on this, it occurred to Newt that if his brother could hear the word from Linda herself he might be more easily handled.

He considered this possibility on the way down the hill, decided against its wisdom. Much safer if Linda and Sam did not talk with each other. But a compromise seemed possible, so when they reached the Trask farm he asked Sam to stop.

"I want to say hello to Linda," he explained.

Trask came strolling across from the porch toward them, and Newt left him with Sam, sure that Trask would report their conversations of the night before, equally sure that Trask would ask Sam whether the arrangement Newt had reported to them was indeed in process of conclusion.

"Sam and me've been laying out his new house," Newt called as he departed. "Working at it all day."

He found Linda and her mother in the kitchen, and talked with them for a little while, watching Sam and Trask together by the roadside. Once he saw Linda steal a glimpse of Sam through the window; but he paid no apparent heed to this. And when he judged Sam had had sufficient time, he took his leave and rejoined his brother, climbing at once into the seat. Trask drew back with a final word and they drove away.

Newt waited for a time, to allow Sam to digest what Trask had told him; and he saw that his brother's head drooped a little, as though he were very tired.

He said at last, "You get hold of a bricklayer and some carpenters tomorrow, Sam; and I'll go to town."

Sam, after a moment, nodded a slow assent. "I guess we might as well," he agreed.

### XVIII

THAT night after supper they sat in the dining room of the old house above the mill. Sam did not suggest walking down to the village for the mail; and though Newt would have been glad to give his brother an opportunity to be alone with Mrs. Dunnack, he was too indolent to take the walk on his own account. Instead, after some consideration, he decided to precipitate the situation by informing Mrs. Dunnack of what was afoot.

He chose to do it indirectly, so said to his brother, "We want to draw up some kind of a plan for the house, Sam, so's I can show it to the mill men tomorrow."

He saw, without looking toward her, that Mrs. Dunnack had turned her head at this remark; but Newt kept his eyes on Sam, and after a moment's hesitation Sam said uncertainly, "That's so."

There was a pad of ruled paper on the table, a pad upon which Mrs. Dunnack occasionally wrote a letter to one or the other of her sisters. Newt took this pad and produced from his pocket a pencil and began to make a rough outline, approximately square, while Sam watched him without speaking. Having drawn a square, Newt divided it by a line across the middle; divided it again by another line at right angles to the first, but slightly nearer one side of the original square than the other.

"That's close enough for an idea," he said, tapping the paper with his pencil. Of the two larger rectangles he indicated one and said, "Call that the living room or dining room or whatever you want; and that one bedroom, and the kitchen behind the dining room. You'd be right comfortable that way."

Sam studied the sketch, and Newt perceived by the rigid immobility of his attitude that his brother was ill at ease. Newt himself was only alert for the question that must come from Mrs. Dunnack; but Mrs. Dunnack seldom asked questions. She was by habit taciturn, not inclined to speak unless someone spoke to her. So there was a long interval of silence, and in the end it was Newt who was unable to endure this delay.

"Sam's starting to build over at the orchard, ma," he said in a cheerful tone. "We worked out the foundation today, and I'm just figuring where to put the rooms."

"Starting to build?" Mrs. Dunnack echoed.

Newt nodded amiably. "Yes; get at it right away. Have it all done time cold weather comes."

"He'll have to hurry some," she commented.

"I'll see to that," Newt laughed. "Leave it to Sam and he'd put it off and never get started. He's been talking about doing it for a long time, he says. Prob'ly never would have got at it only for me."

Mrs. Dunnack looked at her younger son. "You ain't got the money to buy lumber," she told him.

"Newt's letting me have it," he explained carefully.

"Lending it to you?" The old woman turned from Sam to Newt.

It was Newt who answered. "Why, I'm right glad to help Sam out," he assured her.

"Charging him interest?" she challenged.

"Six per cent," he said mildly.

She hesitated, perceiving nothing particularly offensive in this. "I expect you've took a mortgage on the orchard, then," she insisted.

Newt shook his head. "Why, I'm just helping him out," he assured her. "This ain't business with me. I'll prob'ly want him to give me a note, just as a matter of record, but that's all."

She expelled her breath through her nostrils, producing a little sound curiously suggestive of incredulity; but she said no more. Newt was disappointed; he had expected that Sam would take this opportunity to explain to his mother what was contemplated. But Sam maintained silence, so Newt now led him into a further discussion of the plan for the house, and more than once, in this discussion, the phrase "ma's bedroom" came to his lips for utterance. Thus at least he might provoke her to instant and insistent curiosity. But each time his courage failed him and the words went unspoken; he spoke only of the big bedroom and the small one; and Sam spoke little or not at all. In the end Mrs. Dunnack rose and without a word took herself to bed.

When she was gone Newt said accusingly, "That was a good chance to talk to ma, Sam. Why didn't you go ahead?"

Sam shook his head. "I'd ruther wait till you wan't around," he replied.

"I'll leave it to you," Newt agreed. "But I'd kind of like to hear what you say."

"I don't aim for you to," Sam said definitely. "I'll fix it with ma."

Newt, a little angry, sharply reminded him, "You'll have to, Sam."

"I'm a-going to," Sam replied.

So they returned to the consideration of the plan, and agreed upon it, and Newt found a ruler and drew it more accurately to scale, so that he might have a basis for his conversation with the mill men next day. They determined where the doors and windows should come, and how the roof should pitch; and Newt reminded Sam that he would need a mason to lay the chimney and the foundation stones.

"Don't have to have him right away," he conceded "He can do it after we get the frame started, laying the sills on the corner stones. But you'll have to get one."

The next morning, Newt as always the driving force, matters went forward. Newt himself sought out Herb Faller at the mill to discuss the sawing of the rough lumber. He hurried this conversation so that he might ride to town with Dan Bissell on Will's truck, but before his own departure he had made sure that Sam set out on his search for carpenters willing to work upon the job. When Herb had, with a stub of pencil and the smooth side of a board, laboriously figured what varieties and quantities of lumber would be required, Newt directed him to set the mill to work upon the job that day, and then hurried to the village to be at hand before Dan should start for town.

Dan was a young man of sense and ability; he had worked in the outer world, now prospered sufficiently on the old Law place on the flank of the Ridge, besides helping his father about the store. He received Newt's company without any indication of welcome, and permitted Newt to talk to him without taking the trouble to respond except with an occasional sidewise glance in which the other perceived the young man's distaste. Newt was never thin-skinned; but he filed away this matter in his memory, promising himself that one day he would be able to inspire in this young man a certain measure of fear, if not of respect.

He was as willing to use Dan as another for his present purposes, however; so he told Dan all his program. He told the young man that he and Linda would presently be married; that Sam would build at the orchard; that Mrs. Dunnack would go there to live with her younger son while Newt and Linda occupied the big house. If Dan was interested—as he must have been in such an upheaval as the removal of Mrs. Dunnack involved—he gave no outward sign; and his responses to Newt's direct questions were curt and uncommunicative.

In East Harbor, Newt went promptly about his brother's business. At the sash-and-blind factory he discussed stock and prices, and after a certain amount of dickering gave his order; at the East Harbor bank he opened an account, depositing a check on his bank in Boston for the full amount of his accumulation there, then drawing against this new account for the cash which promised to be immediately necessary for paying the carpenters.

This pressing business done, he remembered that Doctor Cheatley was still in town, waiting for word from him; and the thought amused Newt. Accordingly he sought out Cheatley, greeted him warmly, and to the other's instant question replied in an uncertain tone, "I can't get Sam to come around yet, doc."

"Do without him," Cheatley suggested impatiently. "I can't hang around here all winter."

"I think I can manage him, take time enough," Newt insisted. "And that's the best way to do it if we can."

"You and Morn are trying to freeze me out," Cheatley said accusingly; but Newt denied this so feelingly and with such evidences of sincerity that Cheatley was in the end convinced. The two agreed that Cheatley should return to Boston, but hold himself ready to answer an instant summons when Newt later needed him.

When he left Cheatley, Newt thought of going to the lawyer; but he did not do so. He was quite definitely afraid of Morn; the fat man's slitlike eyes and heavy glance had vaguely haunted him. He decided to wait until Cheatley had left East Harbor, thus to avoid any possibility that the two might join forces against him. This decision left him with two hours or so still on his hands, before meeting Dan Bissell for the ride home. It occurred to him that he might profitably occupy his time in locating a carpenter. They could use four or five men on the house, if so many could be found.

His inquiries led him to Gabe Muller, an inoffensive little man with something birdlike in the thinness of his neck. He had, Newt was told, fallen somewhat into disrepute during the war because of his ancestry and his own indiscreet utterances; had since then found little work to do. Newt was pleased with this information, and his first glimpse of Muller satisfied him that he might easily drive a good bargain with the man. He succeeded in doing so, engaging Muller to come next morning to the orchard. The question of transportation arose, but Newt suggested that Muller might stay out at the orchard, living in Sam's shack during the week; and Muller in the end humbly accepted this suggestion.

Newt was elated by his success in this matter; he talked with Muller for a while and found that the old man could produce another carpenter if Newt required two men.

"But he'd want more money," Muller explained.

"He'll have to come down some to work for me," Newt replied. "You talk to him if you want, and if he wants to come for what I'm paying you, bring him along."

(Continued on Page 138)

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# CADILLAC

# DISCIPLES OF REALISM

## By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE styles of procedure for nearly every form of human endeavor are in a constant state of what is known to the most thoughtful scientists and economists as flux. At a given period in the development of the manly pastime of football, for example, the proper accouterments for the earnest footballer must include a head of hair resembling an ungroomed Skye terrier, a pair of pants built on the specifications of an early American bed quilt and a tightly laced canvas vest guaranteed to break the finger nails of maliciously disposed opponents. At a slightly later period, however, the footballer cannot consider himself modishly attired unless his hair is shorn to the quick on the day preceding a game, unless his jersey is unblemished by any extraneous matter except a few conspicuous numerals stitched between his shoulder blades, and unless his unwadded trousers are drawn part way up a pair of flaring hip pads in such a way as to give him the general appearance of emerging from a drain pipe.

Those unfortunate persons who are struggling bravely to separate themselves from surplus flesh are instructed by leading dietitians at one period of the world's development that the act of drinking water while taking nourishment will cause them to attain the dimensions of a prize Berkshire hog; at another period they are assured by leading dietitians that a heavy consumption of water with their meals will result in giving them the contour of a telephone pole.

Architects were once agreed that any country house worthy of the name should be built along the lines of the London, Liverpool and Northeastern railway station at Tooting-on-Herts, England, should have not less than forty-nine gables, and should boast two cast-iron deer on the completely exposed front lawn. Not many years later the nation's leading architects were almost unanimous in agreeing that the perfect country house should conform to the chastely simple lines of a shoe box, and that any client who persisted in demanding more than six gables or so much as one cast-iron dog on the front lawn ought to be pushed down a well.

There has also been a plentiful amount of fluxing, in recent years, in the style of dramatic performance that must be put forward in order to win the hearty plaudits of the more sophisticated, as the saying goes. There was a time, in the growth of American drama, when the men who were acknowledged to be the leading American dramatists must have thought about something besides sex. They must have thought about something else, because they wrote about something else. It is probable that they knew a good deal about that delicate subject; but for some peculiar reason they were apparently able to keep their minds off it for a considerable portion of each working day.

### Dullness at a Premium

PLAYS that were realistic were usually enthusiastically condemned because they dealt with everyday matters that made the public tired; and the plays over which they enthused were romantic affairs in which the dirty-minded villain got it in the neck about seventeen seconds before the curtain fell on the fourth act with a dull thud. In recent years, however, the more intense and unconventional have discovered that no play is a great big realistic play unless it is sexy.

A portion of the playgoing public has become passionately addicted to the newer realism; and it must be apparent to all unprejudiced thinkers that unless these seekers after truth are willing to support the newer realism with their presence and their pocketbooks, there would soon be as little of the newer realism on the New York stage as there is of chiffon underwear among the residents of the Aleutian Islands.

For the purpose of honoring these high-minded disciples of realism, and with a faint idea of supplying American and European dramatists with a vague picture of the keen minds and sensitive natures that are eagerly greeting their noblest and most realistic brain children, I fought my way last spring into and out of the New York theater district until I had seen all the great big realistic plays.

It should be incidentally remarked that the nation as a whole has never paid sufficient homage to the sacrifices and sufferings to which the New Yorker willingly submits in order that the New York stage may be properly supported. Volumes of commendatory remarks have been written on the bravery of the early New England settlers because of the fact that their nerves were shattered about once every two weeks by four or five war whoops delivered with some feeling by wily redskins, and because their Sunday strolls were occasionally disturbed by the passage of an Indian arrow within a foot or two of their hats. All the commendatory words that have hitherto been written on the bravery of New York playgoers, however, could easily have been written on a special-delivery stamp with a sash brush, and I therefore wish to take this opportunity of saying something in their behalf.

The mental agony of the New York playgoer begins when he attempts to purchase tickets for a successful play. If he is callow and inexperienced, he goes to the box office and politely requests two seats in the orchestra for a week from next Thursday evening. The box-office man, who is often in my experience a very superior person whose mind is apparently centered on far more important matters than the vending of theater tickets, replies that he has only two seats in the last row of the second balcony for a week from next Thursday evening. It makes no difference for what date the callow playgoer wishes the tickets. He may want them for four or six or even eight weeks from next Thursday evening; but the best that he will be offered by the box-office man will be two seats in the last row of the second balcony. Nobody ever accepts these seats, which is rather a shame; for if they were accepted, the box-office man might drop dead from the shock.

There is some sort of relationship between these two seats in the last row of the second balcony and the old Raines Law sandwiches that were served over and over again with spirituous liquors on Sundays back in the old days when drinks were sold in hotels by bartenders instead of by bootblacks, as at present. Anybody who ate a Raines Law sandwich was regarded as a foul malefactor, and there is a general belief that anybody who purchases the two seats in the back row of the second balcony will be severely handled by the theater management. From the box office the callow playgoer, greatly distressed in mind by the open contempt of the box-office man, drags himself to a ticket speculator. Fortunately he doesn't have to drag himself far, since New York is as thoroughly equipped with ticket speculators as a shad is with bones.

New York has a law that forbids ticket speculators from making more than a fifty-cent profit on each theater ticket which they sell, but the only effect of this law on a great many ticket speculators is to cause them to burst into uncontrollable laughter whenever it is mentioned in their presence. It is scarcely necessary to state that the ticket purchaser is seldom able to appreciate the keen humor in the situation, for what the speculator does to him bears a close resemblance to the activities of Chinese bandits.

### The Perils of the Theater Hour

IF THE play that he wishes to see is ultra-realistic, the speculator relieves him of nearly everything of value except his cuff links and his moss-agate stick pin. For a pair of tickets which bear the amusing figures "$4.40" on their faces, the speculator is in the habit of calmly charging $17.60 or more; and for two tickets sarcastically inscribed "$5.50" the speculator frequently mulcts his victim of the neat sum of $20.90—the ninety cents evidently being added as a hint to the unfortunate purchaser that he is lucky not to be paying twenty-five dollars.

Having thus secured his tickets, the playgoer repairs triumphantly to his home and eagerly awaits the evening of the play. When that glad occasion has arrived, he sallies forth and unhesitatingly injects himself into the raving mob that dares death each night in search of what the deluded New Yorker refers to as amusement.

In place of the occasional Indian war whoop that frayed the nerves of the American colonists, an unending chorus of ear-splitting automobile horns inflames the playgoer's brain. Where the early American dodged a semimonthly tomahawk or arrow, the modern New York amusement seeker narrowly escapes a horrible finish a hundred times a night by bounding like a chamois between the ravening taxicabs that fill every street from curb to curb.

Eliza's adventure in crossing the ice has been widely advertised as a desperate and hair-raising feat, but by comparison with crossing Broadway at the theater hour it was about as dangerous as stepping out of a bathtub in which a cake of soap is still reposing.

Every sidewalk is jammed with brother and sister amusement seekers, all of whom are gawping at electric signs, craning their necks to see a policeman's signal, trying to hear their companions' remarks above the din, watching for holes in the rivers of taxicabs through which they can dodge—doing everything, in short, except looking where they are going. As a result, the playgoer is shoved, kicked, thwacked, hustled, harried and squashed. Elbows are pushed into his abdomen, heels are jabbed into his instep, hat feathers are poked violently into his eyes and ears, and forty or fifty persons with severe colds cough point-blank into his face.

New York gunmen are rapidly discovering that the ideal method of bumping off a victim is to sidle up beside him during the before-theater crush and ventilate him with an automatic in any desired spot. The report of the gun usually goes unnoticed because of the tumult of New York; the crowd is so dense that it supports the victim for as much as a block without noticing anything unusual about him; while the victim himself, if not killed outright, sometimes thinks he has merely been accidentally kicked by a fellow playgoer and so fails to mention his misadventure until his assailant has removed himself to Newark or Yonkers.

Returning to the subject of the audiences that patronize the great realistic plays that have so thrilled the more intellectual, one is almost immediately impressed by the fact that realism makes

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(Continued from Page 48)

more of an appeal to many of them than does romantic drama, because they are able to furnish their own romance. This they do by patting one another affectionately during the progress of the play and by feeding each other caramels from a box which the female disciple of realism holds on her lap—usually with one of her hands inside the box.

At all the realistic plays there are, of course, many persons who do not indulge in caramels; but there is a grave suspicion in the minds of many observers that those who don't eat caramels at the plays have indulged heavily in caramels just before coming to them. This suspicion is based on the somewhat sticky mental reactions that may be observed among both the caramel eaters and the non-caramel eaters during the progress of the plays. It may, of course, be due to something else than caramel eating; but the fact remains that heavy caramel eating can be depended on to produce such reactions, and that heavy caramel eating is extremely popular among the patrons of plays that are competing for the running broad realism record.

The devotees of realism that flock to the great big plays may be depended on to recognize any strong bit of realism wherever they encounter it on the stage, and to greet it with appreciative laughter. If an enterprising playwright should turn out a realistic play in which the hero goes to the electric chair for strangling his little sister for forgetting to put sugar in his coffee, or something, and should cause the hero to give vent to some unusually strong language because the initial electric current tied him in knots but didn't kill him, the audiences would at once recognize the realism of his language and scream with merriment at its repetition at each performance.

It might occur to a few of the disciples of realism that the profanity was the expression of great mental anguish, but the bulk of them would regard it as just plain realism. Many of them would prepare their companions for the realism in advance, nudging them and whispering, "Listen now! He says it right now. Here it comes!" And then they would rock with mirth at the words that pain is supposed to wring from the sufferer.

### Smoking Compartment Humor

One soon realizes, after witnessing a few samples of modern realism on the New York stage, that many of the advantages earned by earlier generations with infinite labor are enjoyed by the present generation with a minimum of exertion. In past years, for example, the man who wished realism of the sort so popular in New York was obliged to go on long journeys and sit for hours in the smoking compartments of Pullman cars in order to hear a moderate amount of realism from those smoking compartment patrons who specialize in such matters. Women and young girls, being barred by general consent from smoking compartments, were never directly exposed to very much of that sort of thing. There was, in fact, a general feeling that women and girls were more refined and sensitive and clean-minded than the average horrid man, and that they should be kept so by the avoidance, in their presence, of all mention of the realism that made fat men in smoking compartments burst into hoarse hyena-like guffaws.

Today, however, the person who wishes to absorb large quantities of realism doesn't need to take a long, tiring train ride or get himself well scented with stale cigar smoke in a smoking compartment. Nor is there any objection on the part of theatrical managers to admitting women and young girls to their great realistic dramas. It must be admitted that the women and young girls appear to appreciate the opportunities thus offered to them, for they outnumber the horrid men at the realistic plays by three to two and frequently by as much as two to one

This opens up an interesting field for speculation. Is the realistic-play era due to the exclusion of women and girls from smoking-room conversation in past years? Would there be a falling off in the production of realistic plays if women and young girls should now be freely admitted to smoking rooms and encouraged to join the male occupants in the exchange of stories? Are men satisfied to get their realism in smoking compartments, and are they forced to attend realistic plays by the hitherto ungratified curiosity of their wives and daughters?

There is another interesting field for conjecture. Did the New York theatrical managers find out that the public wanted realistic plays before the public knew it or after the public knew it? Who deserves the credit for the modern wave of realism—the public or the managers?

The failure of American dramatists to supply in full the realism demanded by American managers has forced the managers to rush to Europe and enter a yearly contest in play buying. The European social system differs in several respects from the American social system—notably in muzzling, blindfolding and handcuffing all unmarried young women, and generally allowing them as much freedom from surveillance as is granted in America to the President himself; and also in humorously viewing marriage vows as a ceremony that gives a woman her first opportunity of coming in contact with and matching her wits against men who have been brought up to regard love as a business. Owing to these differences between the American and European social systems, the realistic play had formed the backbone of European drama for several years prior to the year of the Big Fog.

Until recently, unfortunately, these realistic European plays couldn't have been produced in America without causing their producers to be mobbed or rushed to the psychopathic ward. The sudden appreciation of realism that has sprung into existence, however, has now made it possible for American producers to import and produce plays that nauseated even a great many hard-boiled Europeans some years ago.

A distinct thrill has recently been injected into managerial circles by the discovery that playwrights who were struggling to provide theatrical amusements for the goat-minded young gallants of Merry England some two or three hundred years ago, frequently wrote plays of tremendous possibilities from the present-day New York viewpoint.

Although most of these plays are sufficiently dull to anæsthetize a person suffering from sciatica, and are equipped with about as much plot as can be found in a recipe for making clam bisque, they are well stocked with realistic language.

When a gentleman of seventeenth-century Merry England had occasion to mention—let us say—a spade, he seldom called it a spade, but referred to it in words of such poisonous purport as to cause all dogs within earshot to dodge hastily beneath the largest piece of furniture in sight. The ladies with whom gentlemen of this breed consorted, having had the benefit of their example and instruction, frequently talked and acted like a lot of stevedores after their fourteenth drink. Consequently the dialogue of many of these seventeenth-century plays is embellished with large numbers of the words that were then used so freely in refined British circles; and although the plays are frequently incredibly stupid, their plots childish in their inventiveness and their humor painful in the extreme, they have the one essential that insures a heavy outpouring of New York art lovers and disciples of realism armed with their caramel boxes and ready to giggle excitedly at any word worse than "damn."

When the possibilities of the seventeenth-century British dramatists have been exhausted, it is barely possible that some colossal managerial genius will accidentally discover that the Greeks wrote a number of plays some 2000 years ago; and if any such discovery is made, the worst of the old Greek dramatists, whose works have to be kept in special rooms in public libraries so that dirty little boys won't tear out the pages which contain the most powerful passages, will suddenly start playing to $21,000 a week about one block east of Broadway, while indignant realists will write powerful letters to the newspapers peeling the hide from the crass materialists who are unable to see the artistic glories of these bawdy plays.

For the sake of American dramatists, however, it seems a pity that New York theatrical managers should be forced to turn to the playwrights of France, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Russia, seventeenth century England and ancient Greece to supply New York playgoers with the realism that they crave.

It is obvious, from the realistic plays that succeeded in New York during the past year, that there are many playwrights who are writing the sort of realism that the public wants; and for every such playwright that is visible to the naked eye there must, by the law of averages, be a hundred others willing to do likewise. With this number of playwrights willing to write any sort of realism to attain popular success, American theatrical managers can easily obtain from American authors a sufficient number of samples of red-hot realism to keep all the caramel eaters and all the great big thoughtless boys and girls and all the other realism fanatics anchored open-mouthed to their chairs from now until the time when people stop squabbling over evolution.

There are only a few general rules to be observed in the writing of realism as it is at present understood in New York. These rules are very simple; and if they are followed carefully, they should result in great New York successes.

Incidentally, it should be added that there is no reason for any young writer to stand in awe of the great masters of realism, or of realism itself, as it is at present practiced.

It is really the cheapest and easiest form of writing in the world; for it deals with the petty, disagreeable and unessential details of any situation or thing.

In writing realism, as now understood, one describes the egg on a man's beard. As soon as one skips the egg, he is said to be writing romantic literature, and is generally frowned on by the more intense critics. In writing realism, one must see with the eye of a toad. If one sees with the eye of an eagle, and overlooks the outhouses and the cesspools and the garbage heaps that fill the toad's eye to the exclusion of all else, then one is being a romanticist. Consequently it is as easy to be a realist as it is to be a coal passer or a ditch digger.

### Rules for Writing Realism

The chief rule in the writing of realistic plays is that the play should deal with unpleasant persons, and that the motive behind every action in the play should be that of sex. In a realistic play, nobody must ever do anything for a decent or high-minded purpose. Even the little child who longs to be a postman or a fireman when he grows up must have a Freudian sex complex behind his desire.

The next most important rule is that some prominent city official or an influential newspaper or a dramatic critic shall be lured into condemning the play as dirty and indecent, and demanding that it be censored. This instantly apprises the disciples of realism that they are missing something good, and they promptly rush to it, caramels in hand.

A play that was eventually hailed last year as a success because of its heart-gripping realism staggered along for weeks on the verge of death until an unwary official thoughtlessly emitted a howl to the effect that it was indecent.

Instantly the realism hounds awoke from their lethargy, telephoned for caramels and broke into a gallop. Its receipts doubled and tripled.

There are only two more essential rules. One is that the humor in a realistic play should be of the sort that makes one long to put the comedian out of his agony; the other is that if any of the characters in the play have to speak in dialect, the dialect should be entirely untrue to life. If these simple rules are observed and the other features of the play are allowed to take care of themselves, one should have a piece of realism that will be good for receipts of $20,000 a week on Broadway.

But as was remarked at the beginning of this treatise, the styles of procedure for nearly every form of human endeavor are in a constant state of flux. It is therefore highly probable that there soon will come a day when the earnest but slightly unhealthy young playwrights who were unable to think or write about anything but sex, together with the avaricious playwrights and managers who made capital out of the unhealthy people who take pleasure in the public recital of nasty stories, will be viewed in the same light as such celebrated excrescences as cast-iron lawn dogs, Paris night-life guides and those sturdy pillars of the republic who peddle filthy post cards to high-school children.

A Scene on the Nova Scotia Coast

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STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

WHEREVER IT MUST BE THE BEST

# Winter Forecasts by Wild Life

## By CLEM YORE

"IT'S a-goin' to be a tough winter," said an old-timer to me the other day, "and that don't mean maybe. There'll be wind, rock-bottom cold and lots of snow."

"How do you know?"

"I been seein' things," he answered. "Yes, sir, I been noticin' signs since we hazed th' Injuns outa this yere country to let th' tourists in. Th' corn husks is awful heavy in the valley; the coats of th' range horses is comin' thick, and lots of wild broncs look like it's December right this minute. Then these late August rains, boy—that's a weather whisper. Just like a chinook, comin' when it hadn't oughta, an' a-meltin' th' ground to slush, always means a punishin' cold snap within four days. Yes, sir, she's a-goin' to be a humdinger, this winter."

So for ten days I've been prowling around the mountains, from above timber line down to 7500-foot altitudes, looking for signs of winter, and this is what I've found.

This year the tops of two magnificent silver spruces up Wind River Gulch are literally covered with cones. In these spruces there has lived for five years a small squirrel. I think it is a Fremont chickaree. And this little chap is almost a certain weather man. He began gathering cones late in August—I think around the twenty-sixth—and at the present time has collected somewhere near five bushels.

*A Fremont Chickaree's (Squirrel) Store of Spruce Cones Laid in a Damp Spot Before Being Carried to the Winter Storehouse. At Right—The Colorado Silver Spruce Trees From the Top of Which the Chickaree Snipped Off and Hurled Down Over Five Bushels of Cones*

Beneath the trees runs a little trickle of water from a spring house, and in this small depression Mr. Squirrel stored his cones for several days, until each was thoroughly moistened; then he took the supply and hid it under an unoccupied cabin.

### *Jack Frost's Fall Painting*

A FRIEND of mine who remained until a few days ago—I'm writing this in early September—carried a wash boiler full of cones from the spring overflow to a point 200 yards down the creek. The chickaree, when he discovered the pilfering of his food, set up the loudest and most unmistakable fussing imaginable. He ran up the trees, along the fence, on top of cabins, and after thirty minutes started deliberately and at a bear gallop right down the Wind River Trail. When he returned he carried a cone in his mouth and dropped it in the little ditch; it took him just seventy-two hours to restore his supply. Not only that ditch, but the gutters of all cabins, the space under all drip boards, and even a boxing around a water tap, are at this moment packed full of spruce cones. This extraordinary effort means a heavy winter.

At this place also the birds have vanished; chipmunks have disappeared; weasels are beginning to prowl; bluebirds, wrens, robins and other birds have migrated. Ants have ceased to work and hornets are busy around their nests. What they are doing I cannot discover, unless it is that they are protecting their homes with additional storm siding.

But from every hillside a riot of color greets the eye to proclaim the early arrival of Jack Frost. The aspen, mountain ash, mountain maple, willows, mulberry, rosebushes, and the like, are flecks of color against miles of evergreen. Entire watercourses are but streaks of gold, yellow, faint purples and exquisite orange, where the painting fingers of the Frost King have passed and left a tracery of delightful color. Winter! Early winter!

On every rosebush, where the wild rose bloom sent forth its vagrant fragrance but a few weeks ago, there now may be seen a red berry bud; and each of these is more crimson and heavier than usual. Late-blooming wild flowers are withering, bees no longer drone in the air, and clouds, graceful, heavy, magnificent battalions of clouds, fill the sky, even in the mornings. Moisture is moving in the heavens!

Bears are holing up fifteen days earlier in Southern Alaska—or rather that is the news of an old hunter. The migratory flocks from the lakes and meadows of the arctic and subarctic took wing for the south earlier this season than is their wont. And near my home, last night, I counted twenty-four mallard and twelve teal on a little lake. Our season doesn't open on ducks in Colorado until September sixteenth. What a duck paradise these hills and plains will be for hunters this fall!

The ground hog, which we call whistling marmot, woodchuck and rock chuck, wise old philosophical fellow as he is, crawled to his winter sleep early. Having done nothing but stare at the landscape all summer and whistle alarms to all the wild, he now warns his brethren that it's sure a-goin' to be a real he-winter. He has been missing from stone clumps about my cabin for almost two weeks.

Around 9500-foot levels ice formed the night of Labor Day. I drained my car last night. On a lake at 9700 feet altitude a half inch of ice skirted the shore night before last. Trout are biting like mad; the water ouzel is darting and laughing up and down the tossing water of the cañons; and the pipit birds skyrocket their flights to long-sustained cries of sheerest music.

The sharp tang to the September air, at night, offers an excellent carrying quality to stirring winds, and the music of running water is a delight. Coyotes are moving and their twilight serenades can be heard from every hill and answered from the cheery valley echoes. This means that Mr. and Mrs. Coyote are finding winter homes and training the pups early. It also says that rodent and other life is scarce on the high ranges and that lunch rooms are now opening down in the foothills and along the valleys.

The cottontails, Rocky Mountain jack rabbits and snowshoe rabbits are in profusion this fall. Wise old Nature!

The coyotes, now plentiful, will have a profusion of provender at least for most of a hard and cold winter, and so the grass eaters will not be preyed upon. Along and above timber line there seem to be more ptarmigan than usual, and in the draws and glades, aspen groves and pine thickets can be heard the whirring flights and raucous calls of willow and blue grouse; but the Chinese pheasants are missing from the hills.

### *Battles in the High Rockies*

DOWN in the plains, where the ranchers regard them as pests and call them stubble ducks, these pheasants are abundant; and most every summer and some winters the hills hold hundreds of the more resolute. No dissonant cock calls awaken me from the bottom land these mornings. The pheasants have flown to the alfalfa lands, the cornfields, and are keeping close to civilization.

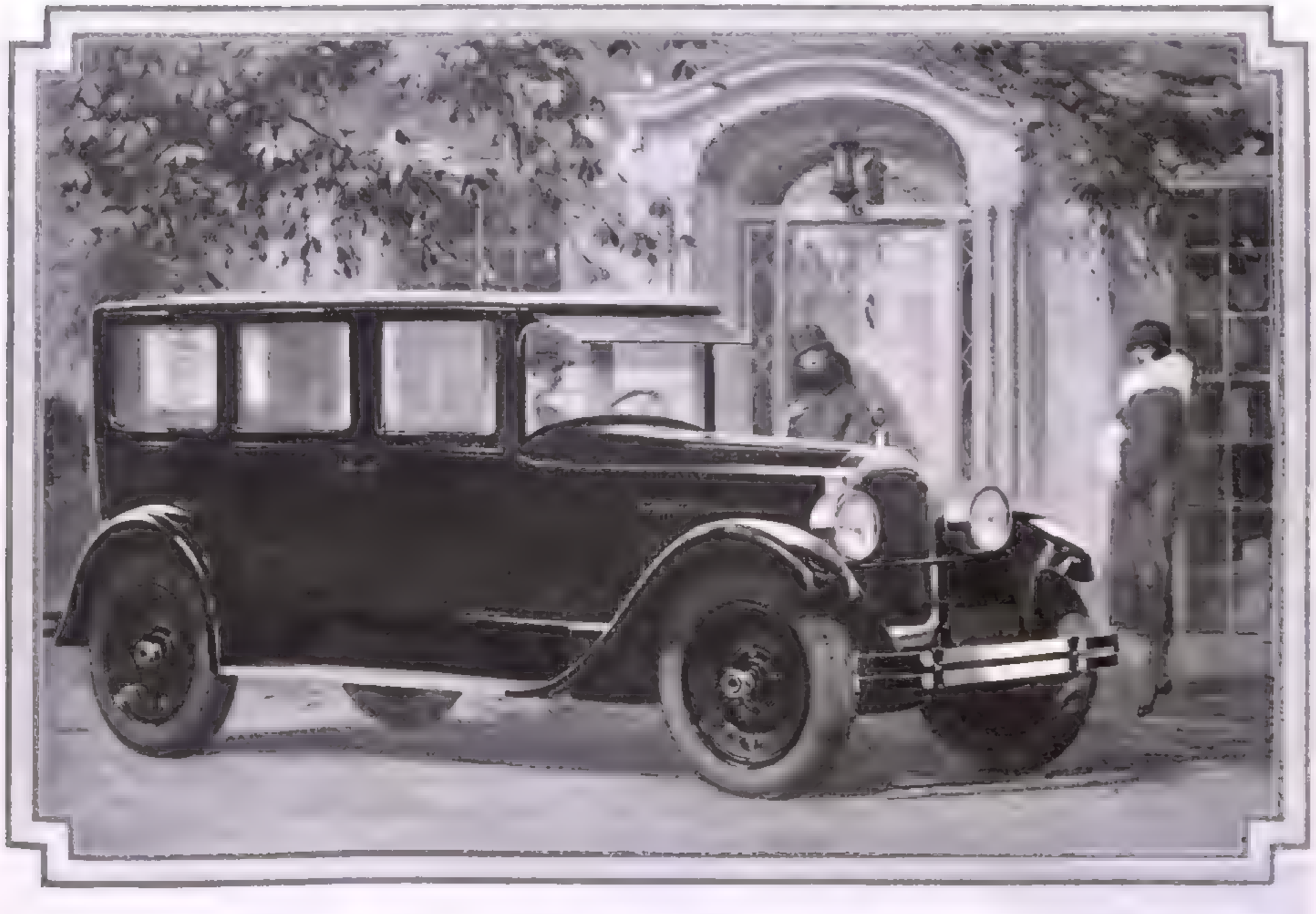
Rocky Mountain sheep, elk and deer will not begin to move down for some time yet. Some weeks ago the velvet dropped from bulls' horns and the antlers reached full and perfect condition. This presages the time for sanguinary battles close to the sky. For, be it known, the bull elk must fight for his loves, and during the rutting season the battles, high up on the Rockies, are many and murderous.

When the fighting is over and the masters have collected their harems, the air is filled with the indescribable bugling of the males. And on those high feed grounds the herds will remain as long as they can. This was not always so. But man, with his fences, his strange sounds, his noisy guns and his running dogs, has taught the deer and elk that the higher parks are the places to stay for peace and plenty and security.

So our elk bands stay high up, at an altitude around 10,000 and 11,000 feet, as long as the snow will enable them to eke a miserable living out of the grass. Thus these bands winter hard, and much of the lower range remains untouched except by stray bunches of cattle.

Of late, however, a sane and almost beautiful attitude among hill and valley men, and a discontinuance on the part of city men of wanton killing out of season, have somewhat restored the confidence of our elk, and they can be seen coming close to our settlement quite early in the fall. In time they will be among us on every hill. Then something must be done by the state and Federal Government, for no fence was ever conceived that will withstand the assault of elk to get at a haystack. The only thing I ever heard of that

(Continued on Page 54)



# *How Often Do You Buy A War Tax?*

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These are: war tax—freight charge—factory's profit—dealer's profit—salesman's commission.

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 52)

actually frightened them, when they were starving, was a few Roman candles and a battery of skyrockets.

But the activity of the deer and elk, the sounds of their bugling, and the apparently heavy coating of their hides convince me that the rut is on so early for no other reason than that of an October migration.

Three timber wolves have been seen near the top of the range on the western slope, and this might mean that these animals, unknown to our region of recent years, are coming into this section of the state because of a scarcity of game and stock on the feed grounds of Wyoming and Northern Colorado. Three dry years have played havoc with the ranges of the wolves and perhaps this enormous game refuge is attracting the killers to the abundance and easy kills of its wild life.

### The Beavers are Digging In

FURS of the weasel, red fox, coyote, mink, and the hair of horses, cows and burros are taking on that peculiar dead luster which speaks of cold, and are unusually heavy and long for this month.

Some early snows on the high peaks, and even down to the 10,000-foot levels, combined with unusual rainfall in August, tend to prove that in the sky channels moisture has begun to swing across the continent at an early period. While most of the clouds are snowy white and there is no evidence of emptying, and they sail majestically and with no trouble over Long's Peak—14,255 feet—the fact remains that September skies, usually pure turquoise, especially in the mornings, are now banded, in all directions, with high and fast-traveling vapor masses. And this means snow packed deep in all the gulches, lots of cover for the grasslands in the hills and hay lands in the flat country, and an extra storage of moisture from the Platte Valley to the Rio Grande. And unless it comes, many ranching sections of this state will suffer the last stage of a losing fight. There hasn't been enough water in the Rockies these past three seasons to do the right thing at the right time, and irrigation lands have suffered, and men have spent wartime savings staving off almost certain failure.

So every eye is watching the brown and garish range that stretches from one end of our state to the other. When that range is covered with a white blanket early the ranchers begin to have hope; and that cheer is wafted to the bankers who are carrying these men.

Early snows mean lots of ice fields in the high hills and on all north slopes, and these, melting in summer, carry down to the reservoirs the needed water for farm purposes. But when the moisture comes only in the spring, rushes out of the hills, down the valleys of the Platte and Arkansas rivers and is gone toward the sea in a few days, the only result it leaves is washed-out roads, culverts, creeks, and soggy cold fields. The long, hard, snow-laden winters generally mean successful crops for the next summer, and all Colorado as well as the other intermountain states rejoices for the good times guaranteed by such waters.

But it isn't the mountain region alone which is benefited. Immense snow deposits in the high hills mean plenty of water in the Colorado, Rio Grande, Arkansas, Platte—North and South forks—Green, Yellowstone and Missouri river basins, which water the enormous western rise of the Mississippi Valley.

The beaver, that engineering clown and most renowned loafer of the hills, all the legends of his ceaseless toil to the contrary, is hard at work. I've been watching five colonies, and the work done is the prettiest I have ever seen. In one pond the year-old young have been compelled by the old folks to build another house. This sits back of the ancient homestead about forty feet. It has three beaver slides, or trails, leading from dead thickets to the construction work, and over these the entire labor force has carried an enormous amount of materials in less than six days. That house is in good shape this minute, but the occupants intend to make it digproof against the mountain lion and coyote, and frostproof against the cold. One can see from the way the walls have been built, from the upjutting poles on the sides and the crisscross of large dead aspen, that the beaver will lay at least two more feet of obstructions before he stops his labors.

This augurs much, but the pond itself tells more.

This has a small stream running through it, the dam having been opened to allow the pond to drain, with the exception of a seven-inch pool in which the houses sit, and over the bottom of this small lake I counted several ditches, each about sixteen inches wide and eighteen inches deep. This network of channels connects up with both houses. Why? Old beaver men say—winter!

These channels are proof against the lake—which, because of the surrounding meadow, cannot be dammed to hold more than four feet of water—being frozen solid to the bottom and thus shutting off ingress and egress and freezing the aspen—the beaver food—which is to be stored beneath the water. The channels will prevent this. These have been laid below possible frost depths for that region, and afford ample storage capacity for the entire colony.

And while some of the colonists are busy with building and mud carrying, others are cutting trees. And here the cutting is done with a great degree of cunning. To me this point is something absolutely new. I noticed an aspen which had been cut almost level with the ground.

Unquestionably this tree was felled by an old beaver that took the pains to teach the younger workers to economize. That animal desired to procure as much bark of the right kind—a beaver ever samples his tree before he cuts it; the sample was taken from the tree below the cut, leaving a white spot on each trunk—as the tree afforded, for the reason that in that grove the desirable aspens were very few.

Unfortunately the quakers immediately around that colony have been largely cut out; and while there is a sufficient supply for the animals this winter, the fact that they are taking everything they come across convinces me that they have no intention of running out of grub.

As soon as the new house is built, the channels cut deep enough and the time is ripe to store the aspen, the beavers will dam up the pond, allow the stream to fill it and then will settle down to a lazy, delightful winter, safe from every inroad on their contentment.

### When the Rocky Mountains Leak

AS THOUGH somewhat to confirm the prognostications of these little geniuses I have just learned that, since I started this article three days ago, an exceedingly heavy fall of snow has covered the range. A telephone message informs me that the depth is now six inches and before morning should be four or five more.

Of course a great deal of this will melt in the warm hours of the day, but it has fallen, is there now, and rather backs up the creatures of the wild in all their remarkable precautions.

And from these queer and almost supernatural signs I glean two very remarkable convictions: The first is that a vast Intelligence controls the wild with a mathematical exactness, and that the old Mississippi River will have need for its levees along about the early days of June. For as Kit Carson once said to old Papin in St. Louis, "Man, when the Rocky Mountains start to leak it takes a heap of rivers and a lot of sloughs to hold all the melted snow!"

*Kintla Lake in the Northwest Part of Glacier National Park*

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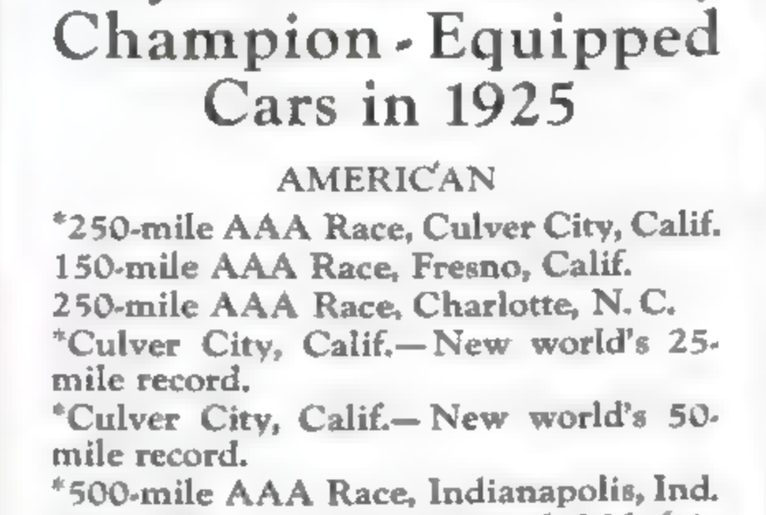


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150-mile AAA Race, Fresno, Calif.
250-mile AAA Race, Charlotte, N. C.
*Culver City, Calif.—New world's 25-mile record.
*Culver City, Calif.—New world's 50-mile record.
*500-mile AAA Race, Indianapolis, Ind.
*250-mile AAA Race, Laurel, Md. (1½ mile track).
Transcontinental record from New York to San Francisco, L. B. Miller in Wills Ste. Claire roadster.
100-mile Race, Denver, Colo.
Transcontinental non-stop record Los Angeles-New York, Leigh Wade in Packard Eight.
*Medford, Ore.—New 1½ mile dirt track record.
250-mile AAA Race, Altoona, Pa.—New track record.
*Pikes Peak National Hill Climb.
100-mile AAA Race, Syracuse, N. Y.

Miami, Fla.—Gold Cup Races.
Horace E. Dodge Memorial Trophy.
Biscayne Babies' Contest.
Savannah, Ga., Water Carnival—Baby Sunshine, winner, average 53.4 m. p. h.
100-mile International Motor Boat Sweepstakes, Buffalo, N. Y.—Fifty-mile free-for-all.

EUROPEAN

Grand Prix de Rome.
Moroccoan Circuit Race—(Casablanca, Morocco).
Grand Prix de Europe, Spa, Belgium.
Grand Prix de Endurance—24 hour—Italy.
Grand Prix de France (Montlhery Circuit).
Grand Prix Tourisme, France (Montlhery Circuit).
Grand Prix de Boulogne, France.
Coupe Boillot, Boulogne-Sur-Mer, France.
Italian Grand Prix, Meuza, Italy.
Grand Prix of Spain, San Sebastian, Spain.
Grand Prix Tourisme, San Sebastian, Spain.
Cycle Car Class—San Sebastian, Spain.

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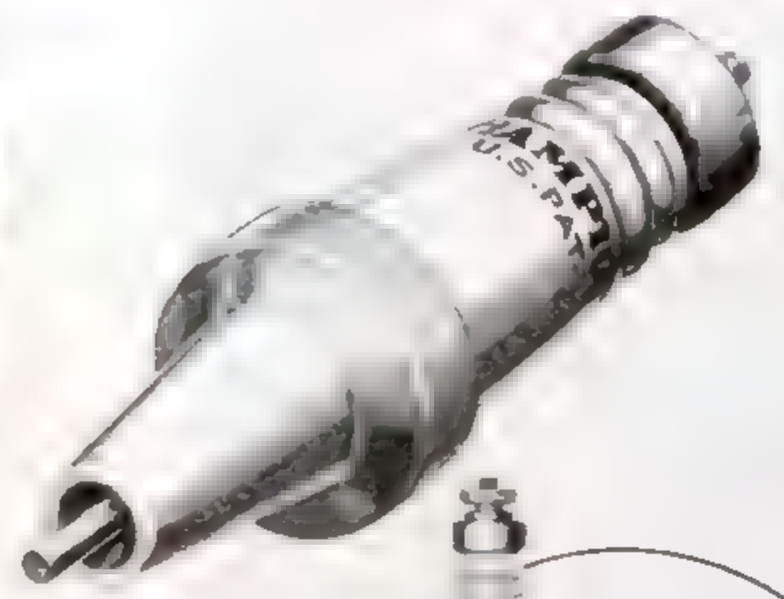


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# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

## White-Collar Stuff

I WAS walking down a main street of our city, still ingenuous enough to be called "town" by many, when a young fellow driving a coal truck waved at me. I looked again; it was the son of a very highly respected old-time local family, with a great, big grinning darky perched upon the front seat beside him. The truck by its sign proved to belong to a good friend of mine who was conducting a prosperously modern coal-and-building-material business in town. I began wondering and decided to drop in on my friend at his office. He was there, busy as usual; but as usual not too busy to chat. My curiosity wasn't long in coming out.

"By the way, what's George Van Delft doing here?"

"Working," he smiled. "He's one of our white-collar men. We're training him to be an outside salesman. Important job. After he's gone through the yard we'll put him through the office routine, and by the time he goes out he'll know something."

"But how on earth"—I was thinking of my own corps of temperamental dapper salesmen—"is delivering tons of dusty coal around town going to teach George to sell goods?"

"First place, our coal isn't dusty; and second place, it doesn't."

I confess I looked blank.

"But it teaches George a whole lot else: How to get along with the drivers and loaders who give service on the orders he is going to bring in; how much he can promise in quick deliveries; how the merchandise is sent out and received; and, most important of all, it knocks a lot of false pride out of George, and knocks a lot of understanding of humanity into him. Everyone, no matter what job we have him ultimately lined up for, goes out into the yard among our laboring men and gets a good taste of hard, dirty manual work for six months or a year. Yellow or lazy streaks soon show. We want a hard-working crowd of men here."

Just then an attractive, well-dressed young man, one of the company's star salesmen, breezed up to us.

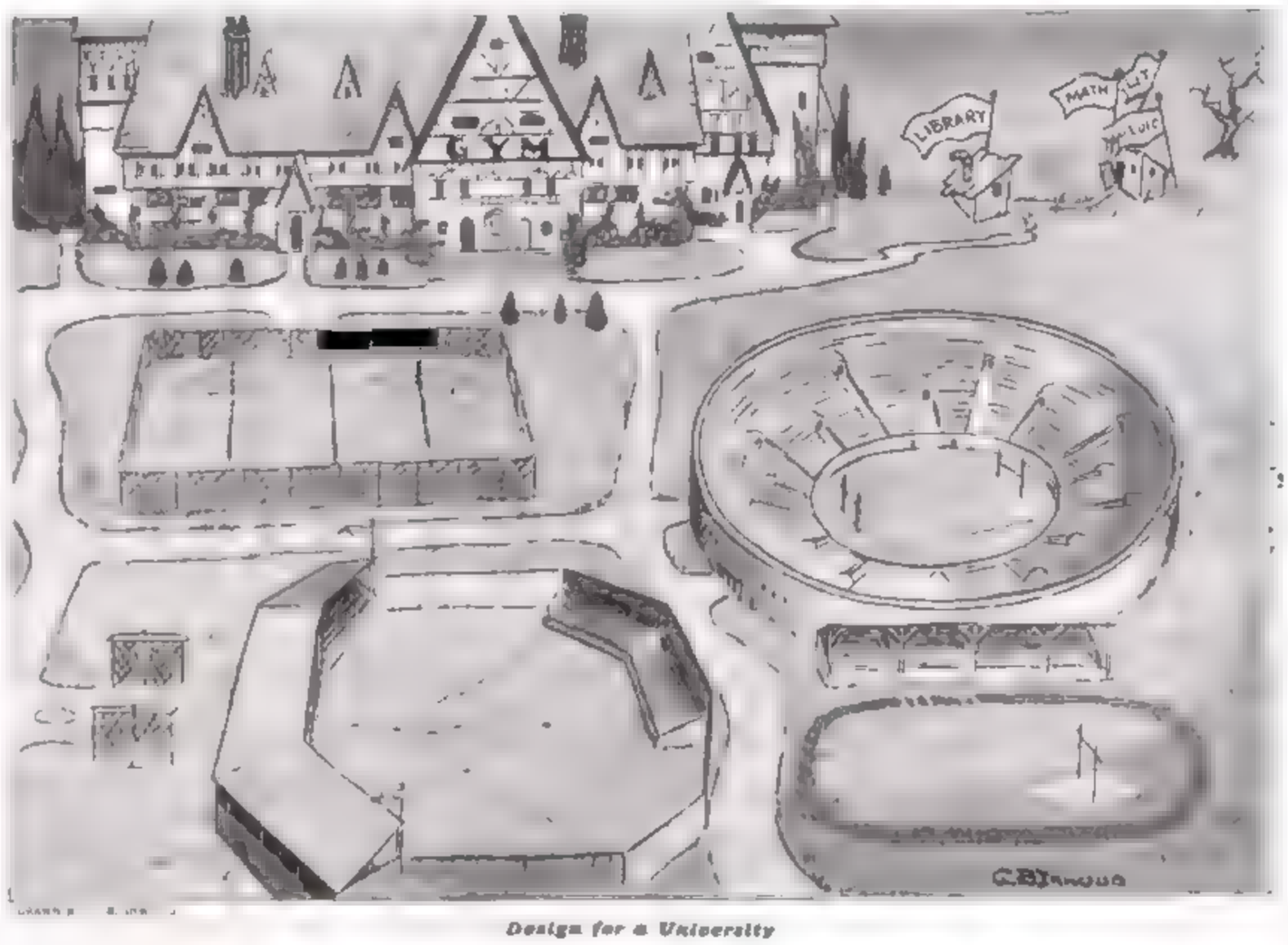
"Say, boss," he said with big bright smile, "lend me your overalls. Nigger Joe's stuck over at Maywood with a load of lumber in mud up to his hubs. We've got to go over with the tractor and pull him out."

The time clock read 5:00 P. M. I knew the office closed at 5:30 P. M. What I didn't know was that they were going to work on a mired truck until eleven that night, and be there bright and early on the job next morning at 7:30 A. M.

"You ride coal too?" I queried in open surprise, looking at the finished product of two well-known universities.

"Sure. See that especially disreputable-looking coal driver with the slouch hat just leaving the shipping clerk with his delivery orders in his hand? He was my side kick. We rode around town side by side on the high old wagon seat together, my friends all smiling. I never will forget; after the first load I shoveled we were raking up the coal spillage with our hands. 'Do you always do this, Chris, so as to leave the party's lawn clean?' 'Yeah,' he said slyly, 'only Hess'—the man he usually teams with—'he don't spill much.'

"You see, we have some regular white-collar jobs and there are lots of white-collar men running around anxious to fill them who wouldn't turn a hand to any real work. We don't want them. Every man in this company respects manual labor and knows it's not degrading. We wear white collars ourselves, but we don't mean it. Everybody's ready any minute to pitch into an emergency, no matter how dirty, and help. Like the farm boy, we'll all try a hand at anything, from the boss down. We're all proud of our overalls and we don't care who sees us in 'em. We certainly don't want any pampered pap-fed white-collar-advertisement men sitting around this office manicuring their nails. We're all here to work hard with our brains, and our hands, too, whenever it's necessary. Our common labor turnover outside is negligible; everybody understands them and treats them white—usually knows them by their first name. Some of the realest men I know are out there shoveling coal; we're great friends. And did you ever see such a spirit of willingness and coöperation as in this office?"




*Design for a University*

I admitted I hadn't. It was a big day for me. I learned a lot—part of the great lesson that George, of the aristocratic background—was learning. As I left this extraordinary office it started to drizzle; not bad—just hard enough to make my highly tailored salesmen lounge around hotel lobbies so as not to spoil their shine or the crease in their trousers. But my mind wandered back to a star salesman, starchiest, whitest of all white-collar men, struggling and sweating with shovels and tackle to help a negro truck driver get out of the mud, three miles from an office dark and tight closed for the night.

After all, the rudiment of any position is plain everyday work, and I decided with my successful friend, unless my young men learned that right off the bat, they would be trying to build a business career without a foundation; so now everybody starts in our mill with the hardest, hottest job, on the theory that the fire will temper the steel or break it, and the man who would fill the boss' desk chair must first learn to fill his overalls. —HIRAM BLAUVELT.

## "They're Working—And Minding Their Own Business!"

"EVERY boy and girl among the boys and girls I grew up with in the '60's had something to do. That was about the first principle of their upbringing. A boy had his farm chores to do. They were his duties. If he neglected them he was punished, and if he half did them he had to do them over again. It was the law. It didn't become a matter of punishment, and the boy didn't have to be nagged all the time and told to do this and that. To do his work became a part of his nature."

John Garibaldi Sargent, Attorney General of the United States, was the speaker.

"Back there our work didn't seem irksome, because we grew up with it. Anybody who does things easily and naturally does them that way because he started in early with them.

"I suppose, too, that it was because we were bred to respect our work instead of to hate it that there wasn't the craving for amusement that there is now. It comes back to me that the finest amusement of my boyhood was to lie on the floor on my belly and read the Youth's Companion, and we'd listen to father reading aloud from Greeley's New York Tribune and from the Boston Journal. There was a great deal of discussion of men and measures in those papers—more in proportion than in the papers now—and father would discuss the discussion. They were reflective men—my father and his neighbors. They did a great deal of reflecting and we boys got the benefit of it.

"The old-fashioned lyceum where the neighbors met once a week at the village hall for a program of debates, recitations and singing was no contemptible cultural medium for the boy of the '60's and '70's. One of the debates brought out an illustration that's stayed with me to this day. The question that night was 'Which is more necessary to mankind, capital or labor?'

"Well, after both sides had got through an old soldier got up—old fellow, straight as a ramrod, I remember—and he said, 'Friends, capital and labor are like the two sides of a sawhorse—can't either one of 'em stand up without the other.'

"I've thought of that many times, for he said all there is to it.

"I remember a poor Russian immigrant who came to Vermont a few years ago and settled on an old farm. It was a hard struggle. It was a long, slow pull to clear away the mortgage. I asked about these folks the other day when some friends came down to see me. 'They're getting along fine,' was the good news. 'They're working—and minding their own business!'

"That's what I call great! Working, and minding their own business. Right there is the solution to most of our troubles. If we are to get ahead we should get something to do—and do it. If we would work more, perhaps we would mind our own business more.

"As for me, I haven't any other formula for success than to work. Personally, I just do each day's work the very best that I know how, all the time studying how I can do the next one a bit better still. I'm plugging along, I've always been plugging along. I have never done anything except—to keep right along at work. The work I did became a little more important year by year, I suppose. Which, I've noticed, is the way with work that is honestly performed.

"I've always had the best of friends; and then, too, I've always felt a great respect and regard for men older than myself. It has happened that there were always such men I could turn to for advice when I was young; and, finally, the time came when I was the older man, and the ultimate responsibility rested on me, and I've had to turn to myself. I had become senior counsel at last. It is the way of life."

—UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX.

## Money in Candy Making

WE USED to think that any schoolgirl could make candy plenty good enough to eat, if not so good to look at as store candy; but no one in our town ever dreamed that whole families might be supported or children sent to college on money made from homemade candy.

Candy, according to my experience, is a sure-fire money-maker. Five years ago I was clerking in Bullington's at twenty-five dollars a week. Now we've a new porch on our house, I give ma that same amount every week and don't feel it, sis is going to college, and I have a nifty little car—and all from selling candy.

It came about in this way: Aggie Burke, our neighbor, went to the city to be a steno. We heard about her from time to time, and the more we heard the more we wondered, until one day she came riding home in a big car, just like a girl in a story, to get Stevie, the oldest boy, and take him back to the city to be educated. I asked her what had happened. She said if I had any sense I'd leave the store and learn candy making. Begin at home, taking a few orders, and then try for the tea rooms, specialty shops and department stores. She started making candy in the kitchen of her walk-up flat where she had no overhead expenses. For three years now she has owned and run a candy shop and tea room. Her specialty is maple flavor. Every motorist knows her place. Her products cost her around thirty or forty cents and sell for one dollar and a half to two dollars. She cleared eight thousand dollars last year.

To make a success in this business you don't have to be young or good-looking, a good talker, a swell dresser or specially educated. In about every other line you must be one of these, at least, to get a start. You'd believe what I say about this if you could have seen the girls and women in the classes at the candy-making school.

There are several schools where courses in candy making are given. Many of their graduates are now as well established as Aggie and I, and some doing better. There

(Continued on Page 61)

# for Radio Economy

## EVEREADY Radio Batteries

EVEREADY Radio Batteries are noted for their long service and economical operation. They are made in different sizes and types so that every radio user can enjoy the economy and convenience to be had by fitting exactly the right Eveready to his receiver. Eleven Eveready Radio Batteries are here illustrated and described to make it easy for you to decide just which batteries will give the longest and most economical service on your set. A dealer near you sells Evereadys.

*Eveready Heavy-duty "B" Batteries for four or more tubes*

No. 770 *Extra Large*. 45 volts. Vertical. Built especially for heavy-duty service. Price $4.75.

No. 486 *Instantaneous Laverbilt*. 45 volts. Vertical. Eveready's latest contribution to radio. The new Laverbilt construction which gives much greater service. Same size as No. 770. Price $3.50.

*Eveready "B" Batteries for one to three tubes sets*

No. 766 *Large*. 22½ volts. Horizontal. Variable taps. The universal 22½ volt "B" Battery. It also makes the best "C" Battery for the new dry-cell power tubes. Price $2.00.

No. 779 *Large*. 22½ volts. Vertical. Especially adapted for Radiola 25, DeForest D-17 and Operadio receivers. Same capacity as No. 766, and suitable wherever variable taps are not required. Price $2.00.

No. 772 *Large*. 45 volts. Horizontal. Variable taps. Equivalent to two No. 766 "B" Batteries. Price $3.75.

No. 767 *Large*. 45 volts. Vertical. The standard largesize, 45-volt "B" Battery. This battery should be used in addition to the regular battery equipment to obtain the extra voltage necessary for the new power tubes. Price $3.75.

*Eveready "B" Batteries for portable sets*

No. 763 *Portable*. 22½ volts. Horizontal. For extremely small portable sets. Price $1.00.

No. 766 *Portable*. 22½ volts. Horizontal. The standard "B" Battery for portable sets. Price $1.75.

No. 764 *Portable*. 22½ volts. Vertical. For portable sets where minimum weight and size are permissible. Price $1.75.

*Eveready "A" Battery*

Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery for all dry-cell tubes. 4½ volts. The dry battery used by vacuum-tube engineers in developing the dry-cell tube.

*Eveready "C" Battery*

No. 771. 4½ volts. Saves "B" Batteries, improves tone. Price 60 cents.

*Manufactured and guaranteed by*

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
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**EVEREADY HOUR EVERY TUESDAY AT 9 P. M.**
*Eastern Standard Time*

For radio entertainment, tune in the "Eveready Hour," nationally broadcasted through

WEAF New York WFI Philadelphia WWJ Detroit
WJAR Providence WGR Buffalo WCCO Minneapolis-St. Paul
WEEI Boston WCAE Pittsburgh
WCTS Worcester WSAI Cincinnati WOC Davenport

# Try this new Health Confection. *It's Bran in Candy form*

As America's oldest and largest producers of health foods we saw the need for a genuine Health Confection; a candy that children could eat with safety; a sweet that would not cause constipation. So we combined Post's Bran Flakes with pure milk chocolate. Chocolate for the sweet tooth and bran for *prevention.* That was the winning combination.

*everybody everyday*

## *The Idea was a Ten Strike!*

Post's Bran Chocolate was a success from the day of its announcement. Today it is one of the most popular confections on the Nation's candy counter. Millions of people eat Post's Bran Flakes every morning for their health and because they like it. Chocolate is most popular among the candies.

Thousands of thoughtful mothers at once saw in Post's Bran Chocolate a solution to the time-old candy problem. Children will have sweets. Here is a safe confection for them.

Post's Bran Chocolate contains nothing but the purest ingredients: pure milk chocolate and healthful Post's Bran Flakes. The bran lessens the danger of constipation.

Post's Bran Chocolate has proved a favorite with grown-ups as well as children. They have found it enables them to humor the "sweet tooth" and reduce the waist line, too. It contains less fats and sugars than other candies.

## *We want you to try it*

If you haven't tried Post's Bran Chocolate there is a real treat in store for you.

*eat* Post's BRAN

G F C Co.

Step up to any candy counter today and exchange five cents for this delicious new health confection.

Slip off the red and yellow jacket and remove the cool protective foil. Taste it. It's delicious.

The moment your teeth crunch into that bran and chocolate goodness you will realize you have made a delightful new discovery.

The Post's Bran Flakes makes the chocolate crisp and crunchy. It gives a tempting nut-like flavor. You'll like Post's Bran Chocolate and so will the children. And best of all it's a safe candy for the little folks.

*DEALERS, wholesale and retail, attention! If you are not yet supplied with Post's Bran Chocolate, write to Post Products Company, Postum Building, New York*

## *Just what the Doctor ordered*

*Read what leading child specialists say about* POST'S BRAN CHOCOLATE

"Children need bran . . . Post's Bran Chocolate is an expedient method of getting them to eat this healthful food. Chocolate has always been recommended by the medical profession as a healthful confection for children. The bran in Post's Bran Chocolate lessens the danger of constipation. In my opinion this confection has high nutritive value." . . . . . "I am very much in accord with the idea." "I will give it to my own children." . . . .

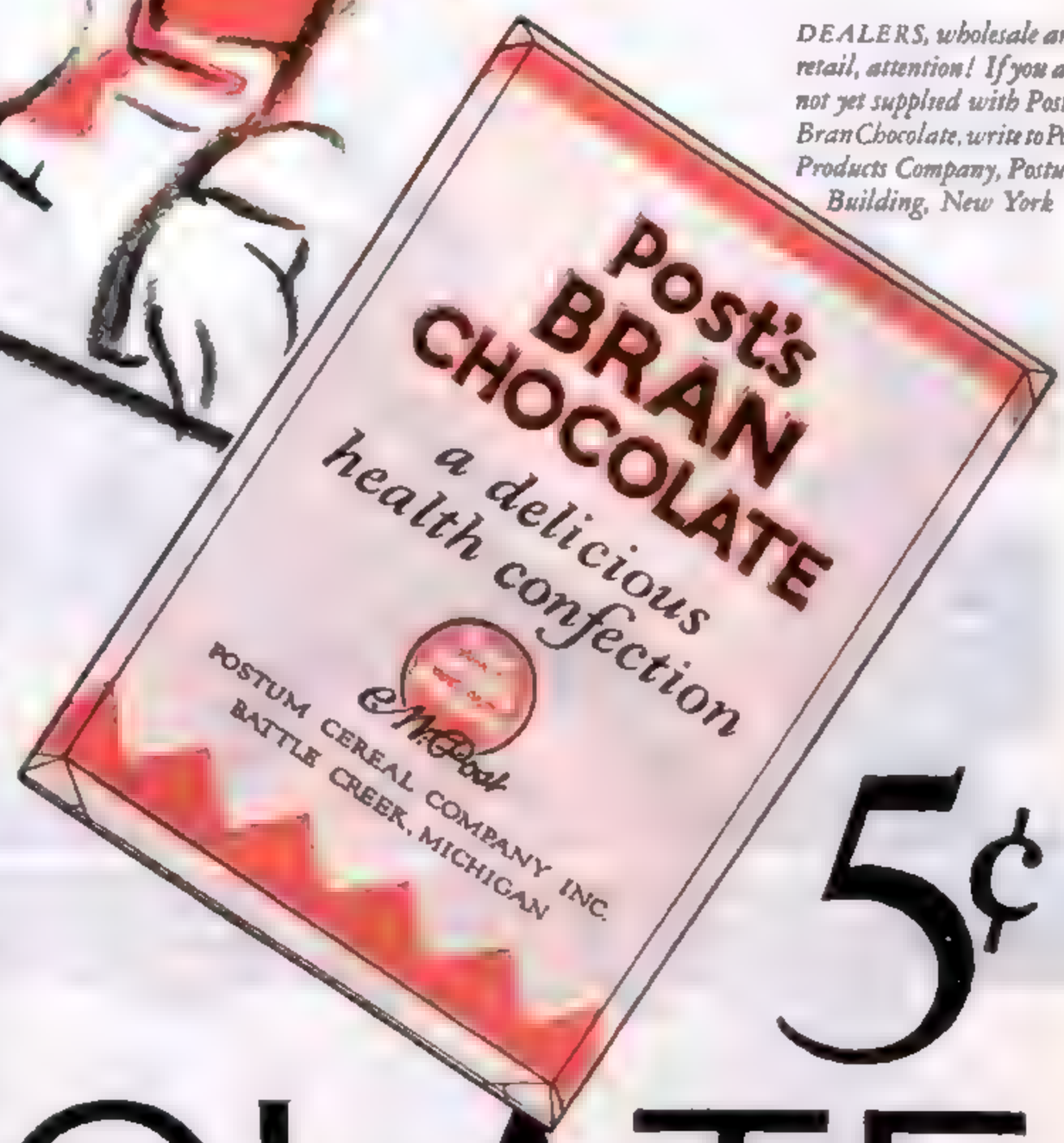
"There can be no harm in a chocolate bran bar for children. It is my experience that children will get candy somehow, even if they have to steal pennies to buy it. So I consider Post's Bran Chocolate a splendid idea. A bar after each meal should be beneficial." . . . . . "I would give Post's Bran Chocolate to my own children without hesitation." . . . . . "Children will have candy. This is the best candy they can eat." . . . . . "I will prescribe it for my patients." . . "It is a very meritorious idea." . . . . . .

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

*Makers of* Post Health Products: Post's Bran Chocolate, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Postum Cereal and Post's Bran Flakes

*Canadian Address*

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ontario




5¢

# CHOCOLATE

A Delicious Health Confection

DUCO

# UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE— -- IT IS DUCO, THE BEAUTIFUL, ENDURING FINISH

*Woods, weather,*
*hardships? . . .*
Duco *finish*
*minds them not at all . . .*

GIVE free rein to your enjoyment. Trust Duco. Your car's gleaming progress up The Avenue will give no hint of the rigorous roads you've followed.

This finish is enduring. Its sleek, smart beauty fears neither time nor abuse. The mars and checks which formerly brought early old age to your motor car need never be feared again. Through Duco, lasting newness is now a reality.

. . .

*New or old, your car deserves Duco*
*Insist upon the genuine*

DUCO is an enduring finish of unusual beauty, not to be confused with any other. It was created and is made *only* by du Pont.

It is waterproof and completely weatherproof. It does not check, crack or peel. Mud and oil can be wiped away quickly. Alkaline dust, salt air, or strong soaps do not injure it. It is easier to clean and costs less to keep clean and may be kept continuously lustrous with Duco Polish No. 7.

Its beauty is enduring, actually increasing as time goes by. Because of these great advantages to owners the leading automobile manufacturers whose trade-marks are shown above, now use Duco.

But the value of Duco is not confined to owners of new cars. At your service are over 1600 Duco Refinishing Stations equipped to give cars a genuine Duco refinish from the bare metal up . . . or to apply a cheaper, perhaps less durable surface by putting Duco over the old finish.

Identify the authorized refinisher in your locality by the official Duco sign. It means that he uses du Pont materials throughout.

DU PONT

*There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco*

# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 56

were few real young girls, most of them being from twenty-five—my age—up. I used to look at them as we lined up in front of the long tables, cutting, rolling, mixing and dipping, and try to guess what each one had done before she came there.

I soon discovered that candy making isn't cooking; it's chemistry, and the recipes are formulas which must be followed accurately, as the druggist follows a physician's prescription. This was the reason why the women who had a haphazard knowledge of cooking, the kind that is done in average homes, made the most mistakes. They were used to using a pinch of this, a lump of that, more sugar because Jimmie likes it, lard if the butter has given out, no seasoning for pa—you know the sort of thing I mean.

Fondant, as the name indicates, is the foundation of candy. This is made up in the candy factories in quantities of five hundred pounds or more. Fondant is to candy what stock is to soups. A teacher in one of the candy schools spent seven years reducing hundreds of candy recipes to the right proportions to be practical for the individual candy maker. Every formula is chemically correct. For instance, where the factories use half a pound of cream of tartar, I use one-eighth of a teaspoonful and all other ingredients are in proportion.

The course I took includes instruction in cream candies, hard, chewing, chocolate-covered, French chocolates and chocolate dipping. The last is an art, because the factories guard the secret of this so carefully that you would have to be employed in one for a long time before you could learn to do it successfully. In the personal service department we also got practical suggestions about purchasing supplies, selecting boxes, cards and trade names, packing and plans for selling.

Of course, I can tell you all about candy in general terms as one of the leading industries, for instance, how it has moved up from the thirty-fifth to about the fifteenth since the prohibition amendment was passed and because of certain economic conditions; how the United States consumed three billion five hundred thousand pounds last year; how one candy factory in the East sells ninety tons per week. But you can find all this is in the statistics at the national headquarters of the Candy Makers' Association, so perhaps you'd rather know some of the interesting things about candy making that the average person never thinks of, and about some of the women who were in the classes I attended and who are now making fine incomes.

Water and milk play a very important part in making candy.

A visitor came into class one day and, showing a piece of delicious-looking fondant, asked our instructor if she could teach us to make some just like it. She examined and tasted it, and then said, "Yes, if you'll get me an Alpine goat which feeds upon nothing but Swiss heather. This is Swiss fondant, and the goat's milk in Switzerland changes entirely the quality of the formula from which this has been made."

Turkey has its Turkish paste. Ours in this country is but a poor imitation, due entirely to the different chemical elements in the water. For the same reason, America cannot produce those delicious, crystalline, Austrian candies. It wouldn't pay to import either water or milk. Why should we, when it is so apparent that American-made candy fully satisfies America's sweet tooth?

Madame S——, a Frenchwoman who sat next to me, came to this country at the close of the war. She tried to make a living teaching French. A social worker found her almost destitute. Someone put up the money for her lessons. She began making candy in her tiny kitchenette. Today her factory occupies an entire floor in a loft building, and she is supplying three important firms with her confections, a department store and two caterers. At a recent wedding of international interest, she secured the order for all of the candy used.

I have already spoken of the advantage of specializing, just as in any other business or profession. We were urged to do this whenever possible. One woman specializes in candy for children. She makes lollipops in alphabetical molds, which renders them both amusing and instructive, employing the twenty-six letters. Last year she supplied over one hundred children's parties. The cost of production is very small, and her profits are very large as few ingredients are used. All the candy is made in her own home. She cleared between five and six thousand dollars last year. Another woman, a widow who supports four children, specializes in salted nuts. A widow who took the course, tried to make candy at home in order to keep the children with her. One day two of the younger ones burned their hands fooling with it. In despair she came to Mrs. H——, who advised salting and coating nuts as a safer process while the children were small and the older ones could help crack and pick the meat. Today this woman is sending a girl and boy to college, owns her house, having cleared the mortgage, and runs an automobile.

As I have said, the pupils were often an interesting study. I'll never forget the young Chinaman who used to come with his interpreter. He went back to China after learning how to compound Chinese nuts with several of our American formulas, and I was told the other day that he has opened several candy shops in his native land.

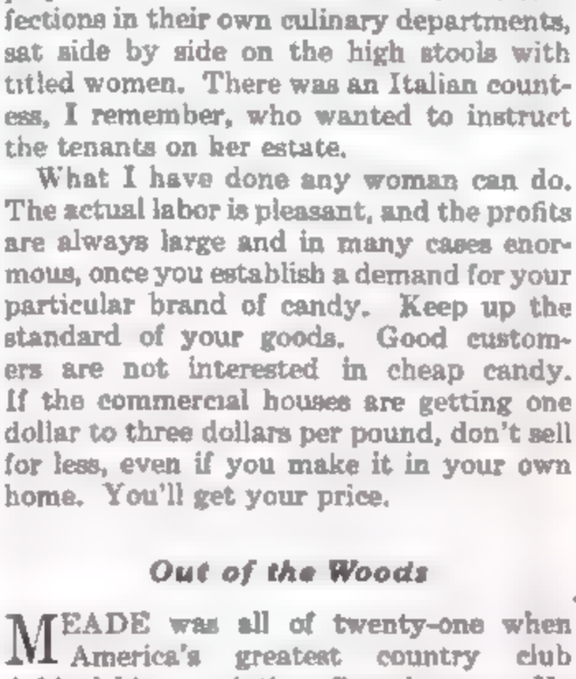
There were no social distinctions in the classes. Cooks, both men and women, from wealthy establishments whose employers wanted them to learn to make confections in their own culinary departments, sat side by side on the high stools with titled women. There was an Italian countess, I remember, who wanted to instruct the tenants on her estate.

What I have done any woman can do. The actual labor is pleasant, and the profits are always large and in many cases enormous, once you establish a demand for your particular brand of candy. Keep up the standard of your goods. Good customers are not interested in cheap candy. If the commercial houses are getting one dollar to three dollars per pound, don't sell for less, even if you make it in your own home. You'll get your price.

### *Out of the Woods*

MEADE was all of twenty-one when America's greatest country club dubbed him an *Artium Baccalaureus*. He took it meekly.

His business future was as complete a blank to him as the trig. and Greek comp. he had crammed into his head four years before. He was clear, however, about one thing; he intended to spend as much of his business life as he could in the out-of-doors. Four years' active interest in sports had convinced him on that score. The very thought of being sentenced to an office job made him shudder.



Coupled with this longing for outdoor work was an even stronger enthusiasm for men and human companionship, a trait dominant throughout his college course. The politics of the campus were brewed and usually poured in his rooms, while classmates, with their troubles and triumphs, gravitated to him as consistently as the football team had framed its strategic plays around him.

One month after graduation found him at a summer school of forestry where he had enrolled with the intention of pursuing that vocation as his life work.

Several years later, I met him on an east-bound limited en route to his class reunion.

"How's the tree doctor?" I inquired.

"None better," he answered, with a broad grin. "Only he hasn't been practicing for three years. Lots of patients and good pay, but they didn't speak my language."

A smoke ring engrossed him for a moment.

"I think that was the answer. One year, anyway, was my limit. I wasn't cut out for the life, although everything I had read about the game made me keen for it; work in the open, turning the course of rivers, conserving our great natural resources; they made a great picture. And it was fine stuff until I cut away from the crowd who were taking the course with me, and I had to say good-by to the field parties and go it alone, or with one or two others, on a six-months' trek into the woods. As I look back, it wasn't the long hours and the hard work that got me. It was being alone so much of the time after I had cleaned up the day's work. I liked the work itself, but I simply couldn't see it for life. Getting right down to grass roots, what I have always liked most are crowds and a chance to meet and talk with people; 'circulate' we used to call it. It was the old story of the city man who gets the farm bug and thinks he can make a living raising poultry and livestock, and be just as contented after sundown the year round as he was in the city."

He tapped his pipe on the heel of his shoe.

"As it stands now, I suppose you'd call me a tree butcher, for after I had served out my contract I came back to Chicago, browsed around for a couple of weeks to get my bearings and finally took a job checking lumber in a woodworking plant. Six months ago I went into partnership with a fellow I've known for years, who had been in the building game, and we've opened a small lumberyard. So far, the income tax isn't worrying us. Maybe by the end of the year it will be. Then probably I'll wish I'd stuck to forestry and was back in the woods again.

"But at that," he concluded, "I haven't any lasting regrets. It was worth while, for it taught me something which I'm making capital of every day. I'd never be making a go at selling lumber today, if I hadn't first learned something about the stuff I'm selling."

We cannot, all of us, as we look back over our business changes, class as profitable those years or months which through necessity or poor judgment we spent in work for which we found ourselves unfitted. And yet, if we analyze the reasons why we are holding the specific positions we have today, it would in many cases be clear to us that the very time we have counted as lost gave us something which is now our greatest asset.

All of which suggests the thought that about the only business hours we can appraise as wasted are those in which we learn nothing. —KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

John Bagley lived in a *pipe-smoking* age

THE age of the long clays . . . those golden days of marvelous and exquisite tobacco blends! But of all the incomparable blends this Virginia wizard of a bygone era perfected, none equalled his superblend—Buckingham. It was easily his masterpiece. Never did a pipe tobacco yield such a sweet and pleasant aroma. Like a scented breath off Dixie's fields on a June day. Irresistible! Even the womenfolk loved its marvelous fragrance.

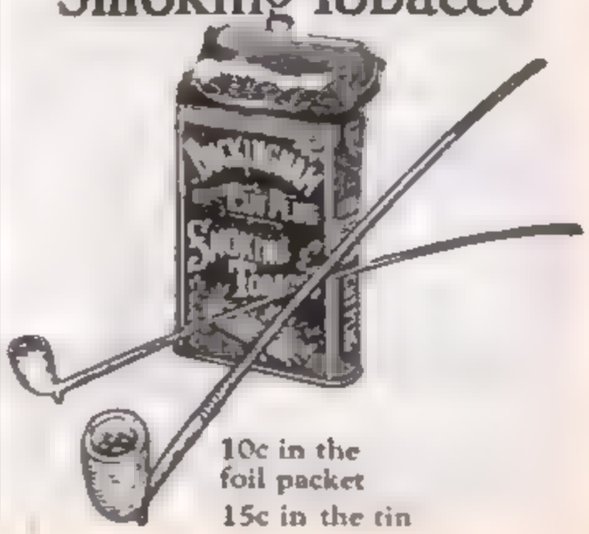
Gentlemen, that superblend survives. Step into your dealer's place . . . ask him for a tin of Buckingham. Experience the thrill of a sun-embodied fragrance that mellowed men's lives in the grand old pipe-smoking age!

*Tonight, a pipeful of Buckingham!*

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. New York City

Buckingham Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

# TESSIE IN ON A BIG NIGHT

Continued from Page 37

"He was a good feller while he had it, wasn't he, Edna?" I asks.

"Perky?" says she. "He sure was. And I always supposed all that troubled him was how to spend it. On the rocks, eh? Too bad! Now lemme see what we can cook up. How about a little dinner with me and Slim at Tortoni's and then finishin' the night at the club? We start our act at 11:30, and old Mitzker always lets me have a ringside table if I want to ask in friends. How'll that do, Tess?"

"But, you see," I goes on, "when Perky left the farm he forgot to bring his wardrobe trunk. He's costumed for a quick-lunch joint, and hardly that."

"Then we'll have to outfit him in some of Slim's cast-offs," says she. "Anyway, bring him up about 6:30."

"Me?" says I.

"Well, you're the one that started spillin' all the sympathy, ain't you?" she demands. "And somebody's gotta take care of him at the club while we're workin'. Besides, I'd like to have you meet the other half of our sketch. No vamping of Slim, though, and gettin' his mind off the steps."

"I'll be good, Edna," says I. "And I'll help start Perky in on his night anyway."

When I told him the program I thought for a minute he was going to do a medicine dance around the lobby, he's so joyful. But he holds himself in, gets choky over telling me what a good scout I am, and even beams grateful on Mame, as he starts for the barber shop.

Perky seems to get a big kick out of everything, from the taxi ride to choosing the hors d'œuvres at this Italian table d'hôte joint. He's got his shoulders squared again, his chin up, and them shifty blue eyes of his are roaming around bold and free. He jollies Edna and Slim along, springs a lot of comic lines, and sends a request note to the orchestra leader. In fact, just over a spaghetti dinner, in a room hung with dusty paper flowers and crowded with cloak-and-suit buyers, he's having a whale of a time.

But it's when we finally get around to the night club, and the young and old sports begin to gather around the little tables with their Maizies and Vivians, that he really puts on his best imitation of a midnight son. First thing I knew he was slipping the waiter two tens for a bottle of Scotch.

"How come, Perky?" I asks. "I thought you were in the hands of receivers."

"Oh, that's my return fare," says he. "I can hop trucks getting back, and I want to make this a big night, you know."

He hasn't forgotten how to do it either. After the second fox trot with me, he discovers some of his old gang, has a couple of tables shoved together, and by the time Edna and the Dancing Sheik come on I'm in the midst of a merry, merry party. Perhaps we didn't give their act a big hand too, with Perky as cheer leader. Then, after their turn was over, Edna and El Cairo joins us, a thick-lipped, pasty-faced youth insists on ordering champagne, and the doings got wild and noisy. Perky had picked him a saucy-mouthed little blonde whose poddy gentleman friend had got to the stage where he couldn't make his feet behave any more, and I saw him toss his last fiver at the cigarette girl for a package of smokes. The rest of our bunch had paired off to suit themselves, me drawing a slick-haired youngster who confides that next week he has to go back to college and says he loves me like he's never loved any other girl in his whole life.

"Well, well!" says I. "Then that's all settled, eh? You mustn't start pawing me, though, until after you've spoken to papa. That's him across there—the one with his chin on his wishbone."

And while sonny is trying to bring the poddy old boy out of it I slips off to the cloakroom and gets my wrap. It wasn't late for the club, but it was for me. Besides, I'd had enough and Perky Blair didn't seem to need any further help. So I made a quick break for the stairs and was just pushing past the husky door man when I heard him growl peevish at someone outside:

"See here, sister, you beat it or I'll have you run in. No, you been sayin' that for the last hour, but I tell you it can't be done. I don't care who's up there, you gotta stay out. See?"

I might have hurried on too, if I hadn't caught a glimpse of a pair of snappy black eyes that was fairly throwing off sparks, and I knew I must have seen 'em somewhere before. That's why I turns for another look at this girl in the blue-and-white-checked dress who's putting up such a stiff argument, but it was her who spotted me first.

"Oh, Tessie!" says she eager. "It's Annie—Ann Tibbetts."

"I'm blessed if it isn't!" says I. "And trying to break into a night club at three A.M. What's the idea?"

"You ought to know well enough," says she. "Isn't my husband in there?"

"Your which?" says I.

"Oh, come, Tess!" says she. "'Course, I don't lay it up against either you or Edna, but I know I'm on his trail, all right. I worked it out of Mame and got her to say where you'd most likely taken him."

"Him?" says I. "You—you don't mean that you and Perky Blair are ——"

"Absolutely, Tess," says she. "Such as he is, Perky's my man. We was married in Jersey City the day I quit the check room. Didn't he tell you?"

"He told me a lot," says I, "but not that part. About his estate in Virginia and ——"

"His!" says she. "Say, he never owned a foot of it! His share of what the old man left him he took in cash, and that's what he was livin' on at the Gloriana, until he got to the bottom of it."

"Why, how different from Perky's tale!" says I. "Let's step into this next doorway, Annie, until I can check up a few more details on him."

So we moved away where the outer guard couldn't stretch his ear and I proceeds to investigate.

"But what about the mortgage, and his noble fight to keep the old home, and the hero stunt he pulled when he handed over what was left to Bayly, the bad brother?"

"All bunk," says Ann. "I knew he'd about run through his wad when we got married, but he strung me along about this place in Virginia and says how we may have to live there for a while. It turns out, though, that his plan was to camp down on Brother Bayly for the rest of his life. It didn't work though. Bayly wouldn't have it, and I didn't blame him a bit. They didn't get along, them two, chiefly because Perky was always high-hattin' his brother and wanted to swell around in ridin' breeches, posin' as a country gentleman, while somebody else did all the work. It wasn't until he finds fault with the way his sister-in-law runs the house that Bayly gives us the gate."

"Threw you out?" I asks.

"Just about," says she. "And it was lucky for Perky that I still had dad and the old farm to fall back on. I took him up to New Hampshire."

"Oh, yes!" says I. "That's where Perky dug up his clever scheme of opening a hot-dog and gasoline stand."

Ann stares at me.

"Him!" says she. "Why, he never thought of a way to make a dollar in his whole career. Spending 'em is his line. And starting the filling station was what I had in mind all along. I didn't spring it on him until we got home, either, and it gave him an awful jolt."

"But he did work at it, didn't he—get grease on his clothes, put in a fourteen-hour day and all that?" I asks.

"You bet he did," says Ann, "but only because I got right after him and wouldn't give him his meals or cigarettes unless he kept busy. Oh, yes, he worked! And for the first week or so you could have heard him beefin' all over the township. Anyway, I got him so he was fairly useful about the place, and he found it didn't kill him either. I expect if Bayly could see him pumpin' gas and freezin' ice cream and screwin' a grease gun and bein' otherwise active from sunup to sunset, he'd almost be proud of him. I nearly was myself."

"And then you softened up and gave him this vacation, eh?" says I.

"I did not," says Ann. "He walked out on me. Yea-uh, and got away with a whole day's receipts when he went too. Maybe he thought I'd stand for it and wait patient until he came sneaking back. Huh! I ain't that kind, Tess. I could guess about where he'd head for and I piked right after him. I landed in town at 9:15 and in less'n an hour I'd picked up the clews. He'd tried to touch almost everybody he knew around the hotel, near as I can judge; but he didn't have any luck until he struck you, Tess. Honest, you didn't fall for his stuff, did you?"

"I'm afraid I did, Ann," says I. "He tells it well, you know. Anyway, this plea of his for just one big night sort of got me. It did Edna too. So we fixed it up for him and—well, he's in there having it."

"And I'm waitin' outside, arguin' with the door man," says Ann, snapping her black eyes.

"'Course," says I, "we didn't know about you or ——"

"I know," says Ann. "And maybe I shouldn't be sore. Might be good for him. But I figure he's been at it about long enough"

"Yes," I agrees, "he should have soaked up enough joy by now to last him for quite a spell. And say, if I'd known how he'd treated you, and that most of his hard-luck tale wasn't so, I'd never helped him to this. With them shifty eyes of his, I might of guessed he wasn't much good. Still, it isn't going to be much use bawling him out here. You don't want to make a scene of it, do you, Ann?"

"Oh, there'll be no scene," says she. "I promise you that. Just let me get within sight of him is all I ask."

"But he's spent all the money he got away with, you know," I suggests.

"Naturally," says Ann. "It ain't that I want—it's him."

"You mean you'd take him back?" I asks.

"What you think I came all the way down from New Hampshire for?" says Ann. "He's got his good points, as well as his weak ones, Perky has. Needs managing, that's all; and I—well, I might as well admit, Tess, I'm kind of strong for Perky, just as he is."

She had me staring at her. 'Course, I always thought she was a bright, chipper little thing; but I didn't suppose there was so much to her.

"In that case, Ann," says I, "you ought to have him. At the moment, though, he's traveling rather high and wide. I'm afraid you'd find him rather hard to handle just now."

"Leave that to me," says Ann. "I know him and he knows me. Couldn't you call him out here?"

"I doubt it," says I, "but I'll try."

So I goes back up the stairs and scouts around, to find Perky still jazzing with the little blonde. But pretty soon I stops Edna and takes her one side.

I sketches out the situation brief and asks her to see if she can't lure Perky down to the door.

"Tell him one of his old sweeties wants to see him," I suggests.

"Sure!" says Edna. "And it's time I took Slim home too. He's gettin' a little wild himself. I'll round 'em both up."

She does it prompt, too, and the next I knew we were all headed for the sidewalk.

"Who did you say?" Perky is asking. "Old girl of mine, eh? Wants to see me?"

"Crazy to," says I. "Heard you were here and just couldn't wait."

"Well, well!" says Perky, throwing his chest out. "Must see her then. But I can't seem to think who it could ——"

"There you are," says I, shoving him towards Ann.

And you should have seen his mouth come open and the look in the blue eyes. Must have been the surprise of his life, when he thought she was way up in the mountains.

"Why—why, Ann!" he gasps.

"Yes, Perky," says she, calm and quiet. "Having a good time, are you?"

He gawps at her foolish, opens his mouth once or twice to say something, and then gives it up.

"I'm glad you are," goes on Ann. "And you do look mighty nice all dolled up in evenin' clothes once more. Had a big night, eh? But it's about over, ain't it?"

"I—I guess it is, Annie," says he.

"Then let's go," says she.

"All right, let's," agrees Perky.

And with that they all four piles into a taxi and starts for Edna's flat, Perky as meek as if he had a ring through his nose.

That was the last I expected to see of 'em; but about 10:30 next morning they shows up at the stand, Perky in his shabby suit again and Ann fresh and smiling in her checked dress.

"Perky wants to thank you a lot, Tess, for helping him stage his one-night comeback," says she.

"He's welcome," says I. "Only I hope he didn't strain his imagination in putting it over on me."

"Don't worry," says she. "That's the easiest thing he does. Ain't it, Perky?"

"Maybe I did stretch things a bit," says he. "It was Ann who first thought of starting the filling station, you know."

"And you're going back to it, are you?"

"I'll say so," says he. "The good old hills for me every time. Ought to see that place of mi—ours sometime, Tess. You'd be just wild about it. Why, I can stand out there by the gas pump and look across the Intervale right at the whole Presidential range. Right on the road to Crawford Notch, we are, and we catch the best of the traffic. Lots of tourists this time of year, and they'll keep coming clear up into late October. Know what I'm going to do soon as I get back? Well, I'm going to build two or three log-cabin shacks for the overnight trade, and by next spring I'll have maybe a dozen ready. All you got to do is stick in a couple of bunks, give 'em a washbowl and pitcher, and you can keep 'em full all summer at a dollar 'n' a half a head, besides selling 'em milk and eggs and hot dogs and gas. Yes, sir! I'm going to make things hum up there next season."

I looks at Ann and catches a twinkle in her black eyes.

"Is that the program?" I asks.

"Oh, absolutely," says she.

"Seems to me," says I, "he's acquired a lot of peppy ideas lately."

"Perky?" says she. "Oh, he's just full of 'em."

"Anyway," he puts in, "what I can't think of Ann does. She's a wonder, you know."

"You're a pair of wonders," says I. "Good luck."

And as they drift off Mame crowds in to get the details.

"Say, she musta bawled him out good and plenty last night, eh?" says she.

"No," says I, "I don't think that was her system."

"Well, anyhow, she knows how to tame him," says Mame. "And with that Hermy nose of his, and his slick manners, I expect he's worth all the trouble."

"Maybe," says I. "At any rate, almost. But remember, Mame, if any more he Cinderellas float in it's your turn to do the night shift. Gosh, but I'm sleepy!"

## *A Compensating Advantage*

MANY people believed that the limit of tire stamina had been reached with the development of the cord tire.

It is probably true that all cord tires are better than any tires previously produced.

But it is also true that some cord tires will deliver easily double the mileage of others.

Development is continuous and we build Mansfields today that deliver mileage way beyond anything that could be built into a tire even a few years ago.

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# Try it on the hills

It takes a steep grade like the long hard climb to the top of Pike's Peak to show the stuff that's really in a car.

Take this latest Oldsmobile Six on such a climb. Not only to prove its great surplus power, but to test its whole performance range—its flexibility—sure-footedness—brakes—its quiet and smooth behavior at all speeds.

Making this test, you can't fail to be impressed with the fact that here is an automobile that simply outclasses anything else in its field.

After such a trip you'll be even more enthusiastic about this car's finer performance than you were about its beauty.

Take it to the hills. Seek out the steepest grades you can find—and there let the car tell you its own story.

Any Oldsmobile dealer will arrange a trip at your convenience—confident you'll find in *this* car the Greatest Beauty and the Finest Performance ever offered at such a Low Price.

## Here Is The Proof

As this advertisement is going to press, an Oldsmobile Six standard touring car establishes two new records. First, by a 57-mile run over Lookout Mountain in 76 minutes 9 seconds—breaking the best previous record by 1 minute 4 seconds. Second, by a sensational race up Pike's Peak in 28 minutes 49 seconds—the fastest time ever made by any stock car on this mountain. *Official record from Rocky Mountain News and Denver Post*

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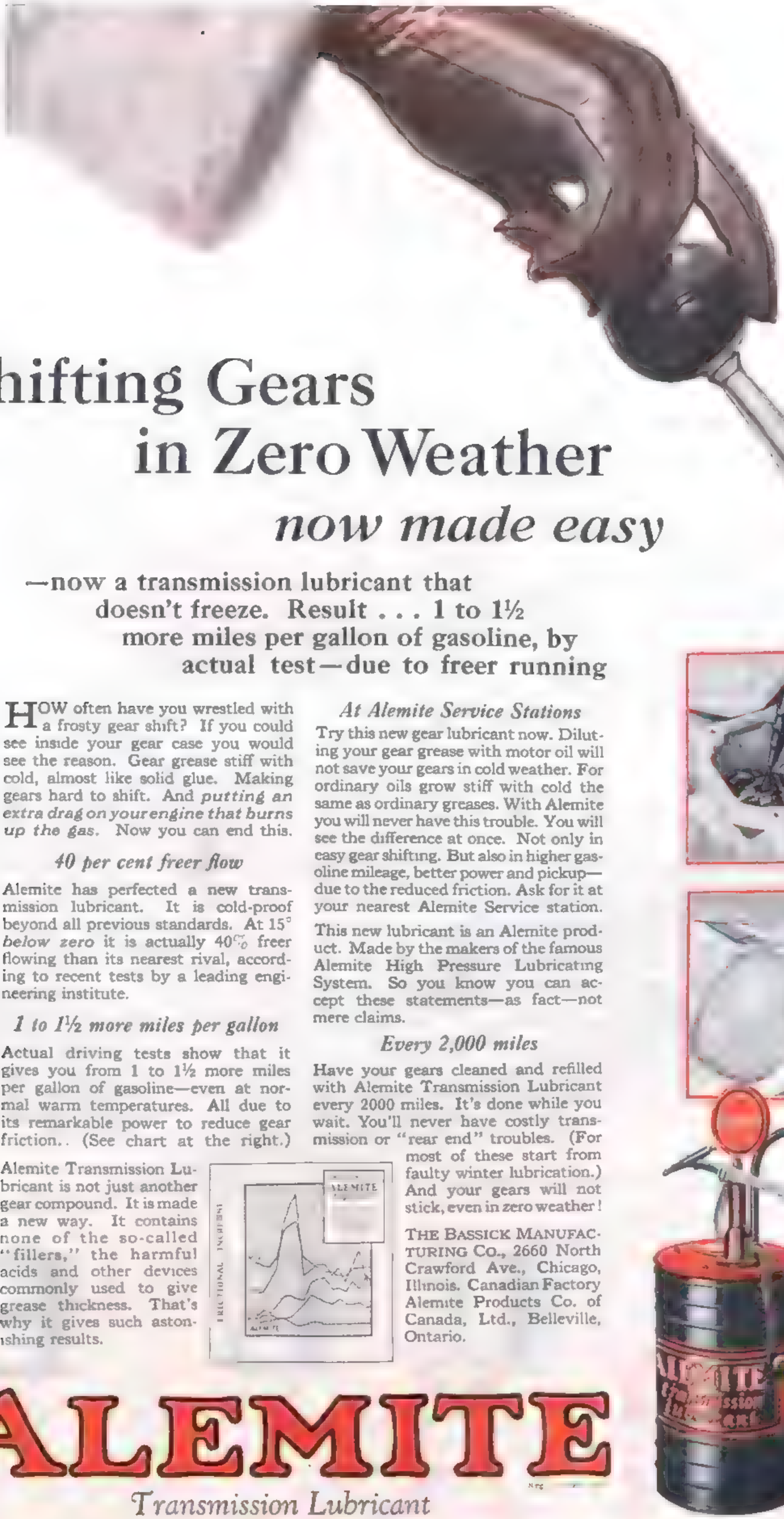

# Shifting Gears in Zero Weather

## *now made easy*

**—now a transmission lubricant that doesn't freeze. Result . . . 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, by actual test—due to freer running**

HOW often have you wrestled with a frosty gear shift? If you could see inside your gear case you would see the reason. Gear grease stiff with cold, almost like solid glue. Making gears hard to shift. And *putting an extra drag on your engine that burns up the gas.* Now you can end this.

### *40 per cent freer flow*

Alemite has perfected a new transmission lubricant. It is cold-proof beyond all previous standards. At 15° *below zero* it is actually 40% freer flowing than its nearest rival, according to recent tests by a leading engineering institute.

### *1 to 1½ more miles per gallon*

Actual driving tests show that it gives you from 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline—even at normal warm temperatures. All due to its remarkable power to reduce gear friction.. (See chart at the right.)

Alemite Transmission Lubricant is not just another gear compound. It is made a new way. It contains none of the so-called "fillers," the harmful acids and other devices commonly used to give grease thickness. That's why it gives such astonishing results.




### *At Alemite Service Stations*

Try this new gear lubricant now. Diluting your gear grease with motor oil will not save your gears in cold weather. For ordinary oils grow stiff with cold the same as ordinary greases. With Alemite you will never have this trouble. You will see the difference at once. Not only in easy gear shifting. But also in higher gasoline mileage, better power and pickup—due to the reduced friction. Ask for it at your nearest Alemite Service station.

This new lubricant is an Alemite product. Made by the makers of the famous Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. So you know you can accept these statements—as fact—not mere claims.

### *Every 2,000 miles*

Have your gears cleaned and refilled with Alemite Transmission Lubricant every 2000 miles. It's done while you wait. You'll never have costly transmission or "rear end" troubles. (For most of these start from faulty winter lubrication.) And your gears will not stick, even in zero weather!

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO., 2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Canadian Factory Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

# ALEMITE

*Transmission Lubricant*

*Look for this drum. It's the sign of genuine Alemite Transmission Lubricant*

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# CARTOON AND COMEDY

*Nearsighted Entomologist: "Ah! A Rare Specimen for My Collection"*

*"Well, Go On Then. I Didn't Want to Talk to You Nohow. I Only Spoke to You Cause I Seen You"*

*Pitiful Predicament of Former Plumber—Turned Burglar—Who, After Climbing Eight Stories to His First "Job," Discovers That He Has Forgotten His Tools*

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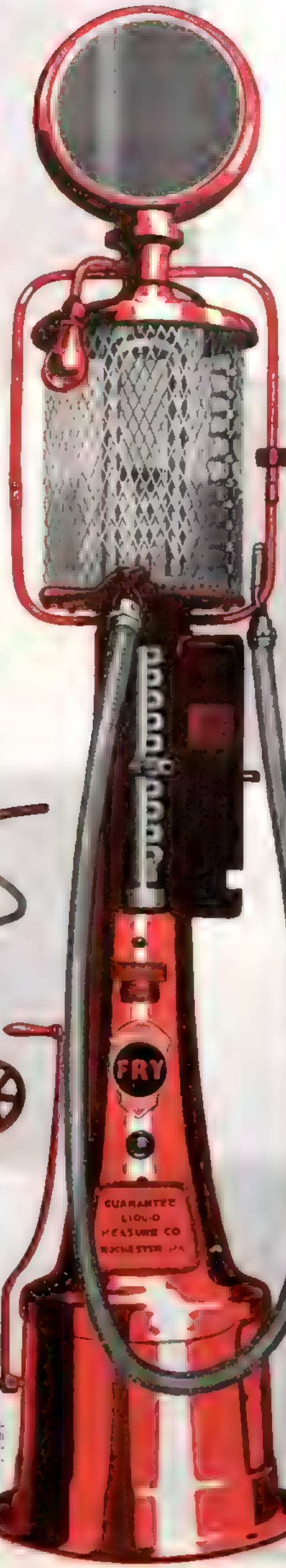
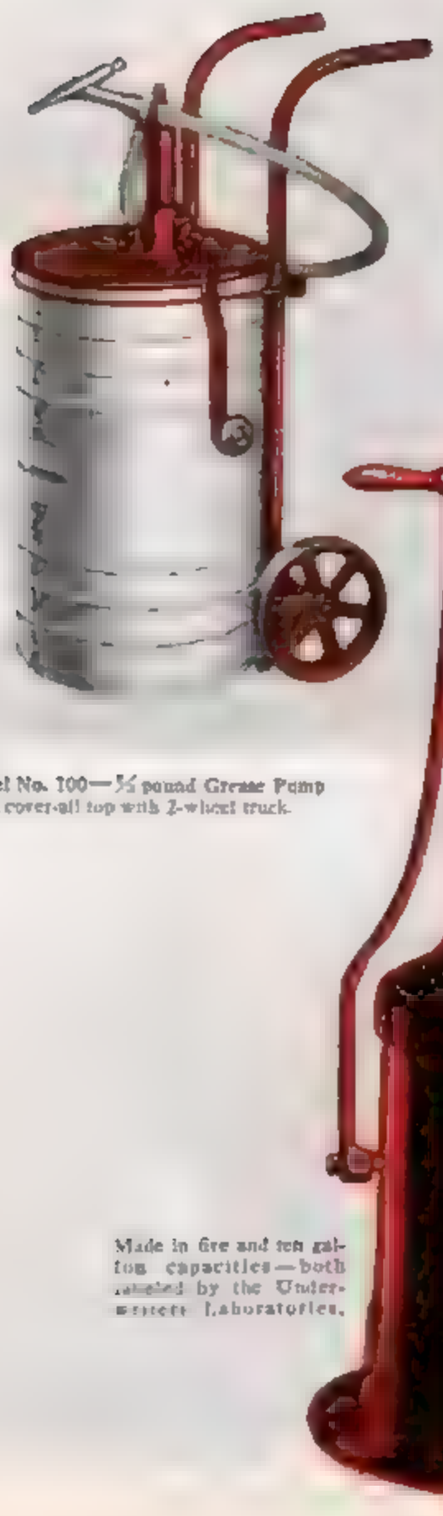
Marvel No. 600-S—Transferable Oil barrel Pump with adjustable telescopic self-return drain tube



No. 6560—Space-Saving Rectangular Lubricating Oil Outfit—60-gallon rectangular tank 13" wide, 29" long, 38" high.

The last word in high grade gasoline, oil, or grease dispensing equipment.

No. 5561—55 gallon round tank with Marvel bolted base Oil Pump with adjustable extension return drain tube.



Marvel No. 100—35 pound Grease Pump on cover-all top with 2-wheel truck.

Marvel Oil Tank Outfit No. 5565—65-gallon square tank with bolted base Oil Pump with adjustable-telescopic drain tube

Made in five and ten gallon capacities—both labeled by the Underwriters Laboratories.

Marvel No. 1140 Kerosene Tank Outfit—110-gallon cylindrical tank with one gallon Marvel Pump with shut-off nozzle and foot valve. Also furnished in 60 gallon cylindrical and 65 gallon square.

Now—the most up to the minute service station equipment ever offered.

# A Great Combination Insuring Great Public Benefit

Attractive prices. Get them today
See our representative in your territory.

No. 603 — Marvel Alcohol Pump on standard for underground or basement storage; non-drip shut-off nozzle with but[illegible] ing spout [illegible] cking device, and [illegible] angle foot val[illegible]

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*"Always Accurate"*

Fry, the world's largest producer of 5 and 10 gallon visible gasoline pumps and—

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are now consolidated into one great organization.

Such consolidated manufacturing volume means cost reductions and greater efficiency in every operation of this new combination.

Service stations that are equipped with Fry Visible Pumps and Marvel Oil and Grease outfits, will be in a position to operate on the most attractive, most modern and most economical basis

More and more will the public prefer to patronize such stations.

Write either factory for full particulars.

# *Your* FORD . . because of its unique lubrication system—*requires a special kind of* OIL

*¶ This picture shows how the Ford motor and planetary transmission are combined in one housing—and how one oil must lubricate both units.*

YOU wouldn't think of putting Dodge pistons, a Chrysler crankshaft, or Cadillac bearings into your Ford. They wouldn't fit—and your Ford wouldn't run!

Yet how often do you buy *oil* that is meant for some other car? And because, in spite of this handicap, your sturdy Ford keeps on running, you think that almost any oil suits the Ford lubrication system.

This mistaken idea has driven thousands of Fords into repair shops for new transmission bands, motor repairs and expensive overhauling. For, lubrication engineers have proved that the Ford car requires not only a high quality oil, but *a different kind of oil* as well.

### *The Ford lubricating system*

The Ford engine and transmission are combined in one housing. Both units *must* be lubricated by *the same* oil. Yet each unit requires special characteristics in the lubricant. A high quality *motor* oil will lubricate the Ford engine correctly—but not the transmission. And a lubricant designed primarily to lubricate the Ford transmission and prevent destructive band chatter would fail to lubricate the motor properly

That is why your Ford requires more than a different grade of oil; it requires a different *kind* of oil—an oil that will do both lubrication jobs.

### *Made for Fords exclusively*

After four years of study and experiment with the problem of Ford lubrication, Tide Water engineers perfected a different *kind* of oil for Fords. It is Veedol Forzol, the economy oil made for Fords exclusively.

In Veedol Forzol the widely different characteristics of a motor oil and a transmission band lubricant have been successfully combined. Of course, Veedol Forzol lubricates the Ford engine perfectly. But more than that—it also is the ideal lubricant for the Ford transmission, because it prevents destructive chatter and chassis vibration, and, by reducing transmission friction, increases the ability of your Ford to coast.

More than a million Ford owners now use Veedol Forzol. They have tested its quality and find that it actually gives these 8 definite economies in operation.

### *The eight economies of Veedol Forzol*

1. 10 to 25% gasoline saving
2. 10 to 25% saving in oil
3. 10 to 25% less carbon
4. Eliminates costly chatter
5. Resists heat and friction
6. Increased ability to coast
7. Resists fuel dilution
8. Reduces repair bills

It is easy for you to get the benefit of these "8 economies," too. Just stop next time you see the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Let the dealer drain your crankcase and refill with exactly four quarts of Veedol Forzol. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

*A convenient way to buy Veedol Forzol is in a sealed five gallon container. Then you are assured of full quantity and genuine quality. And you [illegible] a supply of oil [illegible] your home garage*

VEEDOL FORZOL
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*The Economy Oil for Fords*

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### The Nadir of Wildness

A GREAT deal of serious thought has been devoted by eminent gentlemen to the underlying causes for the peculiarly unrestrained activities of the so-called younger generation.

It has been authoritatively stated in various public places that these unrestrained activities are due to the war, prohibition, the movies, short skirts, soft-boiled corsets, cigarettes, imperfect diet, automobiles, bobbed hair, coal smoke in the atmosphere, a change of location of the Gulf Stream, rolled stockings, golf, overheated residences, electric lights and the movements from the farm to the city.

Since this is an age of reform, moreover, steps have been taken to secure laws that will eradicate or wholesomely alter the causes of this unfortunate state of affairs. To date, however, it has occurred to no uplifter to point out to a palpitating public the grave danger to the impressionable younger generation from the constantly increasing number of misapplied nicknames and the urgent necessity of legislating against this evil.

It must be obvious to all fair-minded persons that if a gentleman nicknamed Happy Jack or Happy Ned or Happy Hezekiah is arrested for petulantly dropping a brass andiron on his wife's head, the members of the younger set who hear about it must of necessity lose faith in the accepted order of things.

The same is true when an Honest John or Honest Fred or Honest Adelbert is arrested for forgery, perjury or grand larceny. It is true when One-Round Jones or One-Round Mullaly or One-Round Ossuosso, instead of putting his opponent away in the first round with a deft tap on a vital spot, as one is entitled to expect, pushes his chin in front of a haymaker during the fourth round and promptly goes into a coma that makes The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, Rip Van Winkle and the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood seem like sufferers from insomnia.

It must be thoroughly apparent that if the younger generation is ever going to be weaned from its cynical attitude toward modern civilization, there must be strict laws against the nicknaming menace.

A striking case in point is that of the Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States. In spite of the fact that this gentleman's name appears in the old family Bible as William Joseph Donovan, he has for many years been obliged to struggle along under the nickname of Wild Bill.

This nickname is one that is bound to make a wide appeal to innocent and trusting members of the younger generation; and any one of them would gladly run eight or ten blocks for the purpose of catching a glimpse of a person who has received the fascinating sobriquet of Wild Bill.

### A Nickname That Does Not Fit

UNFORTUNATELY for the runner's faith in human nature, he would find at the end of his run—provided that the run had William Joseph Donovan as an objective—that Wild Bill is a quiet, low-voiced, good-looking young man, whose speech, garb and demeanor are as little deserving of the epithet "Wild" as were those of the impeccable John Drew in The Tyranny of Tears. Not once would Wild Bill dash his hat to the ground and leap up and down on it with noisy screams of "Hurroo!" Never would he roll up his sleeves and challenge a policeman to mortal combat. "Mild Bill" would describe him fairly accurately; but to call him Wild Bill would seem as unreasonable as to address the fat lady in a circus as "Little Woman." The whole business would be more than apt to make the impressionable runner turn away in despair and determine to free himself henceforth and forevermore from the deceptions and untruths of the older generation.

It is probably true that William Joseph Donovan displays more than the normal amount of intensity along certain lines of endeavor. In his pursuit of the bubble Knowledge at Columbia University, for example, he diligently leaped from job to job and back to job again in order to secure a sufficient amount of money with which to provide himself with the necessary Hamburg steak, textbooks, room rent, tuition fees and neckties.

Among other things he bossed gangs of laborers on street-repair work, carried a chain with a surveyor's gang, tutored young gentlemen who were somewhat deficient on the uptake, acted as assistant superintendent of a baking-powder factory, and gave complete satisfaction as a timekeeper on a construction job.

After putting in a good day's work on the job of the moment, he would divide the remainder of his time equally between study, recitations and athletic exertion. So far as is known, his brilliance in recitations never caused any of his professors to drop dead with amazement; but his work as quarterback on the Columbia football team was frequently distressing to the last degree to opposing teams.

William J. Donovan

In addition to playing football, he also found time to run on the Columbia cross-country team and to row on the Columbia crew—a triple combination which requires so much energy that it is occasionally encountered in fiction, but is met in real life about once every seventeen years.

Yet young Mr. Donovan still had some of his energy left when he returned to his home in the First Ward of Buffalo for the purpose of practicing law; for he varied his law practice by making political speeches whenever the occasion required, and he further lightened the monotony of his duller moments by stroking the four-oared crew of the Celtic Water Club, as well as by stroking the fifteen-man war canoe in its mile races against the Canadian war canoes.

This left him with an hour or two of spare time on his hands every day; and it is highly probable that he might have been obliged to start touching his toes with his finger tips 500 times daily if he hadn't been asked to be among the first fifty or sixty men to form a troop of cavalry in Buffalo—a part of the First New York Cavalry.

In six months he was elected captain of the troop. He thereupon stuck a crowbar into his working hours and pried them far enough apart to let him make a careful study of the technic of the currycomb, the horse, the saber, the saddle-soap bucket and all the other things that go to make up a troop of cavalry. He hung around General Summerall's Shenandoah Valley regular army cavalry school with such persistence that no horse was any keener at locating an oat; and as a result he was able to make his cavalry troop one of the best-trained troops in the country.

In 1916 he temporarily abandoned his legal endeavors, his speech-making, his rowing and his cavalry study to go to Europe with the mission sent over by the Rockefeller Foundation to finance the feeding of sundry hungry nations; but while he was negotiating energetically with the Germans over the matter of getting milk to the children of Poland, the Mexican fracas burst into flower, and he hastened back to his cavalry troop. He went to the border with it, and for nine months inhaled sand and a constantly growing conviction that the United States would soon be participating in the European War.

When this participation finally occurred, it was not necessary for him to retire to the privacy of his chamber and meditate for some weeks over his course of action. He stated hastily but calmly that he wished to be assigned to the old 69th New York Regiment, which had been made a part of the Rainbow Division and would probably see action considerably sooner than any American regiment known to man. He could have had higher rank in other outfits, but any mention of this fact merely caused him to repeat with unbroken calm that he wished to be assigned to the 69th.

In the capacity of junior major of the regiment he at once began to toughen his men for warfare conditions by leading them on four-mile cross-country runs.

The 69th went overseas in October of 1917; and as soon as Donovan had located a place to sleep, he began to arrange more cross-country runs for his bright young men, who then began to call him names in French as well as in English and Gaelic. They even developed great pride in their name calling, and refused to allow the members of other outfits to join in this popular pastime.

### A Distinguished Service Record

WHEN the 69th began to participate in the hostilities, Donovan also participated with extreme prominence, as is ably demonstrated by the fact that the enthusiasm of his participation in the Battle of the Ourcq and the Argonne offensive brought him the Distinguished Service Medal, the Distinguished Service Cross and the apex of all American decorations, the Congressional Medal of Honor—a trinity of awards exceedingly difficult to obtain.

The war, it is true, is over; but it can do no harm to mention that at the Battle of the Ourcq he led his battalion across the river, captured important enemy strongholds, was in advance of his division for four days, was constantly under fire from three sides, was twice wounded and was repeatedly and persistently counter-attacked. Two adjutants in succession were killed at his side, one being Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, the poet. In the detached language of the citation which accompanied his Distinguished Service Cross, "his coolness, courage and efficient leadership rendered possible the maintenance of this position."

On October 14 and 15, 1918, Donovan, who by then had been made a lieutenant-colonel, led his regiment in an attack on strongly wired and intrenched positions in front of the villages of St. George and Landres-et-St. George in the Argonne. Knowing that the going would be hard, that the positions needed to be taken, and that his men would need all the leadership they could get, he departed from the customs of trench warfare by putting on his Sam Browne belt and his shoulder insignia, so that the men could easily recognize him, and went out to the attack with the first battalion to make the attempt.

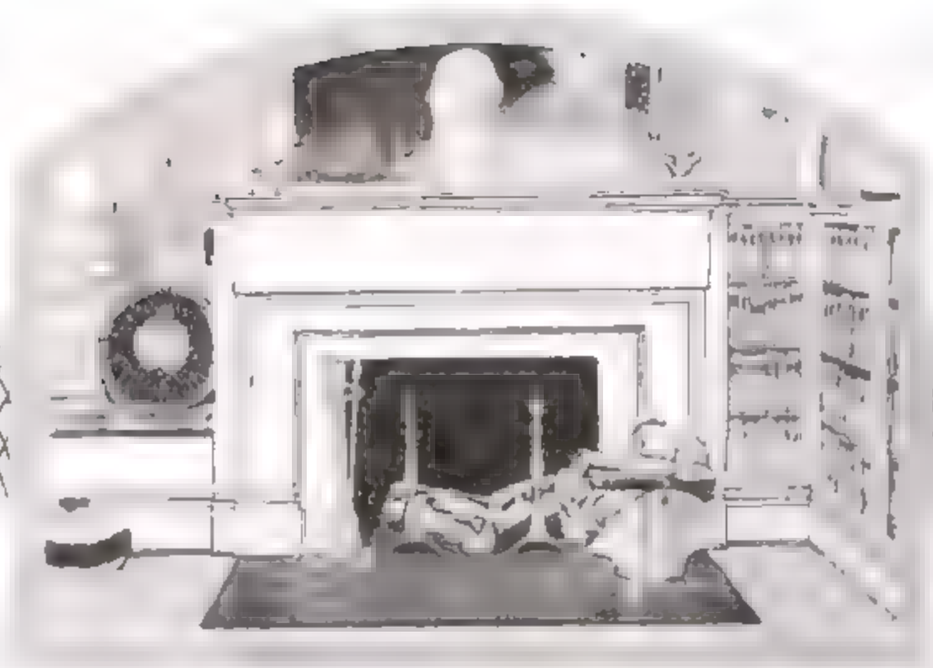
His citation for the Congressional Medal of Honor tells how, when the attack began to drag because of the violent shell fire, he moved from man to man in full view of the enemy, urging them to "Come on! They can't hit me and they won't hit you! Come on, old sport; nobody in this regiment was ever afraid!"

With all his men lying in shell holes, subjected to a withering fire, he stood erect and studied his map as coolly as though there was nothing more dangerous than golf balls in his vicinity. The first battalion, shot to pieces, couldn't get through the wire. Donovan stayed out in the wire and sent back for a second battalion. That in turn was unable to break through; and in the second attack Donovan was so shot through the leg that he was helpless. He directed the attack from a shell hole, ordered up a third battalion, and was finally carried to the rear in a blanket. A little later he was made colonel of the regiment. The Congressional Medal of Honor that he received for this thirty-hour session, instead of being conspicuously in the Donovan guest room, was handed by him to the regiment.

Having no pressing business on hand at the end of the war, he wandered out to the Far East to see what was going on in those parts, and while there was summoned by Roland Morris to come up to Siberia and sit in a few conferences designed to give the Kolchak Government a vague idea of how to govern. The Kolchak Government, however, fell by the wayside, and Donovan went back to Buffalo, where, in 1922, he acquired the job of United States District Attorney for the Western District of New York.

He proceeded on the basis of making punishment follow the crime with more rapidity than is usually the case in this land of liberty, even though a shorter sentence is imposed than might be obtained with greater delay.

From this it may be seen that to call Donovan "Wild" is like referring to an onion as square; and unless such things are prohibited by law, the younger generation will soon begin to distrust all the old stuff, such as a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.



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# SUN CURE

(Continued from Page 13)

"Now you've gone and started me worrying again," Moosie said, and she explained to the others. "He's my ward, you know, and I mustn't let him be taken from me without a struggle. I wonder if I'm letting him have too much proximity. They say proximity is pretty dangerous in this climate."

"How about going over to Cannes for dinner, the whole crowd of us?" Mr. Jackman suggested. He owned the biggest car. That was just what Moosie had been hinting for. Pretty cheap stuff, Johnny thought. You couldn't imagine a subtle, experienced woman of the world pulling anything like that.

"And we'd better stop at the Casino at Juan les Pins," little Miss Baker said, "and reserve a table. They'll be awfully crowded the fourteenth."

Johnny took the scent of what they were keeping from him.

"What's the fourteenth?" he demanded.

"The fourteenth of July, honey," Moosie explained. "That's nigger-night-out in France, and we're going to have a grown-up party. The committee here assembled has been considering candidates."

There wasn't much sleep for John Yandell Claiborn that night. He hadn't really appreciated how roasted his back was until he tried to lie on it. His ankles were purple and swollen. He spent his wakefulness thinking of the dark lady, and the miracle of her having picked him out to notice when Moosie and that crowd treated him like a joke. Toward dawn utter exhaustion let him doze, and he might have slept into the morning, but at nine o'clock he roused himself, breakfasted and hurried down to the bathing place. Fatigue fell from him as he saw her on her rock.

"*Bonjour*," she said, swinging up a slim arm in greeting.

"Good morning, Miss Tovarechtch."

"Ah, that is not a name," she said. "Did you not know?"

"Isn't it?"

"Tovarechtch is the communist form of address. It means 'little comrade.' That is what you must call me, Tovarechtch Anna. The state has decreed it." There was a twist of bitterness about her lips which thrilled him.

"I'll bet they didn't always call you that," he hazarded.

"We will not talk of it," she said, with finality. "You are going to swim?"

He did, so that his being there would look more natural, but as soon as he thought appearances were satisfied, he climbed out of the grateful blue coolness and sauntered in her direction. She smiled, and in spite of the fact that Moosie and a lot of them had come down and taken the very next rock, he sat down beside her.

Subconsciously she must have heard what they were talking about, for her first words were, "Oh, this wratched fourteenth! Do you not find fêtes very cruel?"

"Uh-huh," he said.

"One must go to the Casino, I dare say. Some Franch people have asked me, some Rossians. I do not want either. It is so stupid, always the same thing."

The most audacious idea which had ever done so entered John Yandell Claiborn's head.

"Gee, I wish you'd go that night with me," he stammered.

"Alone!" she asked, and she didn't smile, though he realized she might have. "No, naice boy, it would be ridiculous. People would laugh. I do not like that people should laugh at me."

"I suppose they would," he admitted, and he fell into a humiliated silence. After a minute or two she smiled at him.

"Never mind," she said. "You will be old soon enough."

"I wish I was now."

"And you will have a gay time on the fourteenth with your friends." He couldn't admit that they were excluding him. He was silent.

"Do you like to drive a motor car?" she changed the subject suddenly.

"You bet."

"Would it amuse you to drive mine? My chauffeur is *en panne* and if it would ——"

"Gee, I'd love to."

"You want to try this afternoon? I have some friends in Nice to whom I should render visit."

"What kind of a car is it?"

"A Minerva d'Italie. If you care to go to the hotel garage at 1:30, I will leave word that you are to be instructed in its mechanism, and I will be ready at three. That will give you time enough?"

"You bet," he said again.

"That will be better for your poor shoulders than the sun. Can you have slept?"

"Oh, some."

"Had I thought, I would have come to your chamber with drops to procure sleep. Would you not be better with this about you?"

She touched her bath shawl, but before he could accept it, he heard Moosie's voice.

"Johnny!"

"What do you want?" he called back.

"Come here." He knew she'd humiliate him if he didn't.

"You put on your clothes and go right back to the hotel," she ordered him, and there was something really compelling in her tone. "I never saw anybody so red. Look at your legs."

That amounted to giving him a reason, and he could leave in decency.

"Maybe I will," he said.

He stopped at Tovarechtch Anna's rock.

"I guess I'll go inside."

"Au revoir." It seemed to him that she dropped her voice to add, "Till three."

He was so excited when he reached the hotel that he wanted to punch a punching bag, or wrestle with somebody, or chin himself on the chandeliers, and not just play dominoes with the old gentleman who lurked in the lobby, greedy for victims, and who called him Bubby.

"Your tattooed friend sure is a help about Russia," he told Moosie at luncheon. "I guess he must have played around with all the samovars and most of the kopecks." Then he explained about Tovarechtch.

"If I were you I wouldn't talk about Mr. Dunn," Moosie counseled. "He thinks you ought to be let in on our big party."

"I'll bet you voted against it."

"You win. I'm not old enough for the babes and sucklings. I wanted you and Toodleoo Anna to go and sit all alone, with red roses on the table, like Three Weeks."

"Hot chance I'd have," Johnny groaned.

"I'll tell you a secret," Moosie announced. "I think Toodleoo Anna is cr-r-r-azy about you. I think if it weren't for me she'd spirit you off in a whisk."

Johnny would have found something to say to her, if he hadn't been thinking about the party. If he were with Moosie and her crowd there was just a possibility that Tovarechtch Anna would leave whatever brilliant, foreign circle she was with long enough to dance with him. It was almost painfully exciting as a thought.

The car was overwhelming in its magnificence, with a futurist silver grasshopper perched on its enormous radiator, and a three-panel windshield protecting its rear seat. John Yandell had never tackled anything of the sort before and he worked arduously for the hour and a half his appointment permitted him, mastering gear shifts and adjustment levers. It would be unthinkably horrible to make some mistake and stall the car when she was beside him. The hottest time of the day flashed by imperceptible to his passionate concentration.

At three sharp he pulled up to the door of the hotel. At half after the hour he ventured to blow his horn.

(Continued on Page 74)

# MASON BALLOONS

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THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA


(Continued from Page 72

Tovarechtch Anna came to an upper window. Her smooth black hair was in perfect order but the white swan's-down collar of a negligee rose behind her throat.

"So sorree," she called. "Your *appel* wakened me. It is the fault of this adorable sun. I will be down directly. You do not mind waiting, naice boy?"

Johnny responded to her gay humor.

"Not a bit," he called, and sat there.

It wasn't much more than half past four when she appeared.

"You are an angel," she laughed to him, "and I am out of hell. I will sit behind where the wind will not blow on me. I am going to a very solemn place for tea. You know the route?"

She smiled so radiantly his anger melted away again.

He swung out the drive and down the road by the flower-blue bay, across which loomed the fantastically artificial Estoral, the color of the very top of the sky, with thin tiaras of snow.

When they reached Nice she bent back a panel of the shield and gave directions. Her destination was a villa with blazing white walls and a bulbous roof.

"Do you want to come in and sit prettily with some prim old ladies drinking tea?" she asked, but she answered herself. "I know you don't. You want to go to a café, and have something to drink and be gay."

There was nothing John Yandell Claiborn wanted less.

"I will be ready in almost an instant," she promised. "Six o'clock at the very latest, and going home I can sit beside you. It will be naicer."

Though the sun had found its way through his coat to his anguished shoulders, he would have driven away in bliss had not someone opened the villa's gate just then, and said, "*Mais dis donc, chère Anna.*" Someone who only under the most metaphorical circumstances could be described as an old lady, though his pince-nez and his thin voice and the very pointing of his beard did give an impression of primness.

John Yandell drove about the town idly and meditatively for a while until he came to a cinema advertising Barbara Devore in *L'Étreinte.* It proved to be The Kiss of a Woman, which he'd seen the summer before, and he noted with pleasure that he didn't react to it with such dazed ardor as he had those first three times. It was because he'd met the real thing now.

John Yandell hadn't expected Tovarechtch Anna to be at the gate at six o'clock, but when, at five minutes of seven, she still hadn't appeared he was pretty mad. He thought seriously of getting out of the car and walking to the station and going home in the train, only it was, as it had been for the last hour, possible that at any next moment she would appear. At exactly four minutes of seven she did.

"I have kept you," she cried. "I know it. I know it. But it is always so with us Rossians, we go and stay, and forget there is such a god as time. At my house in Petrograd, people would never leave; sometimes for two weeks they would sit and talk and talk, and sleep in their chairs."

"Well, I'm glad you kept it under a month tonight," John Yandell found it in his heart to mutter. "There wasn't much talking to do out here."

"One of my relatives had come unexpectedly," she explained. "A cousin. You will forgive me?"

She held her pleading smile till he grunted something, and while he was wondering about the sex of the cousin she added, "He wants me to go to the fête with him on the fourteenth. An old man. Oh, so stupid! So stupid!"

Johnny wanted to broach the subject of a dance with her.

"I'm going with Moosie and a crowd," he began.

"Oh, but that will be fun. *Ça sera gai!*"

"I don't know," he said, but it came to him that if he could get Moosie to let him ask her to join them maybe she would, so he didn't take up the other.

"And now we are so late," she said, "that I must stay in condition for dinner and sit in that stupid back seat again."

Hot chance he had. He drove back savagely.

"But you conduct like an angel," she said, when they were at the hotel at last. "I was almost frightened twice. Thank you so much."

She held up her hand with such a gesture that even he almost kissed it.

John Yandell was conciliatory at dinner.

"Say, who's going to be at the party?" he asked.

"Oh, Kate, and Catty, and me," Moosie answered, "and Walker, and Mr. Dunn, and Mr. Jackman, and Dick, and Spot, and you."

"That's not enough girls."

"Isn't it?" Moosie asked blightingly. "Honey, we three have to have our men, and if you'll pardon my saying so you don't go far toward making that word plural."

"Who do I get to dance with?"

"You're mighty lucky to be asked at all, and our idea was that we'd let you have the table-holding concession. What do you expect? Why, it'll be the best party at the Casino."

"I think so too," Johnny admitted surprisingly. "But say, Moosie."

"What?"

"Couldn't I ask Miss Ivanoff?"

He'd gotten the name from the room clerk with infinite maladroitness, to avoid hearing Moosie begin on her Toodleoo Annas.

"Nope!" Moosie answered briefly.

"Why not?"

"Because she makes me sick."

"Makes you look sick," he muttered, but instantly he regretted it. "I didn't mean that," he apologized. "Won't you let me ask her, Moosie? Gee! You want to have it a good party, don't you?"

"That's just what I do want," Moosie answered, "and it certainly won't be if we have her posing all over the place."

"Aw, gee, Moosie."

"Your mother wouldn't like it a bit," she said.

"Well, how about your mother?" he asked. "How do you think she'd like to have you going around with somebody half covered with stars and anchors?"

They wrangled about it all through dinner, and afterward, when Moosie and her friends sat on the top step of the first terrace singing swipes, he sat a little apart from them nursing his hurt. Suddenly he was conscious of someone walking behind them. It was Tovarechtch Anna. He half rose.

"Ah, it is you, naice boy," she said. "Do you not find it stifling tonight, and I have left my fan in my room."

"Can't I go get it for you?"

"You are so kaind. In number forty-three. My maid will give it to you."

Somehow right through the singing Moosie had heard, and she stopped long enough to whisper hoarsely, "Why don't you ask her who was her nigger servant last year?"

It was a white peacock fan with nacre sticks. Tovarechtch Anna's dress sparkled faintly with crystal. Overhead the sky was very deep and very brilliant. There was heliotrope growing up to the balustrade.

"What a mad night!" she said, looking across the dark gardens and out to sea. "A night to tell secrets. I should not talk to you tonight, John Yandell Claiborn."

"What secrets?" he asked.

"Everything about me is secret," she answered. "You do not even know my name."

"Yes, I do. Anna Ivanoff."

"The name one gives when one registers at a hotel," she said mockingly.

"I'll bet one thing," he declared. "I'll bet you were a princess, or something big."

"A Rossian princess! What is that today?" She made a great renunciatory gesture. "Now that they have taken our titles, our names even. No, I am Tovarechtch Anna, as I told you."

Continued on Page 76)

# News of First National Pictures

John McCormick presents

## Colleen Moore in "We Moderns"

BIGNESS vibrates in Colleen Moore's "We Moderns," adapted from Israel Zangwill's stage success. First the vortex of London's ultra-smart young set scoffing at Victorian ideals while historic heirlooms like Buckingham Palace and Trafalgar Square frown unheeded. Then, the sensational climax—the spectacle of a starry crash of airplane and Zeppelin. And finally, the overwhelming deluge of solid, wholesome heart sentiment crashing through the onslaught of impetuous youth.

Miss Moore plays the part of Mary Sundale, leader of the insurgent young set. Jack Mulhall, Cleve Moore, Claude Gillingwater and Dorothy Seastrom are in the cast. John Francis Dillon directed with June Mathis, editorial director.

Above: Miss Moore. Other scenes show the star and Jack Mulhall, Cleve Moore and Dorothy Seastrom of the supporting cast of "We Moderns."

Landmarks of historic London were "shot" for "We Moderns" during Miss Moore's recent trip abroad.

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***"Why Women Love."*** Strong light-house melodrama from Willard Robertson's play, "The Sea Woman." Presented by Edwin Carewe with a cast including Blanche Sweet, Robert Frazer, Charles Murray, Dorothy Sebastian and Russel Simpson.

Blanche Sweet (at left and center), Ben Lyon (center) and Holbrook Blinn (right) are included in the excellent cast of "The New Commandment."

Robert T. Kane presents

## "The New Commandment"

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Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon are featured. The stirring story of solitude and strife finds its climax in the bombing of a hospital—a realistic scene seldom equalled on the screen.

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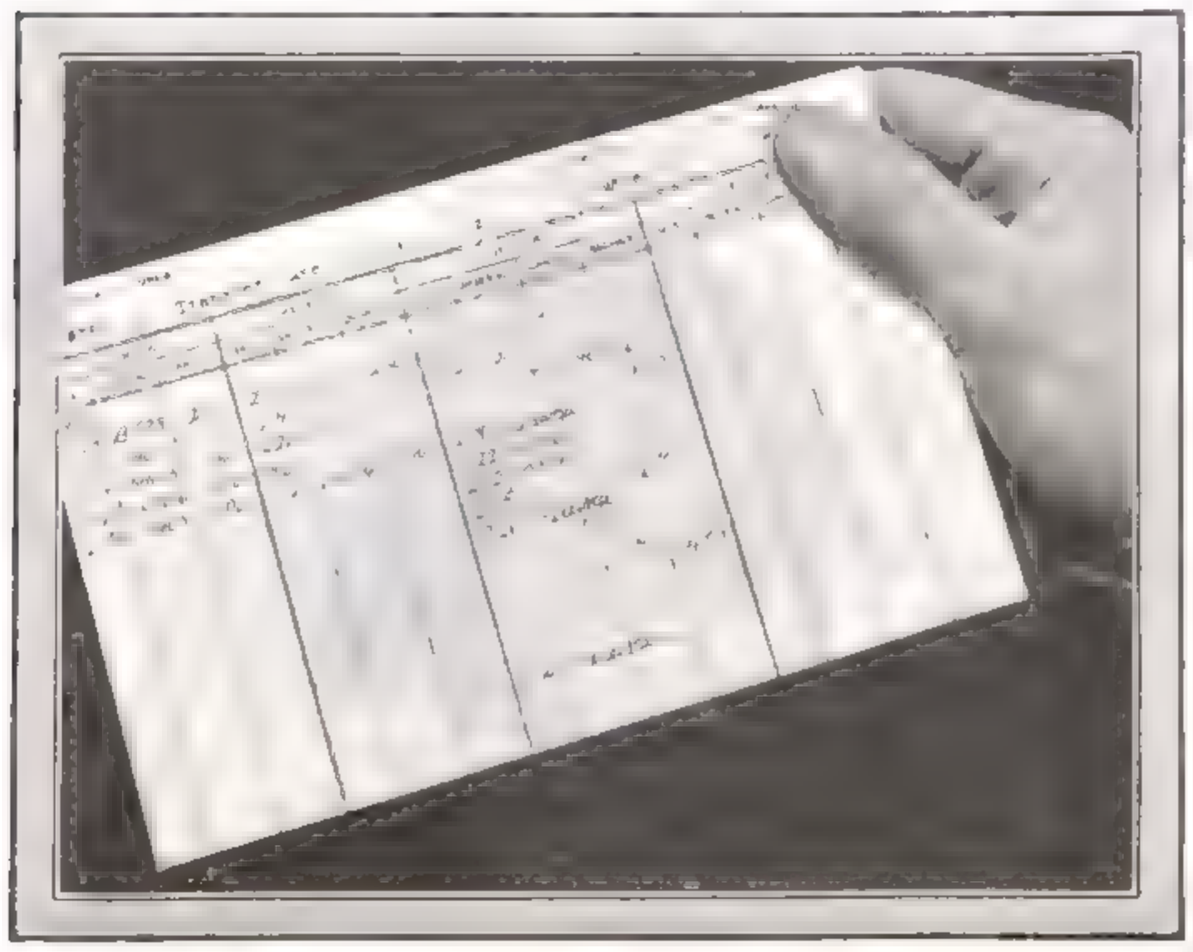

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# Library Bureau

Founded 1876

*Stock records for every business*

(Continued from Page 74)

"But they didn't take everything from you. Gee, you're in luck! I've heard that there's a Russian general breaking rocks here for twenty francs a day."

"I had some little possessions in far lands," she answered.

"Were you there for the revolution?"

"Yes."

"Did you have a hard time getting away?"

He asked it in the kind of hushed voice one uses with proud animals one doesn't wish to frighten, he was so afraid she'd realize she was talking.

"Shall I tell you?" she asked, but in spite of his quick-breathed "Please," she waited perhaps a full minute before she went on, then plunged *in medias res*.

"There was no place to hide but a cave where they had piled the dead from the slaughter. My brother and I were shown it by an old servant, but guards were stationed outside and we could not escape. We waited with a scrap of candle, which we did not dare to light, and some bread. In the daytime we could see the dreadful faces of the slain. The village gambler and a nun side by side, I remember. At night we could only cling to each other. When two days had passed it was beyond endurance. My brother found a pack of cards in the pocket of the gambler and he determined on a desperate plan. At twilight he arranged four dead men, horribly mutilated, in a circle with playing cards in the hands of three, he hid behind the fourth, lit the candle, and with his arms thrust out as if they were the arms of the dead man he began to play down cards, counting in a high, curious voice. Even I, who knew, thought I should go mad. The guards, when they saw the light, peered in, screamed and ran. In the instant of their flight we fled too. It was a night with stars, like this, only cold." She stopped.

"You've got a brother, then," John Yandell Claiborn said, when he saw she wasn't going on.

"They caught him two days later and nailed him to a tree."

She waved her fan for a few moments of hypnotized silence.

"I knew I would tell secrets tonight," she reproached him. "Secrets even from myself now. I am afraid."

She hid her face.

"Aw, don't be," he begged. "Don't be."

She put down her fan, the moonlight touched her dark throat.

"And tomorrow night there will be dancing. There will be a *feu d'artifice*, and music, and champagne, and I will be mad with happiness—or boredom. I do not know which."

"Then you've accepted."

"Not yet, perhaps not at all; but probably I shall be bored until I say yes. Then I shall hear Rossian and Franch all evening long, nothing but Rossian and Franch till it all floods back on me like a nightmare."

John Yandell Claiborn came of a race which, in emotional crises, dared tremendous things.

"Say," his lips pronounced, and his voice was so moved Moosie would never have recognized it. "Why don't you come down with me then?"

"I told you, naice boy."

"I don't mean just with me alone. With the party, Moosie, that girl I eat with, is getting up."

"An American party? But that would be different! That would be charming! You ask me? Then I accept."

"That's great."

To his elated spirit any difficulty with Moosie seemed negligible. He was a man of the world now and he'd manage her when the time came.

"And tomorrow afternoon," Tovarechtch Anna was asking, "if you are not busy you will drive me to Nice again?"

If he could have seen Moosie right away, in the height of that marvelous elation, things might have gone differently, but Moosie couldn't be pried away from the songsters, and John Yandell Claiborn, who'd hardly closed his eyes the night before and had passed a strenuous day, gave up trying and went to his room. For an hour or two he slept, and then he woke up on fire and spent the rest of the night turning in the pitiful hope of finding enough uninflamed surface upon which to rest. In the night hours, Moosie, and Moosie's reaction to what he'd done about her party without her permission, assumed gigantic proportions.

The night before, he had gone to sleep about dawn, but with mental added to his physical distress he did not sleep again until seven o'clock, and before ten he wakened.

Tovarechtch Anna would be sunning herself, was his first thought, and he went through the misery of getting into his bathing suit and ran down to the rocks, thinking as he went how best he could prepare her for the fact that he'd have to get Moosie's consent before he could be really certain that there'd be a place for her.

Again Tovarechtch Anna greeted him with a hand held straight over her shiny black head.

"I have tawled them," she cried.

"What?"

"That I am going with you. Ah, they were furious. 'You prefer Americans?' they demanded of me."

"That's great," he gulped.

"They are done with me forever now. Oh, well, *tant pis*."

He started to sit down beside her, but she had seen the papal red of his skin.

"But you must not sit in the sun," she told him. "Your flesh is like a wound. You must have *pansements*. It has been cruel to you, my sun."

"Maybe I had better let up for a day or two," he admitted.

"Without question. Go to your room this instant and find some lotion. My maid will apply it. Tell her when you pass. She is above. And the trip to Nice, we will postpone that."

"Gee, it's good of you to bother about me like this," he told her, and once again he almost kissed the hand she held out in dismissal.

His pleasure in her concern would have endured longer if, on the Jordan-almond walk, he had not met again the whiskered gentleman of the pince-nez and the *toga bain* and made certain, beyond self-deception, of his identity with the man of the villa in Nice.

Moosie had gone for a ride with Mr. Dunn, so when he had breakfasted John went to his room and tried to get some more sleep, but found his only comfort was in sitting far forward on a straight chair, naked as a jay bird in what little breeze blew through his window.

When the luncheon bell rang, he dressed and went down reluctantly; but he got hold of himself in the corridor, and the minute he sat opposite Moosie he began:

"I've asked Miss Ivanoff to come tomorrow night."

Moosie opened her eyes so wide you could see the white around each iris.

"You said, dearie?" she inquired.

"I asked Miss Ivanoff for tomorrow night. Aw, Moosie, what difference does it make?"

"None," Moosie replied. "She doesn't come to the party, that's all."

"But I asked her."

"There's nothing to stop you from getting a small table, unless the Casino has a rule against minors."

"She doesn't want to do that."

"Oh, she doesn't, doesn't she?"

"She thinks it would look kind of silly."

"What one of the men is she after? Bob Dunn, I suppose."

"She's not after any of them."

"Then what has she been playing you for? Your boyish charm?"

"If she wanted any man in the hotel, do you think she'd have to do more than look at him?"

"Look!" Moosie repeated. "She almost rolls her eyes loose at every one of them.

(Continued on Page 75)

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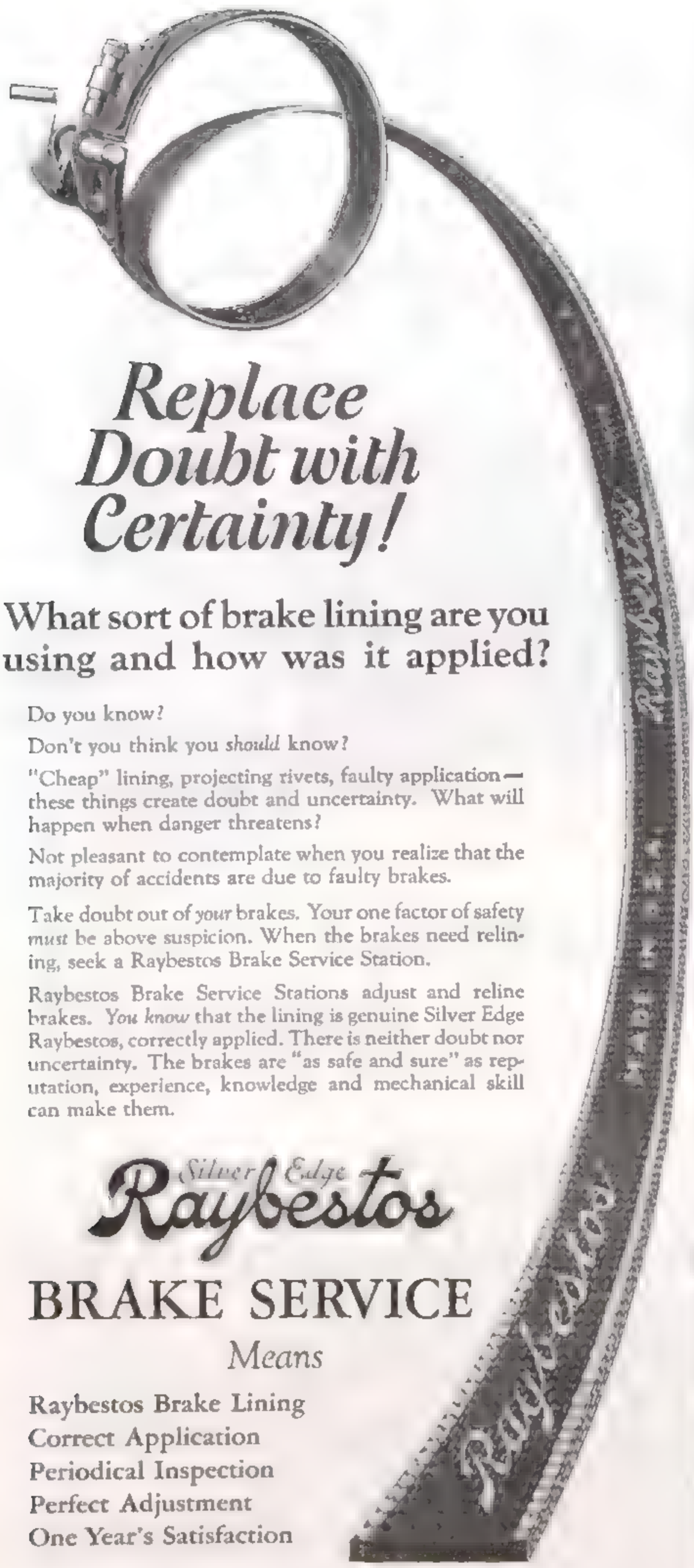

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*Continued from Page 75*

I suppose you think she's crazy about solitude and that's why she sits out in the sun all day improving her tan. She thinks she's wangled this party, I suppose, but that's where she's fooled. You can't bring her."

"Gee, Moosie! That puts me in a terrible position. I asked her and she gave up another invitation to accept. Gee, I should think you'd like to have an interesting woman like that there. You ought to hear about her experiences getting out of Russia."

"They may have been awful," Moosie said, "but I'll tell you one thing. They weren't any worse than what she'll get tomorrow night, if you try to bring her to our table."

"Because you're jealous of her."

"When I'm jealous," Moosie informed him, "it won't be of that wet smack. Now don't try to bring her, John Yandell Claiborn, if you know what's good for yourself."

Moosie was stubborn as a mule, and capable of anything to make her point. He begged her feebly all through luncheon, but her pretty, hard little face never relented for an instant.

What was he to do? He went to his room and actually paced up and down it in despair. He couldn't tell Miss Ivanoff a thing like that. He'd commit suicide first. That was probably the one thing to do, just commit suicide. That would fix Moosie, too, and just as he was thinking of ways which would be particularly unpleasant to her the thing happened which solved everything always. His mother came.

"Honey," she said. "I heah you've buhned you'self to a crisp."

Without even getting out of her traveling clothes, she made a solution of Epsom salts and patted it on his sore spots, and laughed about her telegram, which, of course, wouldn't arrive until next day, as telegrams in France always did; and when he was feeling easier she left him to sleep with two kisses on each eyelid, just as she used to when he was no bigger than a cricket.

He slept too, though he hadn't even told her about Tovarechtch Anna. There wasn't any need. She'd understand whatever he did, and she'd manage Moosie.

He was awfully proud of her when he took her down to dinner that night. She wasn't only pretty, she looked like somebody. His first glance in the dining room was to see if Tovarechtch Anna was at her table. She was, in gleaming satin with long earrings of brilliants. He grinned at her proudly and she started to smile in return, when she saw his mother. He was accustomed to admiration for his mother, but it was wonderful to have a woman like that appreciate her to the extent Tovarechtch Anna's expression indicated.

"What a nice place you've found, Moosie," his mother said. "So cool and airy lookin' and such gay-lookin' people."

"Why, we've been having a right good time, Mrs. Claiborn," Moosie answered, and you wouldn't have thought butter would melt in her mouth.

Just then there was a little commotion in the back of the room. Evidently it hadn't been mere admiration which had caused Miss Ivanoff's expression just then. She'd apparently caught a bone in her throat, or swallowed wrong. At least for some reason she had risen and wished to leave the room, but instead of crossing to the main entrance she had tried one nearer her table and found it locked. Two or three waiters rushed forward, and in a moment it was open.

"Why, John Yandell," John's mother exclaimed, "who was that?"

"She's a Russian," John answered. "She just gives her name as Ivanoff, because Russian titles don't mean anything any more."

"Well, ahn't resemblances funny things?" his mother said. "If this wasn't such a lovely hotel, I'd sweah that was Anna Johnson. Do you remember her, John Yandell? No, I guess you wouldn't. She was Pomp and Maudie's niece, but you weren't more than five when her father, old William Johnson, died. On the box, Moosie, of apoplexy. I've nevah had any real comfort ridin' since."

Moosie had told on him and they'd gotten this up for a joke. He listened, not fooled for a moment.

"Anna was such a funny girl. You used to be crazy about her, John Yandell, and I wanted to get her to be your second nurse only she was so queer. I guess she was what we'd call a real Red nowadays. She was right smart, but I never knew a colored girl except Anna who seemed to resent bein' asked to do things. Not that Anna was shiftless, only she wouldn't take orders. I've had to stop her father, William Johnson, from beatin' her when she just plain wouldn't pick up somethin' I dropped. I don't know what he didn't do to her when I wasn't there."

"What happened to her?" Moosie asked.

"A man who made stuff to get the kink out of colored people's hair got interested in her. He kind of adopted her, I reckon. That was after she ran away from us. I remember who it was because my sister Muff said when he died, and some permanent wave artist died, and they went to heaven, wouldn't they both feel embarrassed meetin'. He left Anna rich, I heard, and she went to some queer country."

"You're trying to make fun of me," John Yandell Claiborn cried, and his voice might have been L'Aiglon's denouncing his visions; "but you can't!"

He saw blank surprise in his mother's eyes, however.

"What made you think I was doing that for, child?" she asked. "Because I said I wanted Anna to be your nurse? That was long ago, Moosie. Moosie must know that even the biggest men need nurses when they're little boys."

"I know it all right," Moosie said, with a fiendish expression.

His mother put her hand on his and said, "I'm sorry, honey," and then changed the subject.

"What I want to know," she remarked, "is why you all burn yourselves up in the sun. What good does it do?"

"Oh, it's just the sun cure, Mrs. Claiborn," Moosie answered. "It's the fashion."

"But what does it cure?"

Moosie's mouth got very small trying to make her smile secret.

"Sometimes it does a lot for your social position, doesn't it, John Yandell?"

"You stop it," John Yandell almost shouted at her, to his mother's distress. "It's not true. She is a Russian. She's a princess probably, and you've got to meet her after dinner and take that back, and so has mamma."

Neither of the ladies had that pleasure, however. Miss Ivanoff had gone directly to her room, and in the night, mysterious and secret to the end, she vanished.

There were lots of reasons why she might have been called away, but it was just like Moosie to seize on the peculiar circumstances to torture John Yandell Claiborn a little more. At least he always thought it was Moosie, though the note was postmarked Nice. Moosie could have arranged to have it mailed from there easily enough.

It read:

"*Dear Master Johnny:* I do appreciate the true spirit of your democracy and it is rare to find such in a son of the Old South. Your many services of the past few days more than repaid any unpleasant duties I may have had to perform for you when you were a howling infant. I wish I could have gone to the party to which you invited me. As I told you, the society of Americans, particularly Southern Americans, would have been a real treat to me. Somehow, though, I didn't think Miss Moosie Nelson and me would have got on too well. I am so sorry, dear little Master John, and remain with much gratitude your devoted

"TOVARECHTCH ANNA.

"P.S. My regards to the Madam, please."

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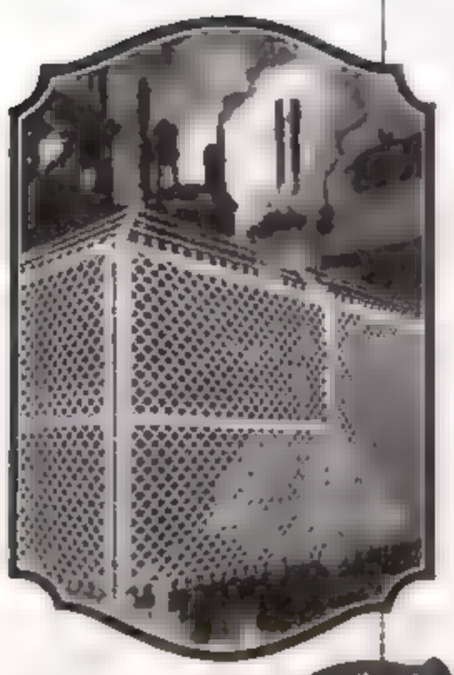

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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

# THE STOCKMEN AND THE NATIONAL FORESTS

(Continued from Page 11)

obscurities, that is the vital question with which the Senate committee has been dealing the past summer. A majority of Western stockmen, both in the national forests and outside, bear witness to the increasing productiveness and value of the national-forest ranges, and to the practicability of the requirements which govern their use. But if a vested and unassailable right to graze the national forests is set up, the whole conception of forage conservation will tumble like a house of cards. If the Department of Agriculture is hamstrung by inflexible legislation or by the interposition of outside and irresponsible agencies, the accomplishment of the whole foresighted plan will be critically imperiled.

A third reason why the Department of Agriculture has never warmed up to the idea of vested rights in grazing is that the resources of the national forests belong to all the people, and that, where there is not enough to go around, their use must be governed by Roosevelt's creed of the square deal. Secretary James Wilson laid down the principle in 1905 that the homesteader and settler must be protected in the use of the forage necessary to his livelihood.

### *Protecting Mr. Homesteader*

For many years after 1905, the tide of Western settlement was still moving strongly into national-forest regions. The Forest Service has carved some 23,000 homestead units out of the national forests themselves. It was often necessary, as a matter alike of public interest and of local social and economic development, that the new settlers be given opportunity to pasture their small flocks in the national forests and that the larger herds of the old-timers be cut to make room for them. It is needful today that, within fair and reasonable limits, the hands of the Government should not be tied in disposing of the forage in the national forests, so as to live up to Secretary Wilson's golden rule of "the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run." Conservation stands not only for the perpetuation of physical resources but for equality of opportunity in sharing their benefits.

The application of this principle is not without its difficulties. Reducing the grazing privileges of the cattle king or sheep baron to give Mr. Homesteader a foothold may be simple enough. That free pasturage should be provided for the milk and work animals of settlers goes without saying. But how far should the breaking up of livestock production, as a form of industry, into smaller and yet smaller units be sanctioned?

However ideal from the standpoint of social welfare and open opportunity to all, there are practical limitations on the open ranges of the West which cannot be ignored. The livestock industry needs security and stability, particularly the large number of moderately sized outfits to which a curtailment of grazing privileges may mean disproportionate overhead costs and uneconomic operation.

Half a dozen animals can be grown profitably on a diversified farm, but for the straight-out stock ranch whose entire product is marketed on the hoof there must be some irreducible minimum, call it an economic herd or what you will.

And still again, though the homesteader whose quarter section will not sustain a family without public range should have his opportunity, the farmer who jumps from alfalfa or sugar beets to cattle as a pure speculation—who is in the livestock game this year and offering his outfit for sale next year—should not be given grazing privileges to the injury of the neighbor whose livelihood depends upon his flock alone and who is in the business through thick and thin.

For twenty years the Forest Service has dealt with these problems, not with omniscience or infallibility, but with a sincere desire for the welfare of the livestock industry and the prosperity of the regions surrounding the national forests. No vested right in grazing has been admitted, but old users of the range have been accorded preferences which in effect guarantee them forage as long as forage can be utilized without injury to the resources of the public. Grazing preferences may not exceed certain upper limits designed to prevent monopoly, and may not be reduced, as long as range is to be had, below certain lower limits designed to stabilize the livestock industry.

The grazing preference is a recognition both of the justice and the economic soundness of continuing the relationship between the private ranch and near-by public range. It comes as near being a vested right as would be in accord with the conservation of public resources and their use for the greatest public returns. By and large, the production of livestock during the past twenty years has been more stable in the national forests than on any other open range lands of the West, with the exception of a few of the larger private ranches. And still it has been possible at many points to bring about the tillage of new land and the establishment of new homes by the opportunities afforded the settler to share in forage resources retained under national control.

To give the range users still more security, a plan was worked out with the stockmen of issuing ten-year permits for the sheep and cattle which have grazing preferences in the national forests. This scheme combines a large measure of stability for the old user with reasonable opportunity for the new. Permits of this sort were issued in the spring of 1925 to nearly all the range men in the national forests who wanted them. They had been heartily welcomed as a guaranty of more secure tenure. But now, it seems, the old range tradition of proprietorship is loose again and will be satisfied with nothing less than the whole thing, lock, stock and barrel.

### *A Range Law Needed*

It is my belief that but a small proportion of the thousands of range users seriously want such highly preferential and unassailable rights. But many point out that, though the production and use of timber and the protection of water sources have been safeguarded by law, no act of Congress has ever defined a place for grazing in the national forests. Their tenure of the ranges and security in ranch investments rest solely upon the regulations and policy of the Department of Agriculture. Though the rules of the Secretary have been held by the Supreme Court to have the force of law, and morally commit the Government against drastic or confiscatory changes, they could, the stockmen argue, be revoked overnight by the stroke of an administrative pen. Hence the great industry and many homes dependent upon national forest grazing lands are held to be insecure. Some unsympathetic bureaucrat, it is feared, spurred on doubtless by fervid conservationists of the lunatic fringe, may some day order every hoof off the national forests.

Notwithstanding the improbability of any such outcome, which would be contrary to the policy developed and applied by the Department of Agriculture for twenty years, there is merit in this contention. Livestock production is one of the major uses of the national forests. It should be a permanent use. The interests dependent on it are enormous, embracing nearly 30 per cent of the sheep and cattle in the eleven Western states.

(Continued on Page 82)

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*(Continued from Page 80)*

The production of range livestock needs more stability, particularly in its reorganization after the hard sledding of deflation. To this greater stability the national forests should contribute. It would be meet and proper and entirely in harmony with the conservation program to put the vital points of range use into a Federal statute; make it a legal obligation of the Secretary of Agriculture to provide permanently for the production and utilization of forage in the national forests; put the authority of law behind the grazing preference and the ten-year permit, whose specific terms should set forth the rights and obligations of the range user as plainly as the timber contract defines those of the lumbermen.

A framework of law, beyond the power of any bureaucratic whim to wreck, should establish once for all the place of grazing in the national forests. But it is essential that such a legal charter keep the use of the range part and parcel of our national plan of conservation, and not take it out of and set it above national conservation. This cannot be done if a vested property right in grazing is created. Some representative of the public interest must have the right to control uses of the range for its own protection, rather than put this national asset to the hazard of partial or complete destruction. Security must be afforded the young forests, watersheds and wild life on the nation's lands from unwarranted injury by grazing—and that by direct action, not by pleading in court. And the right must be retained, in the name of the nation, to make room for the new settler or small man in regions where home building depends upon the use of public range. All these reasonable and needed forms of control can be woven into a program of real stability for the producers of livestock. The national forests should, indeed, assure them stability, but not domination.

The shadow of bureaucracy still weighs upon some of the users of the national forests, and that is one of the indictments now brought against the Forest Service. Now, bureaucracy is a common disease of human organizations and the 3000 men and women in the Forest Service are just as human as anyone else. It is entirely possible that the charge of arbitrary and officious dealing with national-forest users can here and there be sustained. In my own youthful days as a forest supervisor, a veteran cowman who thought his rights were being invaded brought me up short by the remark, "The trouble with you young fellers is that you put on a brass button and then think you can raise hell."

### *For Settling Local Disputes*

I believe it is true that no one has recognized this danger more clearly than the Forest Service itself. It has sought to ward off the evil by decentralizing administrative authority and intrusting wide discretion to its officers on the ground, by referring many local questions to advisory boards of grazing permittees for settlement and by providing an easy channel for appeals or complaints right up to the Secretary of Agriculture. Last winter, stockmen proposed a board of appeals to hear and pass upon all complaints arising from grazing in the national forests, with the finality of a supreme court and authority to tell the Secretary of Agriculture what he should do. At most of the stockmen's meetings last summer, requests were made for a right of appeal to an independent board or court.

Now, every user of the national forests should have an open door into the Federal courts on any question of law which concerns his rights or the validity of the acts of an administrative officer. But the vast majority of grazing disputes involve no question of law. They are purely matters of fact or judgment—whether the Horse Creek range will carry 1000 head of sheep, or 1500; at what date the forage is ready for grazing; whether the preference of Mr. Bigman should be cut from 1000 to 900 cattle to make range available for a couple of new settlers who have asked for it; whether the Bear Mountain sheep driveway should be widened as the sheepmen demand or narrowed as the cattlemen insist.

No court can effectively deal with such questions, nor can a board of appeals sitting in Washington 2000 miles away. The trouble with the present procedure in appeals is not that it is autocratic; not that the same men function as prosecutor, judge and jury, but that it is too cumbersome, and too far away in time and place from the point where some issue of fact or judgment must be promptly settled. A larger degree of local self-government by the range users themselves will settle nine-tenths of their complaints. This has been demonstrated by the effective way in which many are settled now by the advisory boards of livestock associations.

It would be desirable to set up a board of appeals in each state where national forests exist—a board composed, let us say, of two sheepmen, two cattlemen and a member of the Forest Service. Let an appeal be taken to this board by any range user from any decision of a forest officer; and let the decision of the board be final, unless reversed by the Secretary of Agriculture himself.

### *The Free-Range Tradition*

The last word must rest with the head of the department who is responsible to Congress and the country for the enforcement of law and the administration of these public properties. His responsibility cannot be divided with any outside agency. And remember we are not dealing with grazing alone, but with all the varied and conflicting uses of Federal land. Some responsible authority must weave them all together—timber and range and water and wild life and recreation—into a consistent and coordinated plan of public service. No veto power on national conservation can be given to any single interest; nor is that course necessary to give adequate security and a square deal to the livestock producers.

Behind the attack upon the administration of the national forests is the old Western tradition of free range. It has been given new life by the undeniably hard going of the livestock industry since the war. The present drive against the Forest Service had its beginning largely in the desire of the stockmen to head off any future increases in grazing fees.

For many years before the Department of Agriculture took charge, national-forest range was as free as the water in the streams—just as the unreserved public domain is today. In the first Use Book, issued July 1, 1905, Secretary James Wilson laid down the policy of charging a reasonable fee for grazing, "to be gradually advanced when the market conditions, transportation facilities and demand for reserve range warrant it." The grazing fees have always been low, but have been advanced from time to time in accordance with the principle of fair compensation announced by Secretary Wilson. The present fees average 11.5 cents a month for cattle and three cents a month for a ewe with her lamb. They were based upon the value of Western range lands in 1916, and yield a total yearly income of about $2,000,000.

During the first months of 1920, when the peak of agricultural inflation had carried pasturage values on private lands far beyond the rates charged in national forests, the Committee on Agriculture of the House of Representatives sought to force an immediate and drastic increase in grazing fees. This was opposed by the Forest Service. Range values were then too unstable to be copied by the Government, and it would have been an act of bad faith to increase the charges during the life of the five-year permits which had been issued to a large number of range users. The Forest Service undertook, however, to make a thorough appraisal of the ranges and put a new schedule of charges into effect when it could honorably do so.

*(Continued on Page 84)*

# They look alike . . .

## *on what should you depend?*

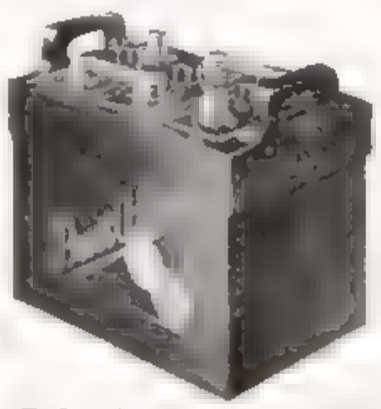
THERE they are . . . a row of batteries . . . this make and that . . . little black boxes as mysterious as they are essential. Which one shall you choose?

Battery buying is worth much more than casual consideration. Price, of course, is a factor, but the name and reputation of the battery you buy is the only honest guarantee you have that your good dollars will be wisely invested.

The ideal combination in battery buying today is a good name and a good price. That is what Prest-O-Lite offers you.

Respect for the old name "Prest-O-Lite" is world wide. This institution grew up in the service of the automotive industry. . . . It gave the motor-car its first practical eyes. It provided radio with dependable, long-lived batteries that will bring out the best in any set.

Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries—for motor-car or radio—are perfected in the world's largest electro-chemical laboratories. In the process of manufacture, these batteries are inspected and tested through each operation. That is why Prest-O-Lites are long lived.



*The Prest-O-Lite Super-Service Battery —noted for its long life*

Prest-O-Lite Service owns the rare distinction of being "The Oldest Service to Motorists." Today this service is better than ever. It covers both automobile and radio batteries. You are never very far from a Prest-O-Lite Service Station.

*Remember, too, that Prest-O-Lite Batteries are priced for every purse. It is no longer necessary "to take a chance" on a battery of unknown make. You can buy Prest-O-Lite Automobile Batteries for prices from $15.50 up—and Radio Batteries from $4.75 up. See the Prest-O-Lite dealer nearest you.*

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The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
FOR COAL—GAS—OIL

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Methods of heating have greatly improved and many excellent types of heating plants have been developed. Much of this progress has been made possible through automatic temperature control.

Whether you choose a heating plant that uses coal, gas, or oil make automatic control the foremost consideration. Remember that no heating plant can be completely satisfactory or efficient unless properly controlled.

*Dependable Heat Regulation*

The Minneapolis Heat Regulator Company originated automatic heat control forty years ago and all these years has kept abreast of progress in heating. Today the Minneapolis Heat Regulator serves more than two million people, the result of superior performance.

The "Minneapolis" insures absolutely uniform temperature, relieves you of constant attention to the fire, saves fuel, and eliminates the fire hazard of overheated furnaces.

Clock control is an essential feature of complete automatic regulation. The clock automatically lowers the temperature at night and raises it back to daytime normal before you arise in the morning.

*Insist on Minneapolis Controls*

On many heating systems automatic controls are standard equipment. Before you buy, ask if it is Minneapolis-equipped. The "Minneapolis" can easily be installed on new or old heating systems using any type of fuel. Mail the coupon for full information.

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Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant" and full information on the subject of automatic heat control I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

Coal ☐
Oil ☐
Gas ☐
Dist. Steam ☐

Name
Address


(Continued from Page 82)

This range appraisal has been finished. It has applied to the grazing lands in the national forests the values paid by the stockmen themselves in long-term rentals of private lands similar in their forage, accessibility and water resources. The stockmen have been consulted at every step, and the accuracy of the job is practically unquestioned. The value of some ranges is shown to be less than the rates previously paid; but the average fee for cattle would be raised from 11.5 cents to twenty cents a month, and the average fee for sheep from three to six cents. Owing to the depression in the livestock industry, the Secretary of Agriculture has withheld all the increased rates, but the discussion of the appraisal and of the principles which should govern charges for grazing on public lands has reverberated over the ranges from the Canadian border to Mexico.

Broadly speaking, three different courses might be taken. Many stockmen, claiming a right or easement in the forage, hold that Uncle Sam should charge nothing for the value of the grass, but should levy only the cost of administration. This would amount to about one-third of the grazing fees now paid, or $670,000 a year.

At the opposite extreme, a hard-boiled commercial policy would charge what the traffic will bear, by offering grazing allotments to the highest bidder. This is the method followed by the Interior Department in disposing of range on a number of Indian reservations and reclamation withdrawals, and by several of the Western states in leasing state grazing lands. It is the system prescribed by Congress for selling timber in the national forests. If this plan were put into effect it would probably yield three and a half times the present grazing fees, or approximately $7,000,000 annually from all the national forests.

### Fair Compensation for Range Use

A third course, intermediate between these extremes, is to strike a fair and reasonable compensation for the forage on each allotment, without subjecting local ranchmen and old users to the risk of losing their range to nomadic sheep herders or big cow outfits through competitive bidding. Gauged by the rentals paid for private lands of similar quality during the past ten years, with ample allowance for all differences and disadvantages, such compensation for the national-forest ranges would run, in the large, 60 or 70 per cent above the present fees, or around $3,500,000 a year.

A very large prize is at stake. If the range men acquire vested rights, they will become possessed of a new asset. They will have a fixed and transferable property which they can sell or hypothecate. Capitalize its annual income of $3,500,000 and you find how sizable the prize is. At 8 per cent it figures $43,750,000; at 5 per cent, $70,000,000. That is what a generous Government would distribute among the present users of the national-forest ranges.

The Forest Service stands not for any particular rates or figures but for the principle of fair compensation for public resources converted to private use. Granting everything that may be said about pioneer rights, the sanctions of usage, the theory of easements, and so on, the facts remain that forage in the national forests is a commercial commodity, that its use is an exceedingly valuable business asset to livestock growers and that within the fraternity this privilege is capitalized and commercialized to a high degree. Large bonuses are commonly paid for livestock which carry range permits in the national forests.

Moreover the range men who use the national forests are only a fraction of those in the Western states. Many others would like to get into the forests if they had a chance. Under the preference system, the stockmen now ensconced in the forests are largely protected from loss of their range. Under the grazing-fee system, they are protected from competition in the determination of charges. It would seem that this large measure of security fully discharges whatever obligation the public may owe the pioneers of the West for their development and use of public range in connection with land settlement. To go beyond this, abandon the policy laid down by James Wilson and put the grazing fees at any point less than fair compensation, would be to write into our public policy a subsidy to a special class or interest. This would be particularly indefensible at a time when, either under new legislation or the policy already adopted by the Department of Agriculture, the tenure of the range is being made still more secure and valuable to the user than ever before.

### A Business Basis

Consider also the bearing of this issue upon the interests of the taxpaying public. National-forest lands pay no taxes. Partly in recognition of this fact, Congress has turned over to local schools and roads 25 per cent of the gross receipts from the forests in each state. Grazing fees thus contribute at present $500,000 a year to the Western schools and roads. If the principle of fair compensation is adhered to, this would ultimately become around $875,000. But if grazing fees are reduced to cost of administration, it would drop to about $167,000.

And it is no more than fair to bring the national budget into the picture. Though the grazing fees more than pay the cost of administering the ranges alone, excluding all expenditures for protection from forest fires, the current protection and administration of the national forests as a whole are a drag upon the Federal Treasury. Last year the income was $5,250,000, though the outgo exceeded $7,000,000. Aside from this, the Government, with broad vision of its obligations as a landed proprietor, is spending nine or ten million dollars annually for building roads in the national forests—roads needed for state and community travel and economic growth.

The financial burden imposed by this great public enterprise—either on the taxpayers of the West or on the taxpayers of the whole country—should not be increased by permitting its commercial products to be used on any other than a clean business basis of fair payment for value received. This principle applies no less to forage than to timber or water power or petroleum.

There is a valuable and permanent place for livestock in the national forests. It should be given security and stability by Federal law. No one will help more gladly to bring this about than the men in the Forest Service who have lived with the timber and grass for twenty years. But in defining that place, it is essential that the use of range be woven into the national plan of conservation and not be kept distinct and apart and irresponsive to national conservation. It is essential that opportunity to share in the use of range be controlled by the creed of the square deal and the American principle of utilizing public resources for the maximum public benefit, and not feudalized into privileges permanently controlled by a few. And it is essential that the users of the range meet the public on a foursquare business footing of fair compensation for what they get.

Any effort to stabilize the use of national-forest range which leaves out these essentials will be about as lasting as King George's effort to stabilize the American colonists with his tax on tea.

# Writing Copy *with a* Camera

## *Telling stories with a picture*

THE best photographers are not all in the portrait business, nor in the movies. Many of the busiest, most skillful, and most prosperous photographers seldom make a portrait.

They photograph food, jewelry, wearing apparel, furniture, toiletware—things that you buy and use.

The camera tells the truth. It shows the thing as it is. The picture it makes is news to buyers, to users, to possible buyers.

It tells a story quicker than words, sometimes better than words. Sometimes it tells what words can't tell.

No government in its bulletins and no school in its textbooks is more careful to give accurate, helpful information than is the average manufacturer when he prepares a booklet about his goods.

The "illustrated booklet" that you see offered in advertisements is usually worth sending for. The fact that a booklet usually costs you little or nothing is no index to its possible value. It may be worth many dollars to you.

Don't underestimate these booklets. Don't ignore offers to send them.

In the best kept homes, in the best run factories, in the best managed offices, you will see the merchandise that is described and pictured in commercial booklets. The manufacturer today who tries to do business without the help of a good printer is like a merchant trying to run a store without a show window.

***To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing***

Some interesting information on the production of good printing in business literature may be secured from a number of books on this subject being issued by S. D. Warren Company. One book just issued is "Edit Your Copy With a Camera," and is a discussion of the use of photography in booklet work. You can obtain this book and others, as issued, without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

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St. Louis, Mo.
St. Paul, Minn.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Tampa, Fla.
Toledo, Ohio
Toronto, Ont.
Trenton, N. J.
Utica, N. Y.
Vancouver, B. C.
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# Be Free from Business Worry

IF you are not sure your business is running on a sound basis today, tomorrow you are quite likely to know it is not. And tomorrow may be too late.

The only merchant who has a right to freedom from business worries is the one who has the vital facts of each day's transactions at his finger tips.

The merchant equipped with Remington Cash Registers has these facts. He can afford to forget the store when he goes home at night, because exclusive patented features on Remington machines give him complete, accurate, and positive control over his business.

Remingtons deliver this superior service automatically. It requires no extra time or effort to get daily sales audits, and to catch the unconscious errors that are bound to occur.

Ask for a demonstration and learn what a really modern cash register can do for you. Remington offices are located in 85 of the principal cities of the United States and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

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*Remington*
*cash registers*


# FURNISHED IN ANTIQUES

*(Continued from Page 35)*

might go out and buy it, but to find wholesale movements of pieces from shop to shop—a constant flow—was and will continue to be surprising to me.

Classified advertisements in the daily and country papers had quite a fascination for us. We would find something advertised that sounded like an antique, or openly called antique, pile into the car and be after it.

More often than not it was Victorian or even later. Sometimes it would be Empire period, but we bought nothing later than 1800. One or two real buys did result from these chases, however. We found a Willard banjo clock, now a rarity, and bought it for fifty dollars less than six months ago! These usually sell from a hundred dollars up, and ours is a rather good model. Not the rarest, but all are rare. It is keeping perfect time in our living room, and has become one of the family.

Another clock bargain was picked up in New Jersey, near Princeton. It is unique—a solid curly maple grandfather clock with bonnet top, silver dial and eight-day movement, made about 1760. In addition to the unusual feature of the wood in this piece it has everything in the way of points that make it desirable. We have turned down an opportunity to multiply by seventeen the price we paid for it rather than part with it.

One comforting thought remains when a collector refuses to sell for a very tempting offer—the really good old pieces are getting more valuable every year. Take Currier prints, for instance. Time was when they were so *passé* that they were hidden by their shamed owners. In January, 1924, we bought quite a number of them—good ones, including historics—for a dollar, two dollars, or two and a half at the most. We have seen these zoom to a four or five dollar minimum, and an almost unlimited maximum price during this one year just passed.

That, of course, is the result of a fad, but the number of people collecting antiques is gaining tremendously each year, and all prices are steadily advancing.

Soon only the very wealthy will be able to afford antiques, but there is yet time for those in moderate circumstances, as we were, to make their collections, and money wisely spent in this way will earn more than the safety margin in stocks or bonds will yield.

Born and raised in Germantown, on the site of its historic battlefield, and within the shadow of houses where Washington's cabinet met and the Continental Congress held forth when that suburb was the nation's capital, I was accustomed to antiques. The staid old Friends—or Quakers—had them in their homes and wouldn't part with them, but other old families moved away or took apartments, and until ten years ago antiques were almost a drug on the market in this vicinity.

### *A New National Pastime*

One of the most reputable dealers we have, a woman of long experience, told me that fifteen or twenty years ago Hepplewhite and Chippendale pieces sold for five or ten dollars apiece, and comb-back Windsors for about the same price.

Her stock is without fakes or reproductions, and her guaranty is as good as a government bond. She has always had only the best pieces. No matter how cheap, she would not buy an ungraceful or late piece of furniture.

Recently she has come to Empire, and even a few pieces of Victorian. "What can I do?" she asked. "I can't get enough of the old pieces, and the demand is growing constantly. I sell these, frankly, for what they are, and at that the buyers are eager to get them."

Thus turns the cycle. We have often regretted that we couldn't see the future, or we should have bought antiques a decade ago when the selection was large, the demand small, and the price was the merest fraction of current quotations. On the other hand, we feel that we have done surprisingly well in a short period of time and with a limited amount of money, but we congratulate ourselves that we started a year ago.

Prices are doubling and will soon be prohibitive, but there is yet time, with enough thought, application and desire, to get real bargains.

Like the game of golf, the quest of antiques, for years, was "an old man's game." Suddenly the youth of the country—the newlyweds—took it up, and their numbers have been augmented daily. It may have been a latent awakening of interest in the art of the then new country.

At all events, it is fast becoming a national pastime. The days are past when the buyer can tell the difference between the genuine old and the reproduction by the price. In the halcyon days, gone never to return, the genuine antique piece of furniture usually cost less than the price for which it could be reproduced.

### *Our Scroll-Top Highboy*

In the last analysis it still does, but the selling price is now higher. But a piece that has served five, six or seven generations needs only the understanding administrations of a good refinisher to serve that many more, and still be as good in the year 2050 as it was in 1750.

We had gotten quite a start on our furniture before summer came. Most of it was good, and for none of it had we paid too much. True, half a dozen ladderbacks were later discarded for the more graceful Windsors, and other such inevitable shiftings took place, but we were always able to get our original purchase price without any trouble when we decided to change.

In selling surplus things we usually try to find some private buyer, such as we, and sell it at cost. In selling to dealers we always made a profit, small but helpful. We sold to the collector at cost because we are glad to see others get the bargains we got. It is a peculiar thing, the unavoidable infectiousness of the antique fever. All collectors have it.

They pass the contagion on to others, fully realizing that the more buyers there are the scarcer and costlier the things will be, but somehow enthusiasm takes the reins, and they are helpless.

From the start I wanted a scroll-top highboy. This is more rare in Pennsylvania than in New England, as I later discovered. Possibly a dozen dealers knew that I wanted it, but it was six months before one of them was found. It was a towering mass of walnut, terminating in sweeping scrolls. The brasses were very poor reproductions and the flames were missing, but the highboy was a splendid one, with shapely cabriole legs and reeded corners, and with all its size, graceful and delicate. Of course we bought it.

For a long time, too, we searched high and low for a reeded high-post bed. Plenty of these were to be had in the city shops, but we found none that didn't bear the earmarks of alteration or tampering. This, of course, outlawed it in our eyes. We became discouraged, but were still undaunted in our belief that somewhere there must be such a bed as we sought.

We finally found it—a splendid exponent of Sheraton's best style. The posts were slim, and carved with that wondrous delicacy that marks the work of a master. It was of heavy San Domingo mahogany, six feet wide and seven feet long. This, however, made it even more desirable, as I have a tendency to be chilly at one extreme or the other on cold winter nights, and with a seven-foot bed I wouldn't stick out like

*(Continued on Page 88)*

# Light Streets are Safe Streets

The total U. S. expenditure per year for street lighting is but a trifle compared with the annual property loss traceable directly to night traffic accidents—plus the human misery, loss of life, and injury from accidents at night.

HAVE you ever gone *street-light* prospecting? Ever turned left from Main Street, on some dark night, and continued your way from the bright thoroughfares to the poorly-lighted districts—from places of safety to those of uncertainty and hazard?

Then you must have felt the same apprehension as those who, singly, must pass through the dark gaps separating one well-lighted section from another! And for the women and children who through force of circumstances walk dim, shadowy streets in constant dread of the loafer and thief! And for the pedestrian obliged to dodge his way across poorly-lighted streets thick with traffic; and for the automobile driver who must safeguard himself as well as the man on foot!

During the past year communities in every section of the country have taken steps to improve conditions like these, by equipping with Westinghouse Street Lighting.

To assist you in *your job* of improving local conditions, feel free to ask for facts, figures, and the experience of the Westinghouse Illuminating Engineering Bureau. Truly *light* streets are *safe* streets, and your whole community should have them.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
*Offices in All Principal Cities* *Representatives Everywhere*
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STREET LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

# Watch Dad tune in on O. H. S.

. . . when you set a dish beside his radio! O. H. S. meaning, of course, Oh Henry! *sliced.*

Slicing Oh Henry! is a woman's idea for parties, but men will give it a rousing welcome, because in the office or out-o'-doors at play, they have already made it the fastest selling candy in America.

And you will be delighted, too, not only with the rich and uniquely delicious taste of Oh Henry!, but with its marvelous convenience.

Oh Henry! is simply a "personal portion" of *fine* candy.

You order it . . . by the bar . . . as much as you need at a time. It keeps well. It is not expensive.

Oh Henry! costs only 45c a pound, and a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal slices.

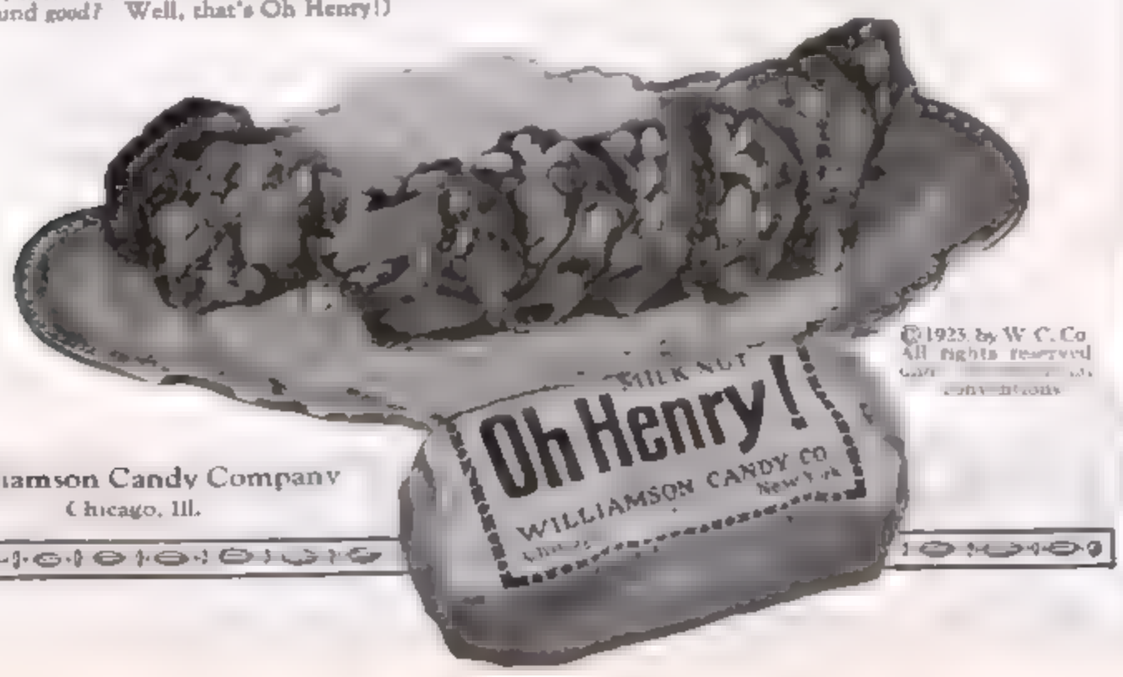
'Phone your grocery, drug or candy store for a few bars and try this new way of serving candy. Everybody likes Oh Henry! . . . it is the most famous candy in America.

. . . And write for a leaflet in colors, "A Woman's Inspiration."

**Oh Henry!**

**SLICED**

(Imagine a rich, old-fashioned butter cream, dipped in a luscious, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats and then thickly coated with the smoothest, mellowest of milk chocolate! Doesn't that sound good? Well, that's Oh Henry!)




Williamson Candy Company
Chicago, Ill.


(Continued from Page 86)

flower stems from a too-short box. We got this bed for $150, a little less than half the price of some that had been tampered with, which had been urged upon us. The canopy rails were missing, but that was an unimportant item, as we didn't want hangings on it, so we went to a wood carver and had four flames made to top the posts.

During our hunts I had developed a strong liking for old curly maple. Unfortunately I had two drawbacks; first, "she" didn't like it at all, and second, a general movement for the acquisition of curly maple was well under way, making it difficult to find and costly to buy. I did, however, find a delightful desk of that wood, solid, and bought it for $165. Later we decided to get a desk with a bookcase top, and I let this first desk go, although it was a very fine piece, full of curl, with a splendid interior and a gracefully turned apron between its French feet. From time to time I also picked up some thirty or forty frames of that much-sought wood, paying from four to eight dollars apiece. Their present worth—a year later—averages twelve dollars. I am not selling them, because I want them. Regardless of price offered, if I can use a thing that can't be easily duplicated, I generally keep it. Only a few of these frames are in the house; the rest incase interesting old Curriers upon the walls of my office.

We have studiously avoided glass and china.

True, we have picked up a few pieces of historic Spode for decorative purposes in the china cupboard, and I bought a dozen beautiful old decanters and about twenty-five Stiegel liquor glasses, but we have made no attempt at a collection.

This for two reasons. First, the old glass and china are being reproduced, and only the expert can detect some of the cleverly made new pieces; and then, too, the investment is too large for the return, and the chance of breakage too great. We were both too busy with furniture anyway to bother with it, and it failed to intrigue our interest.

The slightest chip would destroy the value of the finest piece of glass, crockery or china, and our purpose was to surround ourselves with old things that were beautiful and useful. In our most fervent moments we had no thought of making a museum of our home—crowding it with things that couldn't be touched, used and enjoyed as part of our lives.

### Finds in Vermont

We had seen many homes that had the most exquisite antiques, but utterly lacked that atmosphere of ease and comfort that makes a house livable and homy. While we are often complimented upon our pieces, few visitors fail to comment upon the homelike air of the place.

We were married in June, 1924, and motored to Canada. Arriving at Montreal to spend a week, we decided after two days to go back to New England and take up again the fascinating pursuit that had become part of our daily lives.

Thus we spent a few delightful weeks in the country antique shops. We saw some few in the cities, but their offerings were comparatively unattractive, and their prices, to us, seemed exorbitant.

At Plymouth, Vermont, the home town of President Coolidge, we found no dealer, but stopped, as we always did, at the secondhand furniture store. They had nothing, but referred us to a family that was moving away.

We found them half packed, but quite willing to sell. They were musicians on their way to live in New York, and cared nothing about old things.

From them we got a very fine type of Chippendale mirror, with the three feathers of the Prince of Wales on the top; also an old pine dressing table with very dainty slim legs, at five dollars apiece. Another table of later vintage, with rope turnings on the legs, we had to pass by because we hadn't room to carry it, but we could have had that for the same sum.

In another Vermont town we found a perfect type of desk. Its front and interior were of splendid serpentine design. It had a bookcase top, with paneled doors, bonnet top, ogee feet, and elaborate old carvings. On the slope front was a gorgeous sunburst, while a dainty shell ornamented the top. The piece was of solid cherry, but unfortunately it had been mahoganized and finished in varnish!

That, however, was a detail, and we bought it for $650, a price too low for such a remarkable old desk.

We averaged more than 200 miles a day during the time we were in New England, and stopped at every shop we saw. Many things surprised us, including the scarcity of stretcher-base tables. They were called Dutch tables at home, but tavern tables here, and we found that they were at a great premium. On the other hand, there seemed to be many more highboys in New England than in the Middle Atlantic States, and at a lower price.

### A Dwarf High-Post Bed

The New England highboy, without exception, was in two pieces, sort of a small chest on a lowboy. The Pennsylvania Dutch highboy we had bought was also in two pieces, but made as a single high chest of drawers resting on a base. This base was simply the four legs and the frame with no drawers. The Northern type is generally smaller, but in contrasting the two the desirability is purely a matter of personal taste.

While on the trip we saw a number of beds that were new to us except in illustration. I refer to the New England field bed, sometimes called a tent bed. Its dainty grace and charm made a strong appeal to us, and we decided that we wouldn't be happy till we got it.

But the getting of it was another story. Try as we would in the very heart of the country where it was most used, we couldn't find a field bed. Like the old jam hooks that originated in New England, there weren't any more.

One day after a long, hard drive we stopped at an inn to spend the night, and we found they handled antiques, after a fashion. We asked, hopelessly, if they had a field bed. No, they didn't have one, but they knew where one could be bought. They also knew its history and that of the old family to which it belonged. The host went out in his car, and sure enough returned in a few minutes with a complete field bed. We examined it in the dusk, and it looked good, so we bought it and ordered it shipped home.

This was the only time, I feel, when we made a serious mistake and when anything we bought was misrepresented to us. After returning to Philadelphia and uncrating the bed we found that it had been a high-post bed turned down on the lathe and made over into its present form. I am convinced that it was owned by the man who sold it to us, and not by the mythical old family of his story. A sharp letter from our attorney quickly brought back the $150 purchase price when the bed was returned, and we were more determined than ever to buy antiques from responsible antique dealers only.

In all the time we had been motoring through Pennsylvania in search of old furniture we had been carefully watching in near-by farmlands for an attractive place for a country home. Particularly did we want a place in the Whitemarsh Valley, one of the most picturesque green spots in the land.

We had taken an apartment in Chestnut Hill and had little interest in it. It was simply a stopping place, until our country place should become a reality. Many we viewed, but this one had no old shade, that one was too low, this other one would be too damp, or the neighborhood was not just right. Finally a blind spot was discovered.

(Continued on Page 90)

**Genuine WEED Cross Chains for Repairs**

*The kind that wear longer and are quicker put on with WEED pliers. For sale by dealers everywhere*

*George Brady, Yellow Cab driver, says, "WEEDS save my time and nerves on slippery days. I'd be tuckered out after a wet day's driving without them. I don't see how a man who likes comfort can do without WEEDS."*

# "It will pay you *to insist on* WEED Chains"

## SAYS THE CHICAGO YELLOW CAB COMPANY

"We use WEED Chains practically to the exclusion of all other makes"—says C. W. Gray, Vice-President and General Manager of the Chicago Yellow Cab Company. "WEED Cross Chains give us more miles in hard cab service, and they're more quickly and easily repaired. Also, our men seem to like WEEDS best."

The Chicago Yellow Cab Co. is the world's largest user of tire chains. Every Yellow puts on WEEDS at the first drop of rain—to protect their passengers, to make for quicker service and to save drivers needless worry and strain.

Why shouldn't YOU take it easy when streets are slippery? Get WEEDS today so you'll have them when you need them. At good dealers' everywhere for all tires, cords and fabrics, and balloons, of course.

A PRODUCT OF THE AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc. in business for your safety

*You can identify genuine Weed Chains by their brass plated Cross Chains, galvanized Side Chains and Red Connecting Hooks, in addition to the name, WEED, which is stamped on every hook.*

**AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.**

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

*In Canada:* DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

*District Sales Offices:* Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco

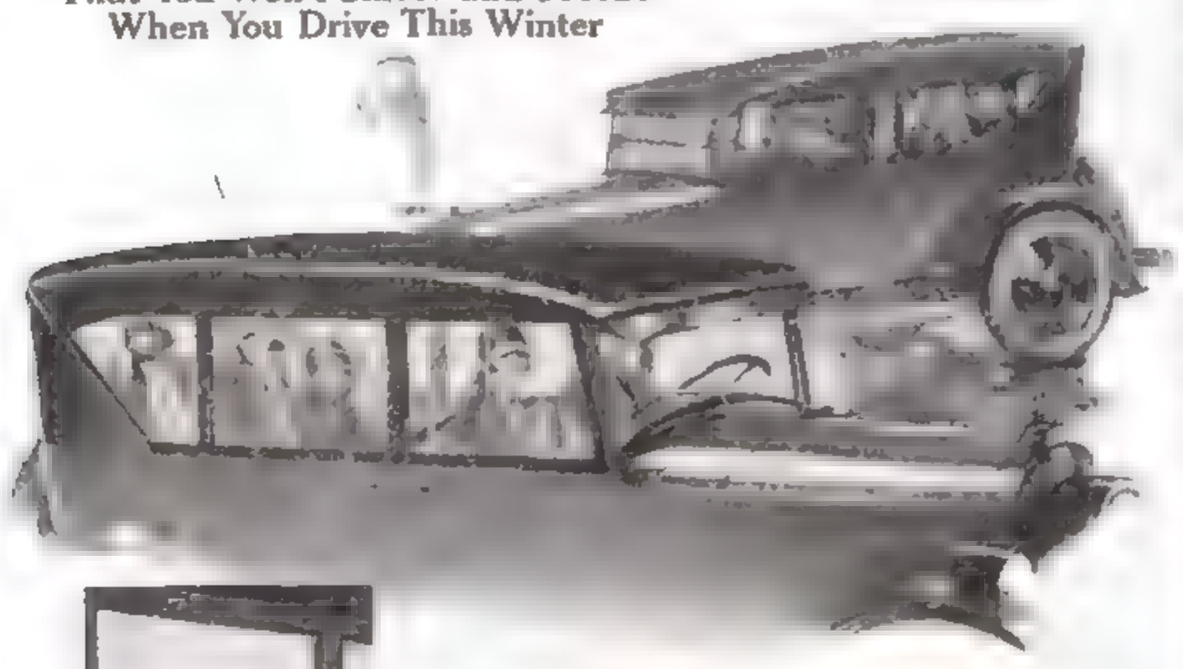
*World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes*

# WEED CHAINS

*"You can put them on in a moment"*

# Decide today!

That You Won't Shiver and Freeze When You Drive This Winter



Rex gives you instant ventilation, controlled by the finger tips to suit your desires

**A Good Touring Car can be made comfortable the year 'round—*at surprisingly low cost!***

YOU'LL be surprised at how little it costs to add snug warmth and protection to your good old faithful Open Car!

Why turn it in just because cold weather is coming? Equip it with Rex—and you'll have the same dependable and economical performance you've enjoyed all summer with the addition of snug warmth, complete protection, and a much finer appearance!

***Perfect Protection:*** Because of their accurate construction and perfect fit, Rex enclosures afford complete protection and snug comfort on the coldest or rainiest days. They will give years of satisfactory service because they are sturdily built of only the finest hardwoods, covered with lustrous leather fabric, and fitted with crystal-clear glass. They are light in weight and held firmly in position by patented rods that are hidden beneath the trimming.

***A Better Looking Car:*** In addition to the warmth and comfort that Rex enclosures provide they always add a trim and tailored beauty to your car's appearance. For all Rex enclosures are especially built to harmonize perfectly with the lines of the make and model of car for which they are intended. Ventilation is instantly available through large panels of clear glass that slide noiselessly to and fro in felt-lined aluminum channels.

***Installation Requires But a Few Hours:*** Simply drive your Open Car to any authorized Rex Distributor or Service Station, and a set of Rex enclosures will be completely installed in only a little more time than it takes to lubricate your car. Leave it at noon—and you can drive away the same evening equipped and ready to meet the severest weather.

Think it over! Doesn't your health and comfort *demand* Rex protection? If you want to know first just how *your car* will look when Rex-enclosed—either ask your dealer or drop us a card for illustrated literature and prices.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

*Rex Authorized Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities*

Rex Equipment is now available for the following makes of cars:

*Buick Cadillac Chevrolet*
*Chrysler Dodge Brothers*
*Ford Flint Hupmobile*
*Maxwell Nash*
*Oldsmobile Overland*
*Star Studebaker*
*Willys-Knight*

Rex
Enclosures and Tops


Continued from Page 88

We had been passing, almost daily, a most beautiful old farm, nearly hidden from the road, yet on the state highway. It had old shade, a large lake, good water, and was only fifteen minutes from the Philadelphia limits, dissolving the problem of commuting by motor. We had never seen it simply because we looked only for places with for-sale signs.

We found the owner a kindly old hearty soul. Would he sell? Yes, he'd sell, if we bought the whole thing. How much was it? One hundred and 'sixty-five acres! Pleas were in vain. He wouldn't divide. Land in his neighborhood was selling for $1000 an acre, but to "get shut of the place" he'd sell his for $600 an acre. Of course it was out of the question for us.

We had fallen in love with it at first sight, and were disappointed very much, but there was nothing we could do. As we were leaving he pointed across the road. "There's a place I might sell you," he said. "That's only sixty acres." That, too, we saw for the first time, and upon viewing it, we saw that it had all the advantages of his, plus greater altitude.

To our very great surprise we found that he'd sell it for $350 an acre, and on the spot we closed the bargain with a gentlemen's agreement. It seems that he had bought it from an estate a few years before, and had never been able to get settlement, as the heirs were in the West and unavailable.

Matters dragged on for months before he was able to get the title and pass it on to us. The place had three good streams of water and two frontages on good roads, as well as a wealth of fruit trees and a dense woods of picturesque trees. There was a small farmhouse falling to ruin toward the front of the property, with a huge bank barn behind it and plenty of old shade.

While we were waiting to get possession of the land I had an architect draw up plans for the house we were to build. It was to be patterned after "Wycke," Germantown's oldest house, and one of the most interesting in a community rich with interesting pre-Revolutionary homes.

We selected the site for it—on a hilltop, the land sloping down to where the lake would be, with the woods across the water. We spent week-ends on the farm, planning, figuring, and often slipping over to country auctions in the neighborhood, augmenting our collection of antiques.

### Restoring the Farmhouse

We were still buying what we liked, with little regard for just where it would go in the completed house, and we figured that it would be a year before we were settled.

With all the facilities of the modern metropolitan press, news carries as quickly in the country by word of mouth as in the city, and we soon became known as "the young couple that bought the old house." Folks used to talk to us in the delightful free way that country people have, and we'd gather at these auctions and chat with our neighbors-to-be.

In the course of one of these talks someone mentioned that our house was 210 years old. We didn't know what they meant until they explained that the old farmhouse, which we hadn't given a second thought, was built in 1715. If we had struck an oil gusher we couldn't have been much more pleased or excited. Further research and investigation proved this to be true. We went through the house from attic to cellar, and down to the ancient cave under the cellar. I looked at Babs. Babs looked at me. We both had the same thought—I don't remember which of us mentioned it first: "Let's fix this up and live here."

It was unanimous, and at once all other plans were discarded. We went over the building thoroughly and found that while it was a wreck in appearance, its actual condition was good. The massive old walls of masonry were solid and substantial. The hand-hewn oak timber used for joist and structural work, fitted to precision and fastened with wood pegs, was as strong as ever. The wide floor boards were worn in places by the feet of generations long passed to dust, but they were, taken by and large, quite usable.

We called in our architect, who at once fell in with our plans and ably carried them out, making a suggestion here and there and changing things a bit, where our thoughts weren't practicable. Fortunately he understood just what we wanted, and proceeded to give it to us. Within a few days his plans were made, and they fitted in admirably with our desires. He suggested a country builder, because the work, while it takes a little longer than that of the city contractor, is often more thoroughly done, and the scale of wages is smaller in the rural districts. The wage scale about balances the difference in the speed of the work, so while you pay about the same in the end, the job is likely to be better and more thorough with country labor.

We were fortunate, too, in our selection of a builder. Every man he sent was a craftsman. There was none of this slap-it-together-and-get-it-done business about them, but instead, a careful, slow progress, with everything done right.

### An Old Iron Mine

As soon as we decided to use the old house I got busy on hardware. We were going to use reproductions on the new house, but such a thing would have been sacrilege here.

The old ironworkers, like old cabinetmakers, were artists as well as artisans. The commoner forms of hinges, the H and HL types, were the least of their efforts.

There were the slim, pencil-like strap hinges, terminating in the arrowhead, the tulip or the heart; there were the clover hinges. There were butterfly and semi-butterfly types, and the exquisite stag-horns, all of them laboriously hammered out by hand in wrought iron. Then there were ornate wrought-iron latches of similar workmanship and design, with all their age, showing no sign of crudity, no lack of artistry. There were old oval brass knobs, old locks with their huge keys, old knockers to be gotten.

Fortunately this was all a year or more ago, before old iron began to be sought out, and consequently before its price, like that of old prints, started to mount to the skies. The first real find in the way of old locks weighed eight pounds. The key alone tipped the scales at fourteen ounces. A key retainer for a bunch such as this would assume suitcase dimensions. This was a good start, and we called on all the dealers within a forty-mile radius in the next couple of weeks. The harvest was a conglomerate assortment of various kinds of locks, but no hinges. True, there were strap hinges to be had, but they were from old barns, with none of the slim grace we sought.

We went further and further afield, and while there were plenty of H and HL hinges, the really artistic strap hinges and

(Continued on Page 93)

# Closed car buyers are coming to Chandler!

## Because quality now talks price—a rich, full-size, 4-door Sedan priced less than a 2-door Coach!

THE quick ascendancy of Chandler in today's closed car market shows how speedily the public discovers progress, and how eagerly progress is welcomed.

When a motor car of Chandler's good name is further enriched in quality, and at the same time reduced $505 in price—it is bound to add to its prestige and leap swiftly ahead in sales.

That precisely is the story of the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan—*a magnificent, 4-door Sedan priced less than a 2-door coach!*

Here, finally, is the ideal closed car. It combines the attraction of luxury with the appeal of price. It is an important development in modern coach-building; a notable climax in chassis design; a big advance in smoother and quieter performance.

True to its name, Chandler's mighty Pikes Peak Motor recently broke all time records in the annual automobile race up the dizzy slopes of Pikes Peak—the world's highest automobile climb. This and many other records stand as the evidence of Chandler's leadership in power, carburetion, braking, steering and cooling.

There is a *difference* in the very way you *feel* driving a new Chandler. Its flashing response, its road-holding sureness at high speeds, and its restful ease of steering make you thoroughly enjoy every minute, every mile, every hour.

All the Chandler new models are richer in quality and much lower in price. Each one has its own special appeals, and its own following of admirers. Buy a Chandler. It is the smart thing to do!

## The New Twentieth Century Four-Door Sedan

## $1490

f. o. b. Cleveland

Former Price $1995

The Seven-Passenger Sedan at $1995 and Metropolitan Sedan De Luxe at $1795 are both reduced $400. The Brougham at $1695, is reduced $350. The Comrade Roadster, now $1695, is reduced $100, and the touring models are reduced $100 to $140. All prices f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND. Export Division, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER

# "I bought it without touching my savings!"

"$6.25 DOWN!—that was all I paid to have my Hoover delivered. Each day I put away a few cents. By the end of the month I had more than enough to meet the small payment. And now it's mine—all paid for!" No wonder he's proud of her. In fact, she's just a little proud of herself. And happy, too! For she has found in The Hoover her *complete home-cleaning* servant. It *beats* her rugs—and she's discovered they *need* beating. (You can prove this, too* . . .) It *sweeps* her rugs, electrically. It *suction-cleans*, and does all her "dusting." It saves a lot of her time and most of her labor. Her rugs wear longer—and how beautiful they are! You'd be proud, too, if you were in her place. When will you be? Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver *your* Hoover for *$6.25 down*. And you, too, can buy it without touching your savings.

# *The* HOOVER

## *It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

*TO PROVE RUGS NEED BEATING: Turn over a corner of a rug; with the handle of an ordinary table-knife, or something of equal weight, give the under or warp side 15 to 25 sharp *taps* and watch the dirt dance out from the nap depths onto a piece of paper. Feel the destructive character of this grit. This is the dirt your present cleaning methods have missed, *and that beating has dislodged*. Correct use of The Hoover causes this embedded dirt to be *vibrated* to the surface by the rapid, gentle *beating* of the Hoover brush, as powerful suction *lifts* the rug from the floor and draws all the beaten-out, swept-up dirt into the dust-tight bag

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • *The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners* • *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

(Continued from Page 90)

atches were not to be found. One splendid pair of staghorns came from an old tumbledown wreck in the Dutch country that had been deserted for years, but with the utmost care I removed them. A little sandpaper and oil made them as good as could be desired.

After much fruitless search I determined to widen my sphere of action, and upon the impulse of the moment threw a bag in the back of the motor and ran up to New England again. For a while it looked as fruitless as other ground, but after a few days I found the spot. I was actually passing the sign Antiques for Sale, because the place looked so unpromising, but a sixth sense whispered. I swerved the car into the drive, and I'm still reaping the reward.

This man had been collecting the finest old iron imaginable for years, and sold very little. I peeled to shirt sleeves and piled into it, coming away with half a dozen pairs of beautiful strap hinges with turned arrowhead tips, as many latches and parts of latches, an old foot scraper, and a wealth of other things.

"I can get you more of them if you want them," said the dealer. "Send me all the good stuff C. O. D.," I replied. I knew that if a surplus of such fine iron accumulated I would have no trouble in getting my money out of it. He didn't send any, but about once a month I receive a large piece of wrapping paper from him, on which is outlined the various finds he has made, together with prices, and invariably I take a large number of them from him.

We have old iron hardware throughout the house, and as much more stored in the cellar besides, yet I haven't been able to resist getting it. The price has gone up considerably since the first buy, but it is still within reach, and while it is I'm fortifying myself against the time when I may want some more and wouldn't be able to get it.

I showed my finds to the architect, when I had collected enough to make a showing, and while he didn't enthuse until after he'd seen it in actual use on the doors, he wasn't discouraging. For that matter, he couldn't have been. I had a mental picture of the finished appearance that could not have been dispelled by words.

### *The Workmen's Disapproval*

The poor, puzzled workmen didn't know what to make of it at all. Here was a man putting good money into a house, and using that old stuff. A dozen times the foreman carpenter did his utmost to sell us the idea of nice new hardwood floors. We were, of course, obdurate. He would go away scratching his head, fully convinced, I guess, that we weren't quite all there.

However, he was cheerfully willing to carry out our ideas for us, little as he approved them. After I had made it very plain just what we wanted, he hung the doors just right, put on the latches and locks as I directed, and even came around and ungrudgingly admitted that it did look nice.

After we had been reconciled to the fact that we were going to use the old floors, and patched up the worn places with old pine which we found in the barn, we had it all over again with the painter.

We had decided on a putty-gray as the floor color, after seeing all the shades and colors, from white to Nile green and lavender, in the Old England farmhouses. After all, our place was a farmhouse, and to be treated as such, and the light coloring appealed to us much more strongly than the black of the Pennsylvania vogue.

The painter, too, was at a loss. Hardwood floors was all he could imagine. As for painting a floor putty color—he was really quite indignant about it! After much insistence on our part he reluctantly proceeded, however, but not without voicing continued strong disapproval and protest. The results of both iron and paint were all that we expected. In the treatment of the iron we had been advised to sandpaper it smooth, then oil it. Instead, we painted it jet black against the ivory woodwork, making a much more pleasant contrast and showing it off to better advantage. We painted rust and all, making no attempt to get a smooth surface.

The house, so far as was possible, was restored to the original. Some ten or twelve years before we got it it was occupied by a family with ten children, and was partitioned off so that each child had a private room, not much larger than a telephone booth.

We tore out all the partitions, leaving the rooms their original dimensions. The house was modernized only so far as necessary for comfort. Hot-water heat was installed, the radiators being inserted into niches in the walls, to make them inconspicuous and to conserve space. Electric fixtures were put in, but no outside wires tell the story. Electric and telephone wires were concealed inside and out. Even the phone instrument is placed in a closet in the wall, made for the purpose.

### *Refinishing Our Own*

The kitchen is thoroughly modern, except that we left the huge fireplace, reminiscent of the days when meals were prepared over the hearth. Also, I couldn't resist putting old hinges and latches on the kitchen doors.

One radical change we made in the old house. We tore out the shallow plastered fireplaces and built them on more generous proportions of old red bricks and black half bricks. The color effect is warmer and more friendly, and we can burn huge logs where only large sticks would burn before. The price of firewood may soar, but we will be undisturbed. An abundance of apple and cherry logs are in the orchards and woods, and we have but to go out and get them.

We had collected quite a lot of furniture by this time. Not enough to furnish the house, to be sure, but a substantial nucleus from which to build. Our friend Fred had helped us a great deal in its selection, and we had been sending most of it to his place for refinishing. The thought struck me that I would like to learn the art and mystery. We knew it to be an art, and we found it to be a mystery. Every refinisher we asked was most mysterious about it. "That's my secret," they'd say, and there it ended.

Fred was quite the opposite. With his slow, genial smile he said, "So you want to learn to refinish? All right, I'll show you," and our apprenticeship began. I say "our" because my wife wouldn't be left behind, and in a remarkably short time she mastered the handling of paint remover, scrapers, sandpaper, steel wool, filler, shellac, horsehair, pumice, rottenstone and oil, as well as stain, wax and the care of tools. A few practice pieces turned out very well, and since that time we have done the greater part of our own refinishing.

It is surprising and not a little pleasing to find her working on the old things—using tools just as a man does. Few women master their use, but her finishes are far better than those of most professionals.

There is a fascination in getting some old piece that looks like a wreck, and by your own efforts turning it into a thing of beauty, with all its original charm and the added charm of mellowness that comes with years.

We have a complete workshop in the cellar, with every kind of tool for scraping, finishing, carpentry and cabinetmaking, and it has become one of our best pastimes.

Returning from one of our trips, we passed a new sign. We found a dressmaker dealing in antiques. From her we bought a very fine mantel mirror, surmounted with an elaborately carved American spread-eagle, for fifteen dollars. A solid walnut linen closet, from the same source, cost twenty-five dollars. This latter piece had the original brasses and brass H hinges, a delicate band of satinwood inlay in each door panel, as well as in the three drawers in the bottom. This woman, as a dressmaker, had access to many of the old homes in that section, and would often take her

THIS New Inn is situat'd in the heart of Business Philadelphia, diagonally across Chestnut Street from the Main Post Office and adjacent to the great Department Stores, Office Buildings and Publishing Houses.

But this location is a safe three blocks from the district of noisy Night Life and Traffic, insuring quiet and repose for the Sleeping Hours. Thus The Benjamin Franklin offers a happy combination of Convenience and Comfort in its Situation as well as in the appointments of the House itself.

Every Guest Chamber, of over twelve hundred, has the outside Light and Air, Bath, and Circulating Ice-water. Restful Beds, easy Chairs, and handy Lights compleat the Enjoyment of those who Lodge within.

Here you are promised Warm Welcome, Courtesy, Alert Attention to your needs, and thought upon your Comfort.

Plan to visit the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition
Philadelphia
1926

A corner of the Concourse, with Elevator Alcove in background (Eight elevators)

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
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Chestnut at Ninth Street

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DIRECTION HOTELS CO. OF AMERICA
Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

# Fenestra Casement Windows

# "I always thought they cost more"

"We thought so, too, until we planned to build. It surely surprised us to find they cost as little as ordinary windows—and they're so much better!"

Most of the better things we would like to have *do* cost more — but here's a welcome exception. You can actually have the better lighted, better ventilated and cosier rooms that Fenestra Casements provide *without extra cost.*

Then you'll have windows built of steel that cannot warp or stick. You'll have screens inside where they protect draperies and are protected themselves. You'll have windows that reach out for pleasant weather and shut out the storms. You'll have windows easy to wash without sitting on the sill. And besides—you'll have a home stamped "modern" —one having extra value if you ever wish to sell.

Your architect or builder can get Fenestra Casements from a nearby lumber or building supply dealer — together with Fenestra Basement Windows and Fenestra Garage Windows.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, C-2240 East Grand Blvd., Detroit, Michigan
*Factories in Detroit, Mich., Oakland, Calif., and Toronto, Ont., Canada*
*For Canada:* Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Ltd., 160 River Street, Toronto, Ont.

Fenestra

*for* homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures


pay in furniture that families thought worthless. She sold it for practically nothing, and got some very fine pieces.

Another bargain came last summer, this time in a Philadelphia shop. In a shop window I saw a perfect pair of Hepplewhite dining tables. Originally they were the end tables of a set of three. They were priced at $350, but everybody was away on vacation; no one was buying in the city at precisely the time the country shops were reaping their harvest from tourists. After considerable haggling I came away, leaving a check for $125, the tables mine.

A while back I mentioned jam hooks. These were used in the early days in New England to hold tongs, shovel, poker and other hearth tools. They were fastened to the mantel uprights beside the hearth on the outside, thus making a much more steady support than the standing holders that superseded them. I don't know why they ever went out of use, but they did, and although I had a weather eye peeled for them for more than a year, I hadn't been able to find them.

In every New England shop I had asked for them. In a very offhand way, as though I fully expected to get them, I would say, "I'd like to buy a pair of jam hooks."

"So would I," the dealer would say.

In searching for old hardware I several times went down to one of the oldest sections of Philadelphia, where they were demolishing houses, some of them centuries old, to make way for the approach of the new Delaware River Bridge to New Jersey.

There were some fine old doors and mantels sold for a song, and some very good iron fire-backs, but I had no need of these. My interest in them caused me to examine them, however, and before long I found something that made my heart skip a beat. Nothing but two innocent holes in one of the pilasters of an old mantel, some fifteen inches from the base. I looked on the other side, and sure enough, there were the corresponding holes. To my mind this could mean but one thing—jam hooks! I asked the foreman, and he, after some explanation on my part, remembered them. He showed me a barrelful. I dumped it upside down with his help and started putting the brass back, piece by piece. Presently I had the unattainable. In looking for its mate I found three more. This was altogether beyond my avaricious dreams—two pairs of genuine old jam hooks, one pair a perfect willow pattern! They are now gracing the fireplace at either end of our living room.

### *My First Comb-Back Windsor*

My friend, the dealer of the Dutch country, wrote me that he had the kind of bed I wanted, but I hadn't much hope. The Dutch were artists in their way. Their stretcher tables, open cupboards and many other characteristic antiques are very fine and desirable, but their beds are heavy, with awkward turnings, so I paid little attention to his letter. Calling at his place some weeks later, he remembered the bed, and told me he'd been saving it for me. It was a beauty. Its slender, graceful posts, as well as the shapely stretchers, unquestionably bespoke its New England origin. It was marked eighty dollars, and I took it. The wood was poplar, but under the magic of Fred's alchemy it soon turned to walnut. I have never seen a walnut field bed, and have only heard of three. At the very same time I picked up a very small chest of drawers in walnut, with reeded corners, ogee feet and original brasses. This is not a rare type except for its smallness, but it is very well proportioned and quite serviceable.

Furnishings for the fireplaces, once we had the jam hooks, were not hard to find. Fine old brass andirons and brass-handled fire tools we picked up at country auctions. One pair of iron andirons for the guest room I got in a secondhand store for a dollar. In relief is the coveted spread-eagle. For the time we are using an Empire sofa, until we find one of an older period that is comfortable. A fine old Hepplewhite wing or nreside chair we picked up for seventy-five dollars. It was appraised at $350.

In South Jersey I found my first comb-back Windsor—a pure Pennsylvania type, with nine spindles to the comb, which terminates in deeply carved ears. The seat had been cut, but the original piece was there, and after it had been replaced and shellacked it was almost unnoticeable. This chair dates from an early period, and is characterized by no less an authority than Wallace Nutting as "rare, and very high in merit."

The finding was altogether accidental. Caught in a sudden and furious shower, I took refuge in an old frame farmhouse. Seated on the porch was the farmer, in this chair such as collectors dream of. "What's that?" I asked, pointing to it.

"That's a chair," he answered in the positive tone of one who is sure of his grounds and will tolerate no contradictions.

"I'd like to have one like it. What'll you take for it?"

""Taint for sale."

### *Valued Family Pieces*

Not a very promising beginning, but further inquiry showed that he wanted a Morris chair, and when the rain was over he accompanied me to town, some five miles away. Here I bought him a new easy-chair, and the old one changed hands. He chuckled a bit as I was making off with it, and I presume he is still telling his cronies of the hard bargain he drove. It cost me eighty dollars. Later a collector found me almost an exact duplicate for ninety-five dollars, with the seat uncut, but the legs had been cut down five or six inches, thus detracting from its value. Nevertheless, chairs of this type are so hard to find that I took it. They are rarely perfect when found, and the wonder is that they have endured at all, since so little was thought of them until comparatively recent days.

The same collector who found me this second comb-back also found me a set of six perfect arm Windsors for the dining room. A set of six matched arm Windsors is rare, and in such "proof condition" almost unique. Although my funds were running low at the time, I gladly parted with $350 to get them, for once gone, they would never return.

The seats are shallow, which is proper for a dining chair, but they are so well cupped as to give the comfort of a much greater depth. The turnings are good and the legs very thin. They are quite small and very light, yet their strength is attested by more than a century and a half of use. They were covered with four different colors of paint, the most recent being white. We are scraping one at a time while we use five, rather than wait until they are all finished before putting them into service.

In the matter of family things we have been fortunate. A huge bedspread made of homespun and decorated by geometric design in candlewicking came to me last Christmas. It had belonged to my great-grandmother. Another piece is coming in this week—a table made by no less a person than Hepplewhite! It is a gift from my father, now eighty-eight years old, and was bought by his grandfather. It has an unbroken family history from the time it left the shop. It is a side table for the dining room, of a type often seen and still made. Its chief value to me is sentimental. It is only by luck that it remains. My grandmother furnished in new things in the Victorian era, giving to her servants things that had been in the family since before the Revolution.

Another prized possession is a set of silhouettes—two of my father when he was eighteen, just seventy years ago, and one of his father, cut at the same time. A faded daguerreotype of my grandfather, almost invisible, I took to a photographer. The copy is as clear as an original photograph.

A rich old pair of brass candelabra with the Indian base was also given to me, with

(Continued on Page 96.)

# The Pacific Northwest

{ OREGON WASHINGTON MONTANA WYOMING IDAHO }

*Great hydro-electric power resources are increasing the possibilities of many industries*

*Irrigation projects are bringing new farm lands under cultivation*

*Many and conditions*

© By Schlechten

The steam-electric plant pictured above is one of the largest in the Northwest

Photo by Prentiss

*One of the pretty beach towns on the Oregon and Washington coasts*

*To show an average type of farm home we picked this one*

# A larger chance to get ahead —a finer place to live

Are you willing to work for success? Then you can succeed in the Pacific Northwest!

This great, rich, growing country offers you a chance to *grow with it*.

A vast development is under way today. The Pacific Northwest invites you to share its fruits. The price of success here, as elsewhere, is hard work. But you will find that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting.

### *People who prosper*

Thousands of families like yours have already found greater opportunity and happiness in the Pacific Northwest. They are better off—more prosperous.

This is shown by the following facts: Their earning power is greater than the average. In the past 10 years bank savings have trebled. They have resources that provide 50 per cent more than the national average for the education of their children. A higher percentage of them own homes and automobiles.

And these people are rich in still other ways.

### *A wonderful place to live*

They live in a natural wonderland. The most beautiful outdoors in the world is in their front yards. They are outdoor people, enjoying the mountains, woods, ocean beaches, lakes, streams and all the wonderful natural beauty that surrounds them.

They have a delightful and invigorating climate. And, the records show, they are the healthiest people in America.

### *Model cities and towns*

The Pacific Northwest's great cities are models for cleanliness, healthfulness and beauty. Its smaller towns are up-to-date, progressive and attractive.

There is every social, educational and recreational advantage for your family. Schools and colleges rank among the best in America.

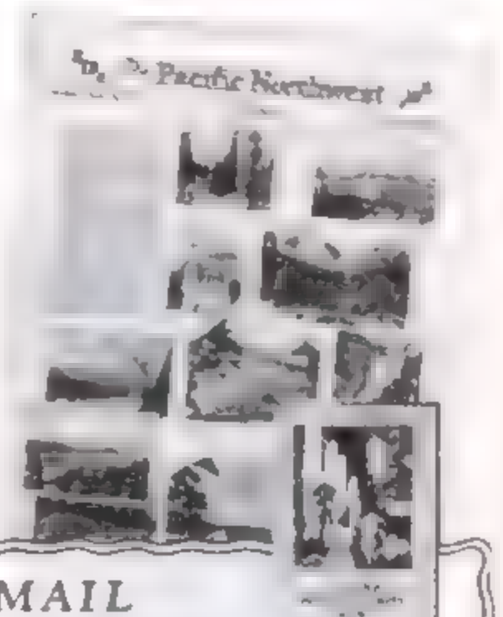
The people of the Pacific Northwest lack none of the things that make life finer, richer and better.

### *A free book for you*

The Pacific Northwest is ready to welcome you—make room for you—help you along to success.

The free illustrated book, "The Land of Opportunity Now," describes in detail the things you want to know about the Pacific Northwest—Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Sign and mail the coupon for it now.

FREE
*Descriptive Booklet and Photo-Travelog*

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Booklet contains 32 pages of interesting, authoritative information — fully illustrated. Photo-Travelog consists of scores of beautiful photographs — an absorbing pictorial tour of the Pacific Northwest. Mail the coupon to

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Duco Polish No. 7, made by the same Chemical Engineers who created Duco, is *specifically recommended for use on Duco-finished cars.*

If your dealer cannot supply it, mail the coupon, below.

*Polish Duco with Duco Polish*

*Continued from Page 94*

a French gilt clock to match. They make a very effective mantel setting, with the crystal drops glistening in the light.

In retrospect, I am forcibly struck by the breaks of the game. The more rare and unattainable a thing seems, the more we seem to have run into it just through the merest chance.

Here and there is a mahogany Empire sideboard offered for sale, anywhere from $150 to $300. We had set as our goal nothing less than a Hepplewhite sideboard in walnut. Outside of a museum we'd never seen one, but we let our wants be known far and wide. Months passed, and none materialized. Just as we were about to compromise on mahogany Sheraton my collector friend happened in, and in the most casual way remarked that he'd found one for us—the kind of which we had dreamed. The price was $600.

### *A Corner Cupboard, But no Corner*

Well, we didn't have the money to spare at that time, but we said surely there can be no harm in just looking at it. We looked at it. We rubbed our eyes and looked again. Could it be true? Could the price be right? Yes, it was. The dealer assured us that it was all original, even to the rich inlay and the great brass pulls, but his assurances were unnecessary. The piece spoke for itself—a perfect beauty—its serpentine front, its perfect proportions, its unmistakable age, with not the slightest trace of tampering. What would you? We bought it, although I had to mortgage my future to do it.

It had belonged to a man who had bought it six years previously for the same sum. Seeing another, he let it go, although I doubt whether the successor is a better piece. By this time we were living in the new house, having moved in early in February.

To our intense disappointment we found a fly in the ointment. Two of our prize pieces, the serpentine desk and the Pennsylvania highboy, were five inches too tall for the old low farmhouse ceilings! There was nothing to do but cut them down or discard them. Naturally we couldn't commit the vandalism of cutting down such fine pieces, so they are stored in the barn, awaiting the time when I can bring myself to part with them. It was heartbreaking, but as Jay House likes to quote, "There's always something," and soon other things came to claim our attention.

A corner cupboard was offered us for thirty dollars by a maiden lady in a Philadelphia suburb. She called it cherry, but even from across the room I could see through the stain the unmistakable zebra stripe of curly maple. It was really a miniature, standing only eighty inches high, and a beauty. I was about to explain to its owner the true nature of the "cherry," and tell her that it was worth much more than what she asked. "That's not cherry," I started, but I got no further. She reacted like dynamite, shouting at me that she knew cherry when she saw it—nobody could tell her. I gave her the thirty dollars and took it home with me, proving again that courtesy pays, or that its absence is costly, depending upon the viewpoint.

Arriving home I got another surprise. There wasn't a corner in the entire dining room! Three doors and an open stairway precluded the possibility of a corner cupboard. I'd never thought of that! Another disappointment, somewhat soothed by an immediate offer from a dealer to buy the cupboard for $100. I had to sell it.

In the matter of the desk, we found a little one that graces our living room, and of which we are quite proud. It cost $115. It is of walnut, with flaming grain. Each piece has a beautiful knot in it, and its effect is most striking. This is a very small piece, and the maker's work shows the utmost delicacy and care. Of course it is not so good a piece as the one we couldn't use, but it is thoroughly satisfying, and after all that's what counts most. It had been in the dealer's house, not for sale, but he had been in an automobile crash and carried no insurance. He needed money and set his price, which we accepted. It was too low, but necessity was in the saddle, and he parted with it for ready cash.

Sometimes the fates are kind. I think they've handled us with kid gloves ever since we started buying. Our friend the collector needed some ready money quickly and knew we wanted a good highboy. He came over posthaste and said he had one of the finest highboys in the country he'd sell me for $1000. I discounted his statement. While he was honest, his enthusiasms often distorted facts. However, my interest was thoroughly aroused. The things he got were always very good, and generally very unusual.

I went with him and viewed the highboy. It was, without exception, the finest I had ever seen, unique from its original pine-cone flames and quaint bonnet top to its beautiful scroll apron and long slender legs.

It had a splendidly carved sunburst in the center drawer on top, and another in the center bottom drawer, with the block effect extending from the lower carving to the apron. There could be no doubt as to its originality, and it was one of the very earliest—probably made by some early English cabinetmaker and brought to this country long before Washington's time. To the top of the bonnet it only measures six and a half feet. I wrote the check for the thousand.

### *The Old Sea Chest*

An interesting old sea chest, literally incrusted with fancy hand-wrought iron, stands in the front room of our old-new home. The iron alone is worth $100, but I bought the chest, with even its massive old key, for twenty-five dollars.

It had come into the possession of a hardwood refinisher who knew that I bought old things, and he called me up at once. I had intended using it as a wood box, but later decided to use it as a record cabinet, in order to do away with the sleek varnished abortion I had been using. It was a simple matter to transfer the slot arrangement from the modern cabinet into the other, two or three centuries old. A prosaic use for such a piece that breathes of romance, adventurous seas, piracy, or what have you?

It is always pleasing to have one's judgment approved, and one very gratifying result came when we had our things appraised for insurance purposes. The appraisal was done by experts who specialize in evaluating antiques, and their figures ran a little more than two and a half times the cost of our furniture to us, including the costs of refinishing, expressage and storage.

The prices I have quoted have been the cost of the pieces as we bought them. Add to that the cost of refinishing, which varies of course with the condition of the piece. The chest-on-chest which was $275 required a like amount to put it in its original condition. It could have been refinished by a cut-rate worker for twenty-five dollars, but we prefer to pay the full prices and be certain of lasting satisfaction.

As I have said before, we bought our furniture without any particular plan, simply picking up what we liked when we saw it. Fortunately we had practically no surplus pieces, with the exception of a few chests of drawers and the tall desk and highboy which we couldn't use. There seemed to be a place for everything we had, comfortably filling the house without the least suggestion of crowding.

### *Furnished With Memories*

We have made no attempt to furnish in any particular style or wood. While this is almost imperative in modern furnishings, the mellow old pieces of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Chippendale, share honors with the early Dutch in the same room, and there is no hint of clash. They blend into a contrasting but harmonious whole, each lending its peculiar charm, and detracting nothing from the others.

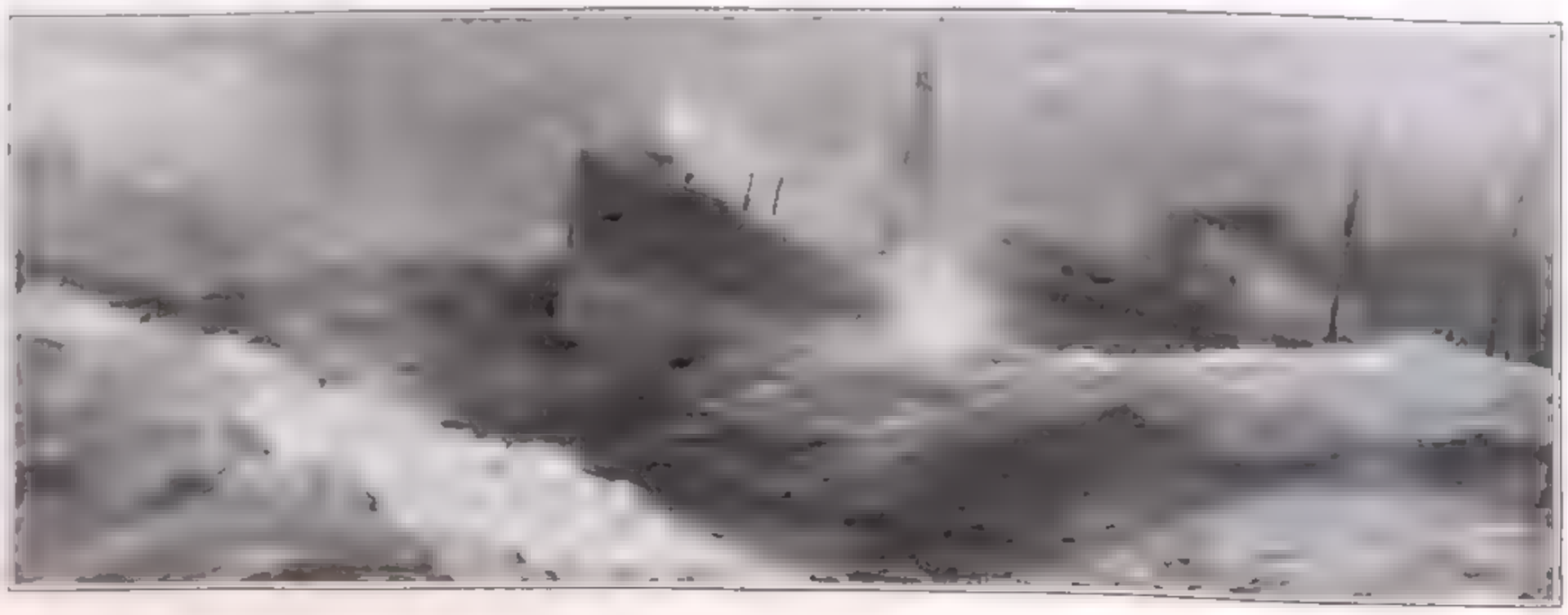
So it is with woods. Maple, walnut, mahogany, pine and cherry stand within the four walls, relieving the monotony of one wood and lending character to the collective effect.

So far as we know, our home is furnished. It required more money than we thought it would, yet everything we bought was full value and usually more, even with conservative estimates. We have had infinite pleasure in the acquiring of our things, as well as in refinishing them.

The antiques have opened our eyes to new paths of beauty, of which we were totally ignorant before. Certainly, had we carried out the usual program of selecting from one store the modern furnishings of the household we should have missed the past eighteen months' constant pleasure, as well as the lifetime of enjoyment that comes with being surrounded by things we love.

My police dog, a puppy when we started buying, is now the father of seven. Our last purchase was a piece of solid walnut, with a uniform curl. It cost four dollars so far—it is an old cradle.

But once the fever leaves its mark, the traces are never entirely erased. I suppose that in the future I shall hear of wonderful pieces, and I know when the Pied Piper pipes I shall get pie-eyed and follow.



# Floors kept clean and bright

## *This new, easy economical way*

OF course you want clean, bright office floors, but you also want to keep down maintenance costs. Try the Johnson Wax treatment on them—whether they are of wood, linoleum, rubber, tile, or composition.

All you do is pour Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat to the floor. A few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush or Electric Polisher will quickly bring up a durable, easy-to-care-for polish. The Johnson Wax treatment takes only a few minutes—there are no messy rags and pails—nor any stooping. And *afterwards* your floors can be kept in beautiful condition with half the care. Washing is seldom necessary.

### *Low Maintenance Cost*

Records show that in one large building the entire cleaning, waxing and labor cost on thousands of square feet of *waxed* linoleum averages but ¼c per sq. ft. per month.

All the leading manufacturers of linoleum recommend Johnson's Liquid Wax for polishing inlaid, plain and battleship linoleum. Dr. C. N. Wenrich, Physicist in charge of the Armstrong Research Laboratory, makes the following public statement regarding a recent experiment of his:

*"A strip of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum was divided into three sections. One section was polished with liquid wax; another with wax in paste form; and one section received no protection at all. These three strips were placed close to the door of the restaurant of the Armstrong Plant—right where feet scraped the hardest, where umbrellas were drippiest, where shoes were muddiest.*

### *9000 Scraping Feet*

*"Nine thousand scraping feet tramped this linoleum floor in thirty days—more wear by far than the linoleum in your home receives in years and years—and then the test strips of linoleum were taken to the laboratory.*

*"The waxed strips failed to show any hint of the heels that had tried to bruise, or the grease that had tried to stain, but a dry mop, moistened with a little liquid wax, actually removed any signs of dirt and made the linoleum as fresh as new. It was no trick at all to remove the surface dirt. The wear on the waxed linoleum was so negligible, so infinitesimal, that I can say inlaid linoleum, kept waxed and polished, should last a lifetime."*

A Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to keep floors and linoleum in fine condition. Get either a Johnson *Hand* Floor Polishing Outfit or an *Electric* Floor Polishing Outfit. Both outfits include a supply of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying Wax. With the *Hand* Outfit there is also a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush.

The *Electric* Outfit includes a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher as shown in the large illustration. This Johnson *Electric* Floor Polishing Outfit costs only $42.50 complete with a Lamb's-wool Mop and a supply of Liquid Wax.

The Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is a marvelous new machine that polishes floors ten times faster than other methods. It cuts floor maintenance costs in half. Simple! Easy to operate! Light in weight! Polishes under desks without moving them. For Sale or Rent at leading stores. Send for FREE folder.

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This *Hand* Outfit consists of:

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| 1 Quart Johnson's Liquid Wax | $1.40 |
| 1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop | 1.50 |
| 1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush | 3.50 |
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# JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

# DIMITY GAY, GRANDPA'S LITTLE MAID

(Continued from Page 33

Dimity ate a strawberry. Then she continued:

"If it rested with me to decide—and I am awfully glad it doesn't, because I don't like bothering about things—I should think that the only hope of ever getting Sir Bessemer to agree to Archie's plan for grandpa to have the spring would be to think of some plan for me to save Archie from something or other so that Sir Bessemer would be so grateful to me that he would gladly agree to sell the spring." She laughed, one of those happy innocent laughs of childhood and continued: "But that's how things are in stories, isn't it?—and not very—very practical. If this were a story or a book or a film, that is exactly what would happen, I think, don't you? Archie would become a victim of the charms and wiles of a woman of whom his daddy didn't approve and I would save him by winning Archie away from the vamp, and Sir Bessemer would be so pleased"—she went running on—"so pleased that he would do almost anything for me. If this were a story"—she prattled on, happily, and apparently quite indifferent whether Mr. Balm listened or not—"but it is all so confusing and mixed up that I don't think I should be ever able to think of a way out of grandpa's difficulty, but I would be ever so willing to help if I could."

She ate another strawberry, her wide eyes on Mr. Balm.

"Aren't strawberries lovely? They——" she began, but broke off as she noted a sudden lifting of the gloom which had been steadily settling on Mr. Balm's rather heavy features.

"Yes, very lovely," said Julius rather absently. "Awfully lovely." He rose. "I must run off now, Miss Dimity. I have enjoyed our little chat very much—very much indeed. And I expect things will somehow straighten themselves out. Indeed, I think I can say that I shall almost certainly be able to contrive it so that your friendship with Archie will be even a more beautiful thing than it is now."

He made a series of impressive farewells and left her to her letters and strawberries. She watched him cross the lawn to the drive, her eyes dancing. Then, rather idly, she turned to her letters. But there was nothing very interesting among these—a bill from Soda & Fountain's, another from a very smart and desperately expensive firm of shoe specialists, a reminder from the bank at Ernemouth that her account—opened with some money that had fallen into her pretty hands in connection with the purchase of a moving-picture theater site by her father—was grotesquely overdrawn, and a few little odds and ends of correspondence of a like nature; nothing Dimity cared to bother about. She shuffled them up into a heap, put the sugar bowl on them, yawned a tiny yawn and looked round for somebody to play with. Nobody was visible.

So she went indoors to the telephone and called up Mr. Henry Sadler at Ernemouth. Mr. Sadler was the youngish gentleman who had recently figured actively as heir to some thirty thousand pounds plus the big riding school and livery-stable business which had produced the said thirty thousand. He was all but engaged to marry Torfrida.

Dimity owned a charming little steed, an ex-polo pony called Daphne, which she kept at Mr. Sadler's establishment. She telephoned because she felt she needed Daphne now.

"Oh, is that you, dear Henry? This is Dimity—Dimity Gay speaking. We are staying with grandpa. I expect Frida wrote and told you so. It is nice, but rather quiet, so I want Daphne. Please will you send her to Salington Hall as soon as possible? And also, Henry dear, please send Rover for Maulfry, and I think don't you?—that White Star would suit Bethoe. And you will choose one yourself for Torfrida, won't you? Black Diamond, I should think." Dimity knew every horse Mr. Sadler possessed. "Will you send two grooms? I think Brown and Murphy would be best. If Rover and White Star and Black Diamond suit my sisters, I think I will buy them as a present. It would be a nice present for them, and it will be such fun riding on the downs near here. . . . Oh, yes, to me, of course. Charge everything to my account. You will make Brown and Murphy hurry, won't you, Henry, please? And make them be quite sure to have nice saddles and everything, rugs and things—at least nearly new. Thank you . . . Good-by, Henry."

She rang off and turned again to the telephone directory. She was no longer dull; on the contrary she was really enjoying herself. She had just contracted a bill which, if she really bought the horses for her sisters, would figure around about the sum of four hundred pounds, and she hadn't more than eleven shillings; but Dimity never allowed figures to bother her.

She put in another call, this time to the leading ladies' tailor of the town, a thriving place of forty thousand inhabitants, and in the clear sweet voice of a bird blithe upon its bough, commanded that an expert should forthwith attend the Misses Gay at Salington Hall with samples of the best obtainable material for ladies' summer riding suits. This done, Dimity, reveling in her inspiration for brightening a quiet morning, put in a further call to a hay, straw and corn merchant and ordered a considerable quantity of his wares to be sent—to the account of Miss Dimity Gay at Salington Hall—forthwith and straightway.

She rested a moment from her labors, then put in yet another call, this time to a gentleman who, in the telephone directory, described himself as a builder and decorator. Dimity desired this individual to meet her in an hour's time at the stables back of Salington Hall. Grandpa was no enthusiast in the matter of horses and the riding thereof, and as a result he had allowed what was once an excellent range of stabling to become a little dilapidated. Nothing serious, but worth while putting in order.

Torfrida came in just as the child was airily concluding her instructions to the builder. She caught a few words and went rigid, listening:

"Yes, please, at once. I will meet you at the stables at eleven o'clock. Then you can explain exactly what ought to be done to make the horses comfortable there. Please, your men will have to be awfully quick, because the horses are coming very soon. Thank you very much."

Dimity hung up and turned, smiling, to encounter the stare of half-terrified amazement which Torfrida was directing upon her.

"Dimity! What are you doing?" demanded the eldest of the Gay young ladies.

Dimity laughed.

"Why, nothing, Frida—only just told the builder man to make the stables nice for the horses," she cooed.

"Horses! But what horses?"

"Oh, the ones I've ordered for us all. Only just four horses for us to go riding. I'm tired of the old golf club, aren't you?"

Torfrida, thoroughly well trained by a mother who rarely dared order a thing without consulting that stern economist, Mr. Gainsborough Gay, looked a little faint.

"Dimity! Ordered horses! But what horses? Who are they for? And who is going to pay the cost of hiring them?"

"My own little horse, Daphne, is coming, and Henry Sadler is sending Black Diamond for you and Rover for Maulfry and White Star for Bethoe. And if you like them I think I shall buy them for you as presents."

"But how can you buy them, you little silly? You haven't any money. I know you haven't. What will grandpa say? Did he give you permission to have horses here and to repair the stables?"

"I didn't bother poor grandpa about it at all. He is so worried already," said Dimity. "I should think he would be very glad to have his old stables made all nice."

"But it will cost heaps of money, and you know how anxious about not spending money grandpa is. He is much—much stingier than—well, daddy, even!"

"Well, he will look awfully funny when the bills come in from the corn merchant and the tailor and from Henry Sadler."

Dimity laughed happily at the thought of grandpa's face. But Torfrida was nearly distraught.

"But this is sheer mischievous madness, Dimity! There will be a dreadful scene. Grandpa will telegraph to daddy, and daddy will go quite hysterical. Besides, only you can ride well enough to go out alone. What use are the horses to Maulfry and Beth and me? And we haven't any riding clothes! And there is nobody to look after the horses. Oh, it is dreadful! I shall have to telegraph! There will be shocking scenes and everybody upset. Dimity, you are too awful! You are as reckless as—as a little lunatic."

But Dimity shook her bobbed halo.

"Oh, please don't be in a panic, Frida," she said. "I've thought of everything. The tailor will be here in half an hour with patterns to measure you for riding things, so that is all right. And I've told Henry Sadler to send Brown and Murphy to look after the horses, and they will bring another horse so that they can ride with you and Maulfry and Beth. Truly, Frida, I've thought of everything. You will see presently for yourself. And don't worry about the silly old expense. I am having everything charged to my account."

Torfrida gasped.

"Your account! What is the use of that? How can you have accounts for hundreds and hundreds of pounds when you have only a few shillings and a small dress allowance from daddy?"

Dimity made a little grimace.

"I would have to go about naked except for stockings if I relied on dear daddy's old dress allowance," she explained as one sister to another.

"Dimit-ee! How dare you talk like that, you naughty girl? I know what it is—just because you were lucky enough to get free of your mass of debts when daddy bought that cinema site, you think you will be lucky again. But you won't be. Grandpa is not the sort of old gentleman to stand any nonsense about money, and there will be a scandal some day. And daddy will blame me, because I'm in charge of us all and the eldest!"

Torfrida was becoming plaintive and Dimity softened instantly to that. She jumped up.

"Oh, please, Frida, don't bother yourself so. Leave it to me. I won't let you get into any trouble. They are all such sillies to bother about their gloomy old money instead of being happy. They are making you like them. I don't bother, Frida, and you oughtn't to. It will make lines from your nose to the corners of your mouth—how awful! Don't you remember how I told you not to worry when I owed Mr. Rackstraw all that money, and how in the end he was glad enough to let me off and to give me anything I liked to choose out of his old shop, free of charge? Well then! Please don't fuss, Frida—laugh, Frida. What's a horse or two? Can't a girl have a few silly old horses if she likes? Of course she can! You'll see. And if grandpa is cross with you, say it is nothing to do with you at all and tell him I will pay for everything."

"But how can you? You're only nineteen and you haven't a penny. Anyone would think you have a huge private income——"

"I wouldn't be bothered with it," declared Dimity. "Fancy doing nothing but count your mo——" She broke off as a big touring car slid past the window, to pull up at the front door.

"Here is Archie," said Dimity. "Don't worry any more, Frida. Let's just play tennis till the tailor comes. I will be responsible for everything. . . . And, remember, Frida dear, Black Diamond is a lovely horse. It is like sitting in an easy-chair to ride him. You will love him and I would love you to have him as a present from me. Truly!"

"But how can you possibly pay ——" began Torfrida monotonously. But Dimity was gone—out to meet Archie.

"Oh, now here is somebody else gloomy and bothered and unhappy," laughed Dimity as she saw the face of her new adorer. "Oh, please, what is the matter, Archie?"

"I ran into old Balm just after he left you, and everything's gone absolutely wrong, Dimity—oh, Dimity!" explained Archie lucidly.

"Tell me, Archie, please." She took him by the hand and led him across the lawn toward the summer house.

"Well, you see, my father refused point-blank to oblige me by selling the spring to your grandfather, and now that ass, Julius Balm, has planned out another scheme to get it. He says I've got to pretend to be a slave to some adventuress sort of a woman—a vamp, he called her—and get my governor thoroughly nervous for fear I should bolt off and marry her and be ruined for life. He's got this—this vamp all ready. It's that dashing-looking lady you saw at the clubhouse—a great friend of Julius Balm's—Mrs. Liana Twyne. Then when my governor is thoroughly nervous, Balm says the idea is for you to step in and fascinate me and make me fall in—in love with you, Dimity—oh, Dimity!—and I shall be saved from the vamp by you, and my governor will be so grateful that he will do anything—sell forty springs—you like to ask him for saving me."

He looked wistfully at his "Dimity, oh, Dimity."

"You—you wouldn't care to give it a trial?" faltered Archie.

Dimity squeezed his hand.

"Of course I will, Archie. I think it is a lovely plan, and Mr. Balm must have a great big intellect to think of it. If you just let me know when to save you from the vamp, I will—of course I will."

"Only, Dimity, please, couldn't we see each other sometimes—meet quietly somewhere?" asked Archie.

Dimity was quite agreeable.

"Oh, yes, please, of course. . . . Can you ride? Do you go riding on the downs in the early morning?"

Rather, certainly Archie could and did. Dimity was delighted. She leaned close, looking up, half whispered.

"Well, my horse will be here soon, you see. So couldn't we get up very early—awfully early some morning—long before the vamp is about—and have some nice rides together?" she asked.

"Oh, Dimity!"

Archie closed his eyes for a moment the better to envision this picture from paradise. A good idea opened them for him rather rapidly.

"Would you care to come for a run in the car, Dimity? We could pop up to town and have ices somewhere, or lunch at the Carlton or something like that."

But Dimity shook her halo.

"Oh, no, thank you. I have to see a builder about making the stables fit for the horses, and you must go to the vamp, Archie."

"What? Now? Already? Me go to the vamp already? Why, old Balm has hardly had time to notify her, Dimity! Couldn't we just have a chat together here?" pressed Archie. "There's bags of time for the vamp."

(Continued on Page 103.

# "There's an Old Superstition—"

Nearly everybody believes some things that aren't so—for instance, about light.

There's a sort of superstition to the effect that the light you read by ought to come from over your left shoulder.

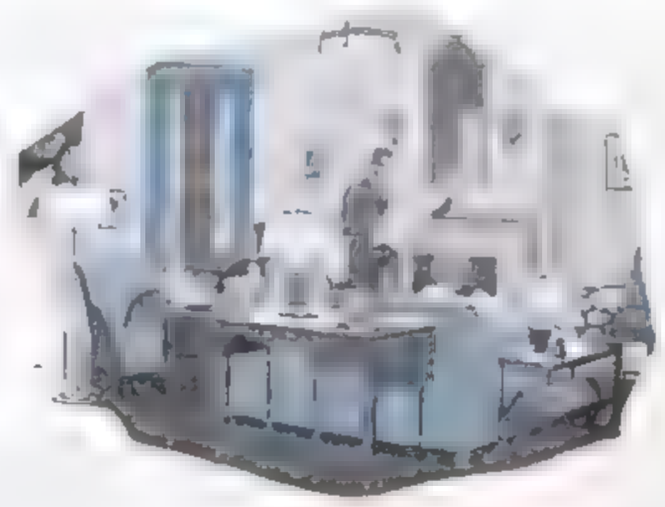
How that idea started, goodness only knows—but it's all wrong.

Light which you read by ought to come from *all around you*.

Excepting the times when you want to be in the dark, you ought to be bathed in light.

Your lamps ought to be shaded, of course—*all* lamps ought to be shaded. Unshaded lamps—however costly, however beautiful—are almost as behind-the-times as carbon lamps or kerosene lamps.

And the light ought to be plentiful; and broken up, softened, by diffusion through a bulb that is frosted or otherwise treated to make strong light fit to use.



About the only place where a lamp-bulb can be properly used without frosting, and without a shade, is in an electric sign, out of doors.

But light your frosted bulbs, and shade them properly, and arrange them to light the whole room, and you're making the best use of modern lighting.

The amount of comfort you'll get from that practice will surprise you, if you've

been used to just one or two lamps in the room or to lamps that are too small to give you all the light you need. Also, the low cost of that good lighting will surprise you—if, indeed, you ever notice it at all. The cost of light—both of lamps and of current—has been going down steadily for ten years or more.

And not only is abundant light a great comfort, it's also a preservative—the best preservative in the world—of eyesight and eye-usefulness.

Just you try and see. Forget the superstition that has come down from the days when the old carbon lamp seemed to give so much light it scared people.

You'd think you were in the dark, now, if the best you had was those old carbon lamps.

Light the whole room—have light flowing all around you—bathe in light. Forget that left-shoulder superstition; quit being afraid of light.

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*Resonant Wood Insures Natural Tone Quality*

TYPE 215
Remarkable for range, clarity, mellowness. Six tubes, built-in MUSIC MASTER Reproducer. Beautiful mahogany cabinet and table. Storage battery compartment concealing batteries and charger. Without equipment

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For each member of the MUSIC MASTER group of radio receivers was designed and is produced on MUSIC MASTER principles.

A demonstration of MUSIC MASTER Radio Receiver will convince you of its superior powers of reception and reproduction. There IS no substitute.

Sold by authorized MUSIC MASTER dealers everywhere.

Call on your MUSIC MASTER dealer for a demonstration—today. See MUSIC MASTER—hear—compare—before you buy *any* radio set.

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*$50 to $460*
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Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

Once it fits, an Allen-A garment *always* fits. You'll find it keeps its shape like well-tailored clothes. There's a reason for this difference.

All Allen-A underwear is knitted on spring-needle machines—patented. These machines pull the yarn tightly *as it is knitted.* (It takes 30% more time and a full mile more yarn per garment.) When you stretch this fabric, the stretch is all in the *webbing.* Not in the yarn. Hence it always springs back into shape.

There's a merchant near you who specializes in Allen-A. Let him measure you by the Allen-A method. Not just chest measure. But complete body measurements—as a tailor measures you for a suit of clothes. For Allen-A garments are designed to attain a "body" fit—not just a chest fit.

If you've found it hard to get real comfort in underwear, try this new way. Allen-A is the only underwear exclusively spring-needle knitted—a complete line for men and boys.

We will gladly send you the name of the nearest Allen-A merchant upon request. You'll find he really knows underwear.

ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

(Continued from Page 98)

But Dimity was firm; she had to be, for quick action was called for in her innocent little scheme of affairs. Still, she put it sweetly enough. She took Archie by his nerveless hand, drew him into the privacy of the summer house and put up a face that was the prettiest thing in the garden of Salington Hall.

"Kiss me, Archie," she commanded. She was too young to be particular about an easy kiss.

Archie did so blindishly. Then Dimity pushed him gently off her immediate horizon.

"Now go to the horrid old vamp," she ordered. "And some day I will come and rescue you from her."

"Augh!" went Archie, and departed.

### IX

IT WAS the dubiously happy lot of Mr. Julius Balm that he had never known since his youth a period devoid of lady love. Whether it was because of his beauty—which was plainly apparent to one in a thousand—because he had contrived to remain so extremely unmarried or because the impressiveness he had so diligently cultivated impressed others besides the business men who occasionally paid him to be expert on their behalf, it is difficult if not entirely impossible to say with any certainty. But it is certain that the Venus of the moment was that rather exotic-looking lady who contrived to keep up such a very uncommon appearance on such a very common alimony—Liana Twyne.

And the first thing the gentle Julius did when the idea so deftly planted in his mind by little Miss Dimity Gay presently connected with his thinking apparatus and flamed up as a brand-new, homemade, totally original plan was to catch Archie and give him instructions before he reached Dimity. Next he went in a really violent hurry to Woodbine Cottage, where Liana twined like the honeysuckle itself, and there telephoned old Avery Hackett to the effect that he had solved his problem with a very high-priced but almost infallible plan.

He got instructions as nearly in the nature of carte blanche as a man like old Avery can ever bring himself to issue, and forthwith proceeded to enlist the aid of the lovely Liana. Would she be so charitable as to vamp young Archie Crust, and, when advised, resign the lad to another little lady and retreat, baffled and beaten, to wherever the baffled vamp customarily retreats?

It may be stated at once that the fairly fair Liana frankly offered Mr. Balm for his perusal two dressmakers' bills of blood-curdling dimensions and stated, in the friendliest possible way, that when those documents were restored to her with a receipt stamp attached to each, she was perfectly willing to vamp even Lord Nelson down from the top of his tall monument in Trafalgar Square to an assignment at the foot of the deepest lift shaft in the whole London tube system. Sirens of the seaweeded rocks could have spoken no more fairly, and Julius Balm accepted the friendly offer in the friendly, if faintly financial, spirit in which it was made.

"So be it, Liana," he said, well satisfied, and threw in a compliment. "You are the most reliable woman I have ever had the privilege to call my very dear friend," he added.

Liana looked at him—a little oddly, slantingly.

"Ye-es? A woman of my age and in my circumstances has to be reliable, don't you think?" she inquired.

"Why, in a way, yes; we all have to be that, I suppose," admitted Julius.

"Quite. But are we?"

"Ah, who knows?" countered Julius jestfully, and began to recapitulate his requirements

Thus, when Archie Crust called in near lunch time, Liana was perfectly ready for him. It was made more easy for her, if more difficult for Archie, by reason of the fact that a few weeks before the lad had been genuinely, if briefly, her admirer. But she put him at his ease at once.

"All the world's a stage, Archie, and the people in it are merely up stagers or old stagers. We ought to act our parts as publicly as possible. So suppose you motor me up to town to lunch where your father lunches, and we'll find a table where he can see us from afar off."

Archie winced, but perceived the practical aspect of that proposal and agreed readily enough. Liana saw him shrink, and dropped a superbly manicured hand on each of his shoulders.

"Shall I tell you my opinion of her—the little lady with the bobbed hair? She's worth it, Archie. She is the loveliest thing I've seen for many a day. I wish the great big black-browed years between my age and hers would fall away—fall away and sink to the bottom of the sea, Archie. I would try hard to be like her—to look at, I mean."

Her eyes for a moment were deep and strange. Then she gave him a little friendly shake and laughed.

"You two babies! One with all the money in the world, the other with almost all the beauty. What will you make of it?"

"I hope we shall make a match of it," said Archie simply.

"Well, I am trying hard to help you, am I not?"

And that she spoke the truth was very convincingly proved by the fact that, within three days thereafter, the steel-fronted Sir Bessemer Crust was—with reason, if gossip can ever contain reason—decidedly suffering from pins and needles in his paternal instincts. He idolized Archie and one of these days he was going to leave him the big butt end of a million to keep him happy all his days. But he wanted the boy to collect for himself a nice fresh little girl to share the money and the happiness; and, for the life of him, Sir Bessemer could not picture this copper-haired, pale-faced sweet-lips with whom Archie seemed to be spending all his time featuring with any real success in the part of wife to his son.

Once before he had warned Archie to beware of her and he had believed that his warning had been effective in breaking the spell she had set on him.

But apparently she had re-spellbound the boy. Twice he had seen them lunching in town—Liana was a lady you were liable to notice in any restaurant not bigger than a medium cathedral—and several friends had dropped him hints that Archie seemed to be very seriously attracted by "that extraordinarily pronounced person at Woodbine Cottage," as the rector's lady described Liana.

Reflecting alone one evening, uneasy and a little apprehensive, Sir Bessemer's mind fell on Mr. Julius Balm, whom he knew and whom he had once paid for expert handling of a small difficulty.

"Now that's the fellow who would know or could very soon find out the truth of all these rumors about Archie and this attractive-looking man trap he's running about with."

He called up Mr. Balm and invited him to stroll up to Crust Court and smoke a cigar. Julius accepted. It was with a certain small sense of relief that Sir Bessemer settled down to await the arrival of the expert.

"A shrewd, competent, level-headed fellow, Balm," he mused. "Ye-es, I think I've picked the right man. If anybody can give me—or get for me—the facts, I fancy Balm's the man."

He was about right.

By the time Julius, very impressive in evening black and white, had finished explaining and departed, Sir Bessemer Crust was wondering whether it would be better to have a steel cage made for Archie and keep him in it or whether it would be better to give the vamp half his money to leave the lad alone. The idea of lecturing or hectoring Archie he had abandoned within five minutes of mentioning it to Mr. Balm.

He was a hard, shrewd and intensely practical man, immersed in business all day and every day, and consequently he did not find it difficult to realize that, as Mr. Balm put it, to turn suddenly on Archie and bully him on the subject of his new lady friend—against whom, Julius added, not a thing could be alleged except that she was older than Archie, and possibly had not been so kindly handled by fate—would probably result in turning the boy sulky and stubborn and even causing him to be impulsive in the matter of a quick jaunt with Liana to the nearest registry office—where, if they marry you with less ceremony than at a church, they do it with as much certainty.

"What is needed is not violent or hasty action," the expert had counseled impressively, "but, in my view, a counter attraction, quietly, insidiously, brought over your boy's horizon. If one could find a nice, fresh, charming little lady of about Archie's own age—as I say, a counter attraction—he would hardly guess that it was being engineered. I saw the very girl—the exact type—at the golf club the other day. Um—I wonder—— Come now, Sir Bessemer, let me make a proposal. Speaking in my capacity as a social agent rather than a business expert, I am of opinion that Archie needs help. He is within measurable distance of—er—risk. Suppose you leave the thing in my hands for a day or two. Let me move—silently, subterranely, so to speak—in the matter. I promise nothing, but I am not without confidence. I have had to deal—in my social department—with far more complex, delicate and difficult matters. You remember the case, perhaps, of the Marquis of Devizes and the peculiar way in which all that cloud of rumor about him in connection with the disappearance and recovery in peculiar circumstances of his second wife's jewelry was dispelled and dispersed like mist, leaving the marquis, a sound, good fellow at heart, speckless and stainless as a newly lime-washed—um—statue. My work. He retained me and I managed things. . . . This matter of your boy Archie should be easy."

Sir Bessemer saw that, and lost no time in retaining the gentle Julius, who proceeded thus to sum up:

"You need have no anxiety, Sir Bessemer. Expect—be prepared—to concede a little here, to take a little there, make some trifling sacrifice in this direction to attain your end in—er—that direction, and I can prophesy, with more than a little confidence, that all will go well."

### X

BECAUSE his whole interest was so centered in the production of that famous table water Sfitz that it would be no exaggeration to say that a bit of his soul was contained in every bottle of that sparkling, if saltish, drink, old Avery Hackett rarely took the trouble during the working week to wander round the grounds and buildings of Salington Hall, though he usually enjoyed a tolerably comprehensive snoop on Sundays. And consequently it was without the slightest difficulty that news of Dimity's importations and alterations was, in accordance with that child's casually expressed wishes, kept from him for several days.

The steeds arrived two days after Dimity had desired them, in charge of the Messrs. Brown and Murphy, a pair of smartish-looking riding master's assistants in public, and in the seclusion of the livery stables a brace of toughish but strong and enduring stable hands.

The forage was duly delivered; and the builder, delighted at the easy, even careless view Dimity appeared to take about the cost of his labors, worked one of those small miracles which only the expectation of quick money and plenty of it can render possible. The tailor followed suit, so that the four sisters had been riding for at least two days before grandpa, snooping around after lunch on Sunday afternoon, in company with Mr. Julius Balm, halted, rather like a setter, at the end of the kitchen garden and sniffed.

Continued on Page 105


Carry it home in a

**Sealright**

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**Paper Container**

*Easy to carry clean and leak-proof*

HARDLY a woman in America who at times doesn't carry home with her from market or shop, ice cream, oysters, salads and other moist or liquid foods.

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HEINZ PLUM PUDDING «« It is real plum pudding, the kind you once spent hours to mix, cook and re-cook. In it are the finest fruits of the earth: "Four Crown" Valencia raisins—our own importation from Spain, choice Grecian case currants, and candied orange peel and citron—all expertly combined and cooked by Heinz. Just heat and enjoy. There are two delicious sauce recipes on the container. Be sure to order a Heinz Plum Pudding and so solve your holiday pudding problem.

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HEINZ MINCE MEAT «« Ready for the holiday pie—the kind you would make yourself if you could "shop around" for the same fine ingredients it contains—prime beef, "Four Crown" Valencia raisins, choice suet, selected apples, Grecian case currants, candied citron, orange and lemon peel—all perfectly seasoned and blended by Heinz. In glass jars and tins.

*When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz Kitchens* · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

(Continued from Page 103)

"That's queer, Balm. For the moment I could have sworn I caught the smell of stabled horses!"

He sniffed again. Mr. Balm watched him curiously, clearly under the impression that the old gentleman was trying to be playful. "Why, it is horses! There are horses about!"

Grandpa's tone was that of an extremely perplexed party, and he headed at a gentle trot for the stables, Julius following, both unaware that little Miss Dimity was surveying them from her bedroom window with the faint smile of one lost in happy dreams

Grandpa trotted into the stable yard and stopped there like a man turned into a pillar of salt. Messrs. Brown and Murphy stepped out of the harness room, where, with a view to taking the evening off, they were smartening up in readiness for Dimity & Company's early morning ride.

"What the devil's this?" demanded grandpa, all-be-staggered. "Who're you men? Whose horses are those? Who's been repairing things here? What business have you got stabling horses here?"

Grandpa was full of inquiries. Mr. Brown advanced.

"These are the young ladies' horses, sir—the Miss Gays."

"The Miss Gays? My granddaughters, hey? Why, they've got no horses, man! And if they had, they've got no right or permission to ——"

Mr. Balm, noting the rapidly increasing fury in grandpa's voice and demeanor, broke in tactfully.

"Pardon me, Mr. Hackett, there's evidently a misunderstanding, a grave mistake somewhere. A little inquiry to the young ladies—if you'll allow me to suggest it—might possibly save you from misjudging these good fellows. There is clearly a—er—complication somewhere."

Grandpa was a very shrewd old-timer. He caught the note of warning in Mr. Balm's voice, and though he did not quite see any reason for it, he grunted a rather sour acquiescence. Julius turned again to the two grooms.

"Under whose orders are you working here?" he asked quietly.

"Mr. Henry Sadler's—of the Ernemouth Riding School and Livery Stables," explained Brown, "and I understand from the boss, Mr. Sadler, that we are here under the orders of Miss Dimity Gay."

"What? My little maid giving ——" exploded old Avery.

But Mr. Balm led him away. There was a peculiar expression on the face of the business expert—something with the effect of dawn, of awakening.

Gentle Julius had for some days past been vaguely, dimly conscious that, moving silently, invisibly under the fabric of his plans, was working a force—a force that he was not supplying—something soft but strong. It was beginning faintly to occur to him from where that force emanated; only it was incredible—oh, impossible that this child Dimity should be exercising it deliberately; an angel-eyed baby thing like her—only just left school, so to speak.

He decided to be very expert indeed, and started on grandpa.

"There is some curious blunder. The child has probably misconstrued some odd phrase of yours as meaning that you were agreeable to her sending to the young ladies' riding master for the horses."

But old Avery shook an emphatic head.

"What's that, Balm? No, no! Good gad, man, I don't throw away my money on luxuries like five—or was it six?—horses and two grooms for myself, much less on children—step-grandchildren, to be exact. Good gad, man, I've never heard of such a thing—such damned impudence—in my life—never! There must be a mistake. That little maid of mine isn't the girl to play the fool like this; she ain't old enough nor sharp enough. It's a mystery, but we'll soon solve it. Quite likely it's these older girls. However, if so, I'll telegraph their mother to come and fetch 'em home—aye, and the little maid, too, if she's got anything to do with it. Hey? There's pounds' worth of work been done there; who's going to pay for it? Hey, damme, there's nothing like horses to eat up your money!"

His voice was rising again. Julius perceived that he had to be firm as well as expert. Nobody knew better than he that old Avery had an ugly temper when it ran away with his brains.

"Now, Mr. Hackett, you'll forgive me for speaking plainly—in your own interests," he said. "I am going to tell you frankly that you are not in the right mood to handle this thing. If you go into the house angry you'll frighten those young ladies into stampeding for home—Miss Dimity the quickest of all. She's a very sensitive, highly strung child and a cross word to her would be about the same thing as a black frost to a dahlia. In your present mood you'd scare her dumb, unless I miss my guess—a thing I don't often do."

But he certainly did it then.

"No, no, Mr. Hackett, be advised by a man you are paying tiptop fees to give you tiptop advice, and leave it to me. Take a quiet stroll round and watch the bees working—anything so that you clear your mind of preconceptions about and suspicions of little Miss Dimity. It's important, it's urgent, it's vital that you don't ruffle a hair of her lovely little head, stir one delicate fiber of her delicate nerves. She's valuable, she's priceless, she's got to be guarded and petted and babied just as if she were made of spun glass—spun diamond, you may say."

"But if she's the one that's been spending my money on those stables ——"

"Tush!" said Julius. "Let her spend it! What's a few pounds spent on a little soul who in less than a week's time will be in a position to ask—and get—from Sir Bessemer Crust practically anything she cares to ask?"

Mr. Hackett's hard old jaw fell.

"Eh? Never thought of that, Balm. Umph!"

"What else have I been toiling and slaving from morn till midnight for days past to achieve?" demanded Mr. Balm. "You'll excuse my saying that you nearly wrecked the thing before. And if you decline to use the goods you're buying—my advice and talent—you'll certainly wreck it yet."

"No, no, Balm, don't think that. I quite see the situation. I've got the idea now. And I'll go and stroll about—watch the bees busy on their honey, as you say—while you make inquiries. Certainly, certainly."

And Mr. Hackett ambled reluctantly away, rather like a man directing his footsteps toward a preliminary interview with the official receiver in bankruptcy.

Mr. Balm was conscious that there was an expression akin to panic in the fine eyes of Torfrida, who was arranging roses in the hall, as he passed in; and of a certain apprehension in the slanting orbs of Bethoe, who was standing by the piano in the drawing-room.

The blond Maulfry's expression was one of blank indifference, for Maulfry was frankly bored by Salington Hall, its owner and its intrigues, and desired nothing more than to return to Ernemouth and her bright particular star, Clarence Rackstraw.

It was for Dimity, curled up on the settee in the sunlight with some letters, that Julius unobtrusively headed. And when he met her gaze he was for a moment convinced that the man Brown who had named her as the lady under whose orders he and Murphy were working was a liar of a particularly virile nature. For there was in those blue and shining pools of light neither panic, apprehension nor boredom; nothing but a lovely shy interest and the gentle innocent friendliness of a child.

"Why, you have come back! Didn't you like seeing the bees with grandpa, Mr. Balm?" she asked, patting the settee invitingly.

Julius sat down, smiling.

"I am not much of a bee student, Miss Dimity," he said.

Dimity nodded wisely.

"It is pretty to watch the little things gathering their honey, of course; but, all the same, they are rather apt to sting if anyone worries them, aren't they?" smiled the child. Julius agreed.

Somehow, sisters Maulfry and Bethoe had drifted idly out.

Dimity picked up her letters.

"It is rather lucky for me that you should have come in just now, for I was thinking of you, Mr. Balm," she volunteered.

"Now, that's very nice," began Julius.

"I am so glad you think that, for you see, there is something I wanted to ask you. May I? Oh, thank you. It is only just to ask if grandpa is leaving you to deal with all his mixed-up difficulty about Archie Crust and Sir Bessemer's spring—or, please, with only a part of it."

"Oh, all—undoubtedly all of it. You see, he has retained me as a—well, a sort of specialist in the matter. Which reminds me, Miss Dimity, that in a day or so I shall want to ask you to be ready, with your sister Torfrida, to go to tea with Sir Bessemer and Archie and myself at Crust Court. But more of that later. I—er—have been meaning to ask you about those horses down at the stables. Do you chance to know whose they are?"

Wide wondering eyes sought his.

"Why, of course, they are mine, Mr. Balm! I bought them only the other day—three of them. Daphne was mine before. But I bought Rover and White Star and Black Diamond for my sisters—presents, you see." She played with her letters—and extracted one. "That is the bill for them."

"Ye-es? Really?"

He noted that it was a bill of the unreceipted variety. He offered it back to her, but she was busy with her papers and did not notice. So he held it a little gingerly, as if it were warm—hot, even.

"I go riding secretly with Archie every morning, you see," she confessed shyly, and passed him another bill.

"That's another account about the horses," she smiled.

Julius took a short glance. It was from a person who had sent it in "by request," and totaled forty-eight pounds for repairs to the stables—labor charged for at double time, as agreed for specially speeding up. This document, too, was devoid of any indication that it had been paid. Julius held it in his reluctant hand.

"And this one is for the riding suits—awfully nice ones, Mr. Balm; and this is for the forage—that is, oats and hay and things." She slipped them into his hand with their little companions. "The others are nothing—silly old things not worth bothering about. You have them."

She passed them over.

"This is very interesting, my dear Miss Dimity. But—er—what do you want me to do with them?"

Dimity laughed happily.

"How funny! Why, to pay them for grandpa, of course!"

The business expert opened his mouth, then closed it without uttering. He stared at Dimity for quite a long time, then reopened his mouth and reclosed it.

"But, please, Mr. Balm, you are not angry or surprised, are you?" inquired Dimity anxiously. "You—you looked at me so strangely, didn't you?"

"Oh, quite unintentionally, Miss Dimity," said Mr. Balm hastily. "I was thinking of another matter."

He shot a rapid eye through the totals—and they passed the grim aggregate of four hundred pounds—some of them being quite staringly old Ernemouth bills. Not a lot of money in a big deal, but fairly good gaiting for a child like Dimity.

"I dread to think what your grandpapa will say," stated Julius rather feebly.

Dimity's eyes went wide.

"But do you mean that he will be angry?" she asked; adding pensively, "If he is angry I think I would like to go home, please."

Julius sat up. Go home! With Archie ripe and ready the way he was! Not to be thought of!

*IN GAY COLORS—*

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*college men and women are now wearing*

ON the college campus, in the city streets, young men are wearing this new rubber coat in all the brilliant colors.

College men started the style, but now everybody's wearing it—men, women, boys and girls.

It's a sporty, roomy, comfortable coat, this new "U.S." Raynster. A soft, light-weight garment, but built for real service. With sturdy seams, strap around the collar, and wind-cuffs in the sleeves. Sure to keep you dry in the hardest rain—and it *stays waterproof!*

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*Carl Laemmle*
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(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City


"Angry—with himself—for not thinking of arranging these little things instead of giving you the bother."

"Oh, I forgive him," trilled Dimity. "I don't like bothering much, but I don't mind when it's for grandpa's sake."

"I will deal with these little things. Forget them, Miss Dimity."

"Thank you, Mr. Balm. I will, of course—forget them, I mean. I detest bills, don't you?"

"Yes, I detest them too," agreed Julius, and extricated himself.

A cooed "Oh, Mr. Balm!" halted him in his tracks at the door.

"Yes?"

"Please, for a little motor car!"

He knew then. He had been wondering whether it was all just blunderheaded innocence or was it ladies' chess. But he knew now. The bobbed angel was perfectly, even excruciatingly aware of her value; and someone had evidently taught her—probably, by sheer force of example rather than by spoken counsel, that snipelike, quickwit and tightwad, her papa—how to realize that value.

"Please, for a little motor car! Bah!" Julius ground his teeth—gently.

"I will do what I can with your grandpapa," he said, with a wet streak of acid in his voice, and went out in search of old Avery, whom he found fuming near the beehives in the orchard.

Patiently, with infinite care, the gentle Julius spilled, drop by drop, the grievous news into grandpa's ear and understanding.

"Pure childish folly, of course; she hasn't the least notion of the meaning of money. It's unfortunate, of course; but there's nothing much to be done about it—except to pay these bills."

But at first grandpa, shocked and wounded at Mr. Balm's airy and undisguised assumption that he would shoulder Dimity's burden, resolutely, even mulishly, declined to listen. Dimity was going home by the first train in the morning, he said. He couldn't afford to have any more little maids of her caliber about the house, he declared. They hurt too much.

Mr. Balm let him bellow for a while. Then dropped the item of news that Dimity used her horse mainly to take secret rides with Archie Crust at dawn. The others were needed for her sisters to ride with them—some distance behind—for the look of the thing.

"Huh!" snarled old Avery, but with a marked decrease of pure venom. "What good's that?"

"She is taking tea on Monday at Crust Court with Sir Bessemer, myself and one or more of her sisters, when I shall explain, privately, that she is the little soul who is going to save Archie from this—er—vamp I have arranged about."

"Huh, is she?"

"If you will let her, she will succeed, Mr. Hackett. If you wish to allow a matter of a few pounds and a couple or so of riding-school hacks to stand in your own light, all you have to do is to go and scold her a little, and she'll be on the morning train home, on her own account. We've got to where plain speaking is called for, Mr. Hackett, and, to be frank, it's for you to say. I can only state the position and advise on it. I advise you to pay these little bills and make a fuss over her. It's going to affect your business considerably more than the few hundreds you are expending. Remember, she's only a child."

"Maybe; but she costs like a big family. And even if I do pay all this money to keep her and her sisters galloping about on those great fat money-burning beasts, what guaranty have I got that she won't go and spend another five hundred and charge it up to me—an old man like me?" moaned Avery.

"None; no guaranty whatever—speaking as an expert," stated Julius firmly and with something uncharitably near satisfaction in his eyes. He was getting a little weary of Mr. Hackett's indomitable parsimony.

"Eh? What's that?"

"None—no guaranty at all. I shall wind up as quickly as is humanly possible. Head her off by sheer speed—if I can. But meantime I am sorry to say you're liable to pay right along—and, for your own sake, not hers, to look pleasant while you pay. You're dealing with mercury when you deal with little souls like your granddaughter, Mr. Hackett, and it's my duty to tell you so, as I do. It's what you're paying me for."

He got it home at last. When presently he left he took with him Avery Hackett's authorization to settle the accounts, and as he turned his car's nose to Woodbine Cottage for tea with Liana, he was grateful that he was not compelled to stay and watch the spectacle of Mr. Hackett endeavoring to be gracious and grandfatherly to the daughters of Gainsborough Gay—particularly his little maid Dimity.

"A very greedy old man, I fear," said Mr. Balm as he sped away. "Strange how people allow their greed to rowel them. . . . Still, I must confess she's—she's a remarkable child. 'Please, for a little motor car!' Eh, by gad? That's what sticks in my throat. . . . With eyes like that! What? Nerves like a locomotive's! Old Avery will give those girls an impression of a pack of blandishing timber wolves tonight or I am no expert."

### XI

IT WAS a glorious séance which Dimity held in her bedroom that night, and the regal and responsible Torfrida openly, freely and fully declared that Dimity possessed three-fourths of the total brains in the Gay family.

"When grandpa showed his teeth in that funny new smile of his, and said how delighted he was to see that Dimity was such a sensible little maid as to think of having the horses up here, I shivered," admitted Torfrida frankly.

"He looked as if he wanted to bite her," giggled Maulfry.

"I think Dimity is a darling to punish rich old grandpa, who is just stingy for stinginess' sake," declared Bethoe. "But won't he try to be revenged afterwards?"

Dimity yawned, twiddling her toes.

"I don't think so," she said. "You see, he will have the spring. He will just call me his little maid—when he has got it. He will forget everything when he has got what he wants. All men do!"

"But he will tell father, all the same, won't he?"

"Oh, daddy? Daddy won't matter. And he won't be able to say anything much because of mother."

"Why because of mother?" demanded the adoring trio.

"I am going to make him give me a little motor and I shall give it to mummy," cooed Dimity. "She has always wanted one."

"Give away a little motor!" echoed Bethoe.

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to be bothered with a stuffy little motor," declared Dimity. "Fancy the black grease and oil and horrid blue smelly smoke! Mummy will take me for a ride if ever I want one. Mummy's a darling and she understands me too. She knows I'm not reckless, but only just mischievous."

They all assured her that they knew that, and so they tucked her in and kissed her and left her looking like a sleepy angelette.

But for his own sake if for nobody else's, Mr. Julius Balm got his broad and manly shoulder to the wheel without further delay, and thereafter events moved with speed.

"Any procrastination is going to give my arrangements an attack of lightning dry rot," he decided. "For, except that small Dimity person and me, everybody's fractious and peevish out of all reason. Look at 'em all—Sir Bessemer jumpy as a cat on a hot grating; Archie more and more reluctant to come nearer than a mile to Liana; while Liana, who wisely prefers something a little more mature, is bored to tears by Archie; old Avery Hackett groaning about a swarm of locusts and bawling for quick action to save him from spending another sixpence or two; those three sisters just dying to get home. Why, there's only Dimity and me keeping our heads—at least, she's keeping hers!"

He was successful in getting things advanced a little, and his luck lasted with him; for when, at the end of the ceremony of tea at Crust Court, he sat with Sir Bessemer on the terrace overlooking the lawn, where a number of young folk were playing tennis, he realized that Dimity had been weighed in the balance and found haunting. Sir Bessemer's eyes strayed to the stone balustrading round a fountain not far off, whither Dimity and Archie had wandered. They were a very pretty couple, beautifully matched, and were clearly meant for each other.

"She is a very charming little thing, Balm, and I'll own she impressed me very much. Will she have anything?"

Julius nodded confidently.

"Well, Gainsborough Gay, the publisher, her father, is said never to have shown mercy to a coin of any description in his life, and he must have a very tolerable fortune—very tolerable indeed. That child will have a quarter of it some day. And old Avery Hackett is worth what—two hundred thousand? He has no children. The girls are his grandchildren and should be in the straight line to inherit. Also, though you mightn't think it, that little woman has brains. And there is a pretty rich spinster aunt and an uncle or two in the family. Archie, of course, is a catch for any girl—no denying that—but at the same time he won't be throwing himself away on Dimity. Just look at them, Sir Bessemer!"

"Yes, I am looking; and I like what I'm looking at. It's pretty, it's practicable, and if this child can save Archie from that red-haired enchantress, she can have him."

Julius sighed slightly.

"I wish it was as easy as that. But—um—do you recall that I spoke to you that a concession might be called for here and there?"

"I do. Are you thinking about marriage settlements? They will be taken care of," said Sir Bessemer with dignity.

"No, not marriage settlements. Nobody who knows you would have any anxiety about that. It's rather more delicate, and touches on a sore point. Sir Bessemer, I am taking your money to do my duty to you. And, as I see it, my duty is to be frank—blunt, even. Now if, as we both hope, Dimity Gay is going to rescue Archie from that infatuation—and you can see her doing that from here—how are you going to keep up that feud with the man who is the child's adored grandpa? In other words, she is very fond of old Avery, and well she might be. He lets her have practically everything she wants—horses, pays her trifling little bills, talks of buying her a motor, and so on."

He shot a side glance at Sir Bessemer's corrugated brow.

"You and he don't speak—don't go to each other's houses. How's that going to strike Dimity when the time comes for her to commit herself? I advise your consideration of that point. I believe that child loves Archie—but she is also Avery Hackett's granddaughter. Now you have given old Avery a lesson—a schooling—that he will never forget. He was sharp with you some years ago. You have punished him. Everybody who matters knows that and has laughed over it and applauded your deftness. Don't you agree that I should be grossly neglecting my duty if I refrained from counseling you to make a—great gesture, a spacious gesture, an act of magnanimity; one of those gracious gestures that only big men are capable of? I mean, Sir Bessemer, I advise bluntly that you forget the old animosity, shake hands with Avery Hackett—he'd give his ears to do that—and accept the twenty thousand pounds he will gladly pay you for your salt spring and a few acres around it. It's not so much, Sir Bessemer. The joke on old Hackett must

(Continued on Page 111)

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Photo of National Cash Register Plant and Employees, Taken June 2, 1925, Showing Four of the Twenty-six Factory Buildings

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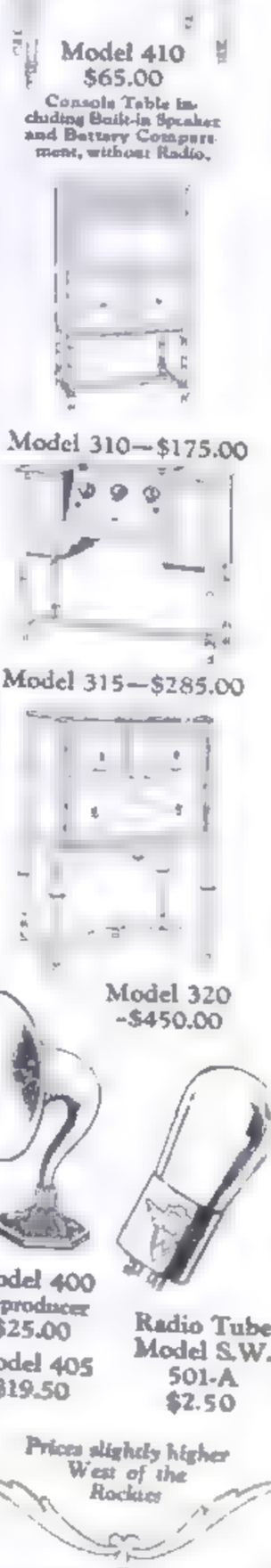


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(Continued from Page 106)

have lost most of its savor—he's been needing the spring for more than five years, and—and why risk your only son's happiness for sake of continuing a triumph that no longer interests you much?"

Expert Mr. Balm finished on that high note, and waited, watching Archie and Dimity. The corrugation slowly ironed itself out of Sir Bessemer's forehead, and presently he laughed quietly.

"That all that—is sheer common sense, Balm. I see it. Have it your own way Tell old Avery Hackett to phone me what night he'd care to dine here and chat it over. You'll join us?"

Join them? They couldn't have kept him away with red-hot iron bars.

"Splendid—splendid! Be sure that I shall notify Mr. Hackett effectively," declared Julius

"Oh, well, no need to rub it in, you know."

Like many before him, Sir Bessemer, once his decision to be generous was made, found it surprisingly easy to be thoroughly generous

"I'll not be sorry to see something of old Avery again. He's a hard old man where his money's concerned, but he used to have his good points. I imagine we're both too old to sling any more stones. We used to shoot grouse together, and I'll say for him that, tightwad though he is, he was a fine shot and pretty good company on the moor. All right then, you see him. I think I'll go and see what that boy and girl are talking about?"

He started himself for the fountain, beaming.

All was going very well there. One might say that it was an afternoon totally devoid of irritation. Everybody enjoyed it, particularly the gentle Julius—until the little party were halfway back to Salington Hall in grandpa's big car.

"What a charming boy Archie is, Miss Dimity," observed Julius.

"Yes, I suppose so, Mr. Balm."

Julius caught—or fancied he caught—a remote weariness in the exquisite voice. He sat up sharply. The child was gazing absently out of the window.

"I expect you are very glad to have achieved such a success for your grandpapa, and, in a way, for Archie and his father, are you not, Miss Dimity?" pursued Julius

"Oh, I don't think I am very glad. I think I am tired of it all and I want to go home now. I don't want to bother any more about Archie or anybody else, please."

There was a general movement of real consternation.

"But, Dimity darling, you will finish saving Archie from the vamp?" asked Torfrida anxiously.

"No, I don't think I will bother any more, Frida dear. I believe I'm homesick. Daddy and mamma are coming back from Paris today and, please, I want to go home now and be with them "

Julius Balm felt the mercury in his backbone freeze and fall in a long and sickeningly giddy slide. He felt really ill for a moment, then remembered something he had not so much forgotten as shirked.

"Please, for a little motor car!"

That was what Dimity had said and he had done nothing about it. Was that the cause of this sudden change in the child? He became expert.

"I expect you are tired a little, aren't you, Miss Dimity? You have been walking so much today." He laughed rather coyly. "But suppose I were able to tell you of a little surprise that is waiting for you—come now, would that refresh you '"

"A surprise, dear Mr. Balm?"

Three of them were really interested, but Dimity merely smiled a little, kind, friendly smile at him—she was obviously unthrilled.

"It's a secret, strictly speaking, but I'll risk it," purred Julius. "I happen to know that your grandpapa is so pleased with you that there will be a delightful little motor delivered at Salington Hall tomorrow, addressed, so to speak, to one Miss Dimity Gay "

"How sweet of grandpa! I shall give it to mummy," said Dimity in the faint, far-off attenuated tone of one but distantly interested in motors.

A rather desperate look settled in Mr. Balm's eyes.

"I think Dimity is bothered about something," said Bethoe, who had been studying her little sister rather intently.

Torfrida turned anxiously to the little one.

"Are you bothering, dear?"

Dimity nestled close to Torfrida.

"Yes, I think so, in a kind of way, Frida."

"What is it, Dimity?"

"Well, you see, it's about the horses I gave you. I remembered this afternoon that when we go home they will have to be kept and stabled, and I am sure daddy won't be willing to build some stables for them or to pay for them to be kept at a livery stable. And we can't each manage to keep one out of our allowance, can we? So—so, you see, my present to you all will be quite wasted; and I know that anybody would understand how hard it is to be interested in Archie or anything with such a piece of bad luck hanging over one like a big black cloud."

Mr. Balm got that like lightning. It was a hot one, but he caught it on the wing. Grandpa not only had to buy the horses—he had to maintain them. He did not hesitate a second or blink an eyelid.

"That, Miss Dimity, need not cause you a moment's unrest or bother. Why, your grandpa will literally jump at the opportunity of showing his love for you all and his appreciation of how you have helped him! I may tell you all that Sir Bessemer has agreed to sell him the spring he needs just as soon as he is satisfied that Miss Dimity has saved Archie from Liana Twyne; and to sign an order to any livery stable in Ernemouth or anywhere else to maintain the horses for—what? a year? two years? will be but the work, nay, the pleasure, of a second! Come now, what do you think of that?"

The child was instantly all sunshine.

"Why, I think that is just lovely!"

"And you're not homesick any more?" inquired Julius.

"Oh, no, I don't think so!"

"No, I should think not," said Julius—but he said it inside and in silence.

He dropped the gay crusaders at Salington Hall and went on to the Sfitz works. What he said to grandpa and what grandpa said to him they never knew. But when, just before dinner, the old gentleman arrived, there was a look in his eye and a warmth in his smile that was new to them. He looked round the room.

"Where's my little maid?" he demanded.

"I—I think she is on the lawn, grandpa."

Grandpa went out. Dimity was sitting in the last patch of sunlight on an old garden seat. Grandpa sat beside her

"Why, Dimity, all alone, my dear?"

Dimity's hand stole into his

"Only for a little while, grandpa. Archie is coming in after dinner, I think."

"Oh, is he now? Well, that's very nice, to be sure. And did Mr. Balm tell you of all the nice things I have told him to see to for you—the little motor and the horses and things?"

"Oh, yes, grandpa, and it is so dear of you."

She looked up at him. She had added something better than a thousand pounds to his expenses for the spring, but he would have given twice the money for that water, though only he knew that!

Those expenses had wounded him sorely—until Dimity had healed the wound miraculously with salt water. He was, on the whole, more than satisfied.

"I am pleased with you, very pleased, my dear," he volunteered.

"And I love you, grandpa."

Dimity put up her lovely little face and kissed him gently. Something stirred far down in old Avery's heart.

"Eh? Eh? That's my little maid!"

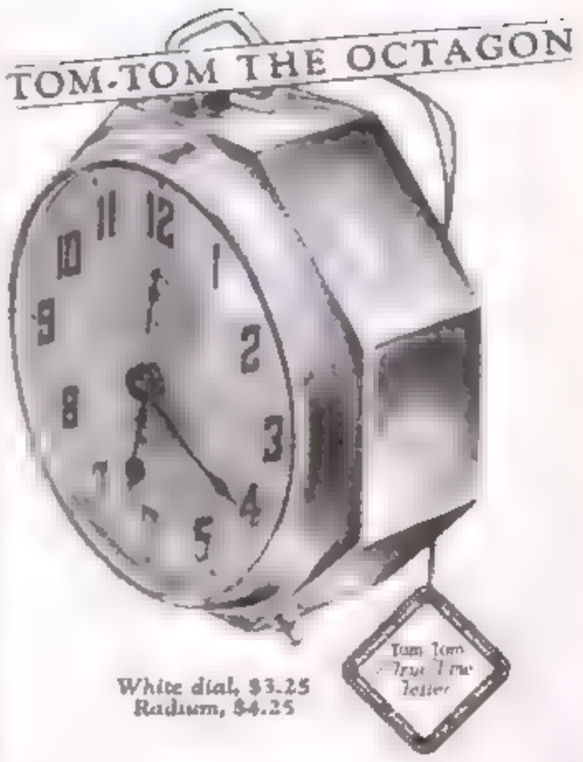
"Yes, grandpa!"

Ah, well ——

(THE END)



Deer in the Yosemite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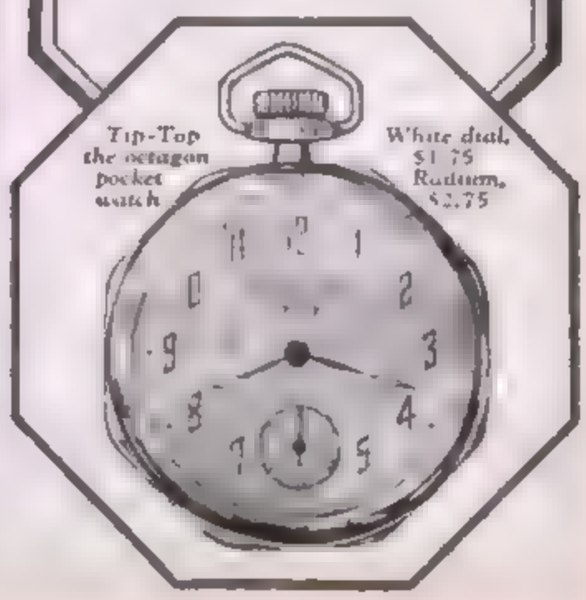

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MENNEN
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# CATASTROPHE

Continued from Page 19

"I thought I'd told you." Listening, Gifford Buller was able to spare attention for snatches of other conversations; for some reason the discovery that Albertine was telling Doctor Mogridge about the contemptible ingratitude of her last cook but one failed to amuse him. Later, giving ear to Minnie Oliver, he was sorry that little Jennie hadn't chosen to have measles instead of chickenpox. A good many kids in Weymouth had showed this same want of originality, this spring, it occurred to him.

Afterward, while Doctor Mogridge, to whom mah-jongg was curiously an affair of ritual, corrected an error in the construction of the wall, Buller heard Irene's clear voice from the bridge table in the opposite corner.

"Of course you knew that Albertine had the nine. She was marked with it on the second lead. If you'd saved your reëntry you could have led through her up to my ten-eight and made your contract."

Something in the sweetness of the tone troubled Gifford Buller. It sounded as if Albertine might be mistaken in her notion that everything depended on Gus Pendleton's attitude. In some respects Irene's voice reminded him of Albertine's. It was too bad, anyway, that those two couldn't fix things up between them.

Doctor Mogridge helped himself to four tiles and clicked them on the rack.

"I heard you mention those—I believe the name is Fishback." He gently halted Gifford Buller's endeavor to draw out of turn. "Did I understand you to say that there is a possibility of their coming here?"

"I should hope not!" Buller wagged his head. "I was just telling Mrs. Mogridge that Weymouth was one place that would always be safe from their sort."

"I am glad to hear you say so. It would be a calamity." He considered. "A catastrophe," he amended. "No, Buller, my dear fellow, I am East Wind. A calamity. Let me see-ee. Four Bamboos."

Long afterward, driving homeward, Gifford Buller sighed wearily.

"Gee, I'm tired."

Albertine made an impatient, wifely sound in her throat.

"No wonder. It's nearly half-past ten! If you'd only backed me up when I said it was time to stop we'd have got away half an hour sooner."

"Doctor Mogridge always insists on playing the East Wind out," said Buller. "Only half-past ten, is it? I thought it was a lot later."

*II*

ALBERTINE drew the back of her hand gently across Gifford Buller's cheek, a strangely comforting caress. He caught her fingers and held them against his lips, aware, as if for the first time, of their cool softness.

"It's not your fault," she declared with spirit. "Not the least bit! Nobody on earth could possibly have guessed that——"

"It doesn't matter whose fault it was," said Buller. "Weymouth's ruined, and that's all that counts." He rose suddenly. "Why did I have to shoot off my face to Ben McKenney? Why——"

"Stop it." Again Albertine's fingers touched his mouth. "Maybe they won't be so dreadful as you think. You've only seen one of them."

"Yes, the best one!" Buller sucked in a sibilant breath. "Wait till you see him, Teeny!"

Albertine patted his cheek. "You haven't called me that for ages," she said softly. Her voice changed quickly, became the brisk, efficient voice that Albertine seemed to keep in reserve for emergencies. "I don't care how awful they are—they're not going to spoil our town without a fight!"

She moved across toward the telephone and Buller felt a remote, unreasoning stir of hope. He recognized the number as that of Johnny Gilchrist and his brows drew together. He and Johnny hadn't been any too friendly since that vestry fuss; always trying to run everything, Gilchrist and his wife, just because they'd lived in Weymouth a year or two more than the rest. Still, as Albertine spoke, he found himself in approval. In a crisis like this all the people who really counted ought to stand solidly together of course.

Albertine's end of the conversation informed him that the Gilchrists would come over at once. He listened to a repetition addressed to Doctor Mogridge.

"Gus Pendleton's there," said Albertine parenthetically. "Yes? That's fine, doctor." The receiver clicked. "They're all coming." She rose. "I'd better slip into something else before they get here, Giff. You might ring up Bill Oliver and the Bischoffs. We might as well get the whole crowd together and talk this over. We can keep those dreadful people from hurting Weymouth if we all stand squarely against them."

Gifford Buller's depression lightened a little under the confidence of her voice. He found himself aware of a certain rather comforting sense of importance as he talked to Bischoff and Oliver. He rang up two or three others, after reflection. The Gilchrists arrived just as Albertine came down in that good-looking green thing she'd got for the Bischoffs' party. Buller saw that Johnny Gilchrist's eye dwelt upon it with rather less than its normal aloofness. The circumstance quickened an old pride in Albertine. He led the way into the living room, waiting for Albertine to tell them. She turned to him.

"You tell them, Giff."

Buller's shoulders straightened; dimly he was aware of a deepened affection toward his wife. He even meditated self-sacrifice, but only for an instant. It was, as Albertine realized, his duty to bear these evil tidings himself.

"I know a chap in the real-estate business in town—Ben McKenney. Had an engagement for lunch with him today and stopped in at his office. He was busy and I had to wait a bit till he came out of the private room with another man. Called me over and introduced me to him." He paused, remotely conscious that he was telling it effectively.

"You see, Ben knows, of course, that I live out here and naturally thought I'd be interested in meeting the man who'd just leased the Perrin place. I was, rather."

He paused again. He hadn't told it to Albertine quite as dramatically.

"The name was Fishback—Harold J. Fishback. I guess you've heard it."

The stunned silence gave him a faintly pleasant feeling of applause. He took advantage of it to go on, drawling a little, his voice thinly satiric.

"I suppose you read his charming wife's announcement in today's papers. She and her Harold, forgiving and forgetting, beginning all over again in some secluded little cottage, far from the madding crowd. Well, this is where they're going to do it."

Fan Gilchrist found her voice first. "Is he—was he as perfectly terrible as you thought?"

Gifford Buller smiled sadly. He had used the phrase to Albertine, but it would bear repetition.

"He's iced hog. Net."

Johnny Gilchrist laughed shortly. "I always said Weymouth was too good to last. With that kind jamming in here it's only a question of time, of course, till we get out."

Albertine shook her head with determination.

"No! I'm not going to be crowded out, not without a fight. If we—if all of us who—who've made the place what it is, I mean—if we all stand together we shan't be the ones to go! We can freeze these outsiders out."

"Hard to freeze an iced hog," said Gilchrist. A thrill of authorship tingled through Buller. Fannie leaned forward.

"It's the female of the species we'll be dealing with," she said. "Albertine's right. I don't know what's the feminine for hog, but——"

"Sow," said Gilchrist. "It's a good old Saxon word and I judge it fits. Go on, Fan."

"Well," said Fannie, "I think a gilded sow can probably feel a stiff drop in the temperature."

Buller chuckled. Fannie always had a droll way of saying things. He'd rather missed it since that silly trouble in the vestry. The boycott was well organized before the Bischoffs and Olivers arrived to give it instant approval; Gus Pendleton and the Mogridges had evidently delayed to play out an East Wind, so that there was time to have a bit of Scotch in the library. It served, somehow, to remove the last rankle of that childish squabble with Johnny Gilchrist.

Doctor Mogridge felt obliged to stand professionally aloof from the scheme of defense.

"I can't promise that, my dear fellow. I shall have to call."

Buller would have argued the point, but Albertine's hand touched his sleeve.

"Of course you must, doctor. That's understood." She drew Buller aside and whispered.

"Don't try to stop him, Giff. Don't you see that it just rubs it in, if he goes? She knows he has to."

Buller saw. The rector buttonholed him a little later.

"You met this man, Buller? Is he really——"

Buller felt justified in repeating the happy description. The doctor shook his head.

"A calamity, I'm afraid." His voice held a hint of wistfulness. "Iced hog, net. A remarkably pungent hyperbole, Buller. If one could use such terms in the pulpit, now——"

"There's no copyright on it," said Buller. "Weren't there some hogs that ran down a steep place?"

Doctor Mogridge brightened. "The Gadarene swine," he muttered. "H'm. Yes."

Later, as Buller fastened the chain latch, Albertine squeezed his arm.

"Wasn't it fine though?" The squeeze tightened. "How did you ever hit on that gorgeous description, you old smartums?"

"Accident, I guess." Buller chuckled. "Took to it, didn't they?" He arrested the motion of his hand toward the switch. "That's a whizz of a dress, Teeny."

Albertine laughed softly. "Put out the lights. It's almost twelve, and you're going in town tomorrow."

Gifford Buller whistled. "Twelve? Why I didn't think it was after ten!"

*III*

DOCTOR MOGRIDGE made room for Gifford Buller before the birchwood fire, lifting his coffee cup in a gesture of welcome that was almost jolly. It occurred to Buller that the rector had been remarkably cheerful all this autumn; he felt a sudden stirring of affection toward the older man.

"Been wanting to thank you for that sermon you gave us last Sunday," he said. "They've all been splendid, of course, but this last one was just—well, just a corker, sir!"

"The text was rather—rather pungent," said Doctor Mogridge. He smiled slowly and Buller grinned in sympathy.

"Never saw the church so crowded," he went on. "Just about everybody in town was there, except, of course——" he jerked his head in the general direction of the Perrin place. "Too bad they didn't hear it."

The doctor said nothing, but his lips tightened slightly. A burst of laughter floated across the big room from the group that crowded about Irene, and his face

Continued on Page 115

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(Continued from Page 112

softened. Following his eyes Gifford Buller was able to understand the contented pride in their expression. Irene had certainly bloomed amazingly this fall.

Fannie Gilchrist came toward him, mischief in her dancing eyes.

"Charades, Giff?"

"All right." He chuckled. "If I can have Irene on my side. You've had her twice running."

"Well, I need her, don't I—if I've got to compete with you?" Fannie laughed. "You can't have her."

"Got to, this time," said Buller firmly. "I've got a word that can't be played without her. A corker too."

Fannie looked wistful. Doctor Mogridge offered a suggestion, his voice quietly aglow.

"There's no reason why Irene shouldn't play on both sides, is there?"

"Why, of course!" Fannie clapped her hands. "You begin, Giff, as long as you've got your word ready. I call it cheating, though, to think it up in advance that way. There's some stuff for costumes up in the little room off the balcony. I thought we'd use that end for the stage."

"Fine! I need a balcony scene for my last act." Buller chuckled. "You wait! I'll show you something, this time."

He assembled his cast in the tiny book room and sketched the outline of the plot to a chorus of delighted giggles. Descending, he placed chairs and announced his program.

"Three syllables—three scenes and a grand finale for the whole word. First syllable."

He retired amid an expectant titter that rose to a delighted clamor as Minnie Oliver entered. A tow-colored wig, providentially come unglued from the china scalp of little Bess Gilchrist's biggest doll, two great glass pendants that had once hung from a stately gasolier and now were tied with string to Minnie's ears, three others lying almost horizontally on the sofa cushion stuffed in the bosom of a voluminous pink negligee—these items of costume instantly identified Minnie in her favorite rôle of Mrs. Fishback.

To her entered Gifford Buller, swathed in a dressing gown of many colors and wearing, jauntily atilt, an ancient opera hat of Johnny Gilchrist's splendid youth. He rolled a cigar skillfully from one corner of his mouth to the other. Mrs. Fishback greeted him in shrill complaint.

"Where are the reporters?" she demanded. Buller rolled the cigar back to its original corner, to an applauding giggle. Ever since his creation of the rôle, tradition demanded that Mr. Fishback should be thus represented.

"I thought we'd better have it out with her in private first," he suggested. Minnie laughed scornfully.

"In private! A vital domestic crisis without a single reporter present! How quaint! How perfectly plebeian! Have them in at once."

Buller snapped lordly fingers and Bischoff and Johnny Gilchrist shambled in self-consciously to seats against the wall. Minnie acknowledged their presence with a gracious smile and bow.

"Very well, Stella. We are quite ready now."

Irene Mogridge paused in the doorway with an excellent feeling for dramatic values. She had used plenty of Fannie's rouge and her lips were painted an aggressive vermilion. She blew a puff of cigarette smoke toward the abashed reporters and slouched in, to sit jauntily on the arm of a chair so that her rolled stockings were uncompromisingly displayed.

"Well, get it all off your dear old chests," she drawled. "I don't mind listening to your line—that quaint old Victorian twitter always hands me a laugh. Shoot, old beans."

"Stella! My baby girl! Do you want to break my heart?" Minnie's voice trembled with entreaty. "Give up this impossible man. He isn't worthy of you—you who could marry anyone—a movie actor, or even a bootlegger!"

"Old stuff." Irene shook her head. "There's no publicity in any of those nineteenth-century gags any more. Is there, boys?" She addressed the reporters, who shook their heads. "See, I'd never make the first page if I fell for anything so prewar as a screen idol, would I, boys?" Again they agreed with her. "You've got to be original, nowadays, if you don't want to pay for your space by the square inch. If you think I'm crazy, just keep your eye on these two newspaper boys when they hear that I'm going to marry a real, old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness livery-stable keeper!"

The two reporters achieved a very creditable bound as Gus Pendleton took his entrance cue. He wore suspenders and arm garters; a mustache fashioned from a bit of the doll's wig presented a lifelike raggedness of outline. Watching him, as he hurried to Irene's side, Gifford Buller told himself that Gus was in the way of becoming a fair actor. To the life he resembled an enamored hostler.

Buller's ears thrilled to the subtle music of joyous, screaming, helpless laughter. It hadn't been a bad notion, this adaptation of that riding-master episode in Stella Fishback's girlish career. He rolled his cigar to repress his own desire to laugh as Gus and Irene, in a resolute embrace, defied the world together.

"They're trying to make me give you up, 'Arry," said Irene. "But I won't."

"I guess not!" said Gus, stoutly.

"Never!" said Irene, nestling in the bend of the gartered sleeve.

"Not on your life!" said Gus.

"That'll do for the first syllable," said Buller, in his own manner. The players trouped out to the hallway, followed by uproarious applause. They faced one another, giggling, flushed.

"That went over big," said Buller. "Gus, you're getting better by the minute! They'll never guess that one, but it gave them a good laugh. Now, for the next syllable——"

It was a scene at the Fishback breakfast table. Irene and Minnie and Buller played the same parts as before; Gus, shorn of his mustache and wearing little Percy Gilchrist's Norfolk jacket, was obviously Duddie Fishback. Johnny and Bischoff, predestined for their rôles, were butler and footman!

"Those tiresome church bells woke me at eleven," said Minnie. "I never shut an eye afterwards. It's really very inconsiderate of people." She glanced at Gus. "Duddie, dear, why don't you drink your nice gin?"

"Because it isn't fit to drink," said Gus peevishly. He pushed away an imaginary glass. "I should think we might manage to have decent gin for breakfast on Sundays anyway."

"It's perfectly good gin," said Buller sternly. "Sit up and drink your breakfast and stop whining."

"Aw, what do you know about liquor?" said Gus. "I'll leave it to Stella. She's the best judge of gin in this house. I'll say that for her."

"It's really pretty synthetic hooch," said Irene, after experiment. "I wish you'd try that nice bootlegger that married Tessie Fusslappen. I think he has the best breakfast gin I ever drank. Don't touch this, Duddie—it's terrible."

"That's the second syllable," Buller announced. Shouts pursued them to the hall, whence they returned at once for the third scene, in which a college crew, seated in single file on the floor, swung rhythmically to the tempo of shrill yelping sounds from Irene, as coxswain, until Buller, sprawling backward, cried out that he had broken his sweep and plunged overside. The entire word reintroduced Irene as Stella Fishback, attired this time in the generous pink negligee that Minnie had worn in the earlier acts. She stood on the balcony, in the posture of one who listens rapturously to distant music.

"A jew's-harp!" she whispered. Tinkling sounds proceeded from the throat of Gus Pendleton, once more costumed as 'Arry,

(Continued on Page 117


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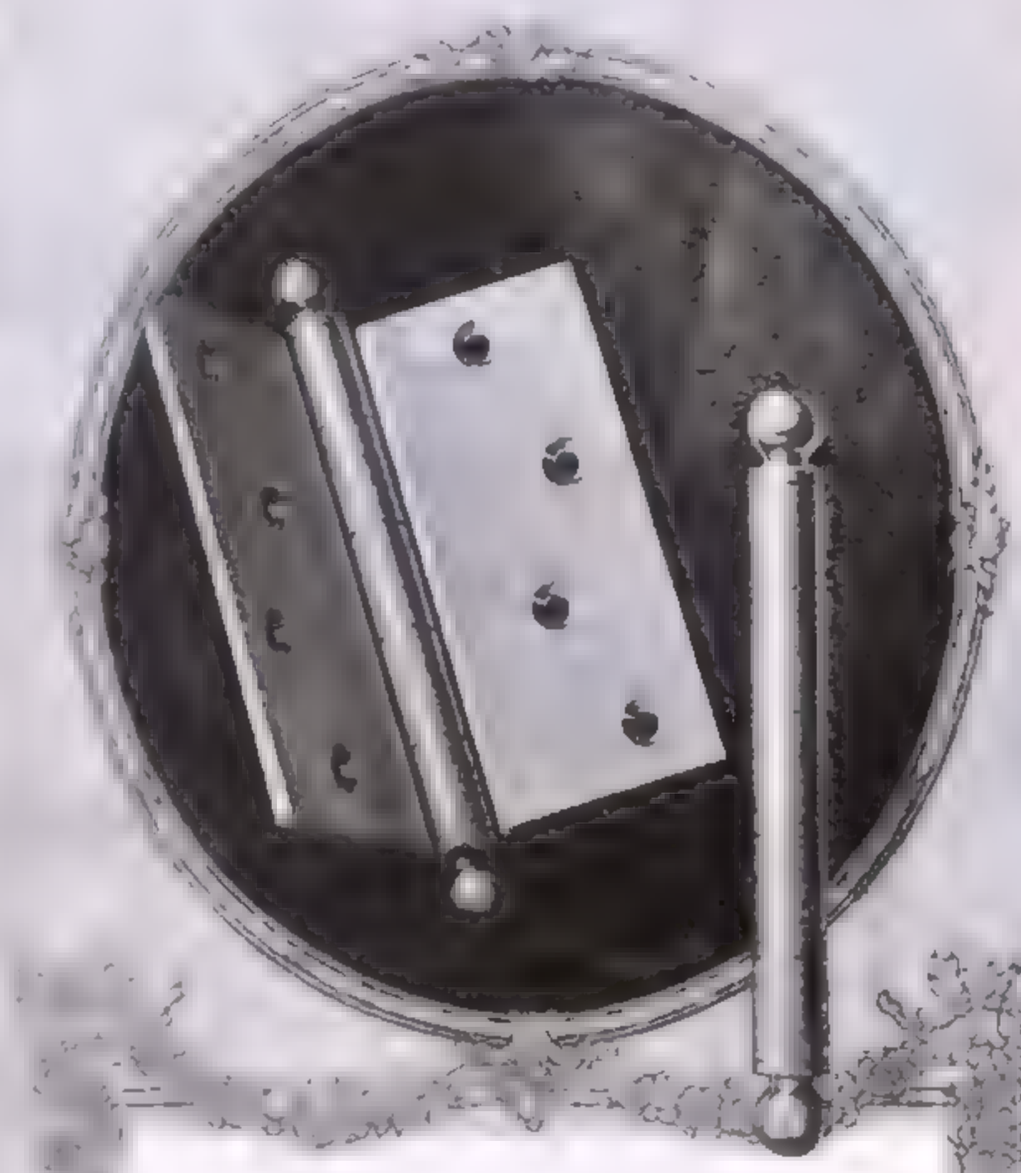

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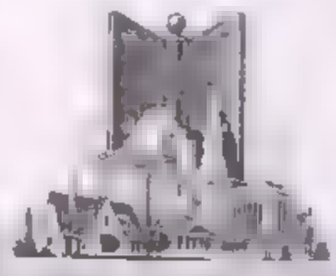

# Kelvination

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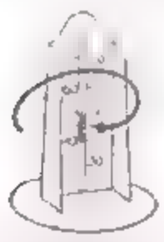

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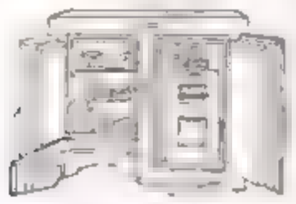

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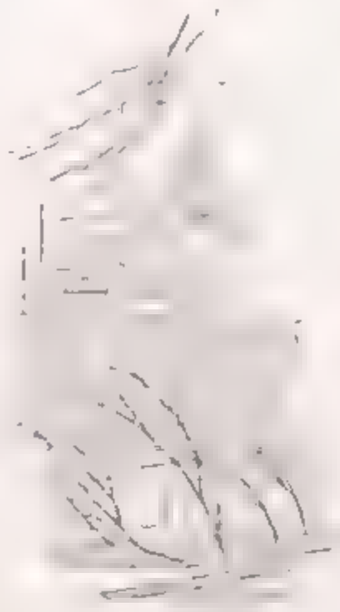

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# Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

(Continued from Page 115)

the 'ostler, who crept stealthily out below the balcony and lifted a wispy tenor voice. Rather injudiciously he had chosen the old ballad in which a liveryman, discarded by his lady in favor of a gardener, is enlightened as to the reason. Irene sang the plaintive refrain softly:

*"For a greenhouse has a per-fume*
*That a liv'ry stable—ain't it!"*

She tossed her lighted cigarette down to Gus, who caught it neatly and smoked it as he slunk away.

Fannie Gilchrist guessed it eventually, with sundry hints from the performers, flushed with success and mingling with the audience.

"Of course! Lovely, Giff! Stella was true to 'Andsome 'Arry, the 'ostler—the breakfast gin was bad—you broke your oar—and Gus was a jew's-harp troubadour! Perfectly gorgeous!"

There were more charades. In a pause Johnny Gilchrist approached Gifford Buller.

"Been wanting to talk to you about the doctor," he said soberly. "We can afford to boost his salary now, and we ought to do it before we lose him. The way he's been hitting out from the shoulder ——"

"Wasn't that one about the golden calf a humdinger though!" Gifford Buller whistled. "Just what this town needs, with those Fishbacks splashing their money about. You're dead right, Johnny. Let's get the rest of the vestry together and ——"

"Look at Irene," said Gilchrist. Buller looked. Irenesat laughing upat Gus Pendleton, who leaned over her. A dim hostility toward Gus drew Buller's brows together.

"The lucky stiff!" he muttered.

As they drove home past the lighted windows of the Perrin place, Albertine spoke in a voice that made Gifford Buller think of clenched teeth and hands.

"Beasts! Trying to spoil our town!"

"Haven't had much luck so far," chuckled Buller. "Fun, wasn't it? Don't know when I've had such a good time." He laughed again reminiscently. Albertine cuddled against his shoulder.

"You were just immense in that troubadour charade," she told him. "Old smartums!"

*IV*

THE second coach of the 1:12 express had begun to fill with its Saturday merrymakers, bound for the dismal shore resorts beyond Weymouth Junction, but Gifford Buller's favorite seat was happily unoccupied. He settled himself at the aisle end of it and unfolded the bulky week-end edition of his evening paper. The presence of the holiday crowd annoyed him, not only in itself but also by its reminder of an utterly unreasonable obstinacy on the part of Albertine.

He frowned at the thought of it. Albertine was so eminently sensible about most things that it was all the harder to be patient with this absurd notion of shutting up a big, comfortable house at Weymouth and spending the summer in one of those pineboard shanties at the shore. Albertine wasn't quite rational on the subject; Buller sighed in well-founded prescience of what she would say as soon as he climbed into the sedan at the Junction, of what she would keep on saying till he climbed out of it again on Monday morning. There'd be church, of course, to interrupt her, but—he sighed again. Something had happened to Doctor Mogridge lately. That last sermon had been sort of prosy, like most of the others this spring.

He turned to the rotogravure section for refuge from a dull depression of spirit. His lips tightened at the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fishback, returning with their progeny from a yachting trip; there was a sullen satisfaction in the reminder of their utter failure to break into Weymouth. Even after a year Gifford Buller could still take a sour pleasure in the success of that social boycott; the Fishbacks had gone to Florida before the middle of that winter. He grinned. It had certainly been cold enough at Weymouth to discourage a tribe of Eskimos!

He glowered at the photograph with a glum triumph. Weymouth had resisted that major infection after all. Weymouth was its old self again.

The tail of his eye informed him of Gus Pendleton's approach and he leaned hastily nearer to the page. It had been hard enough to suffer Gus in the old days when his talk was of mere pigeons; since that kid of his and Irene's had begun to cut its silly teeth —— Buller held his breath and cowered while Gus, seemingly unseeing, passed on to a seat near the door. He straightened with short-lived relief: Bill Oliver stood at his elbow, his eyes bulging with the look that, to Buller's wearily enlightened glance, foreboded such intelligence as that last night Bill had listened, with some new hook-up, to Station WOOF!

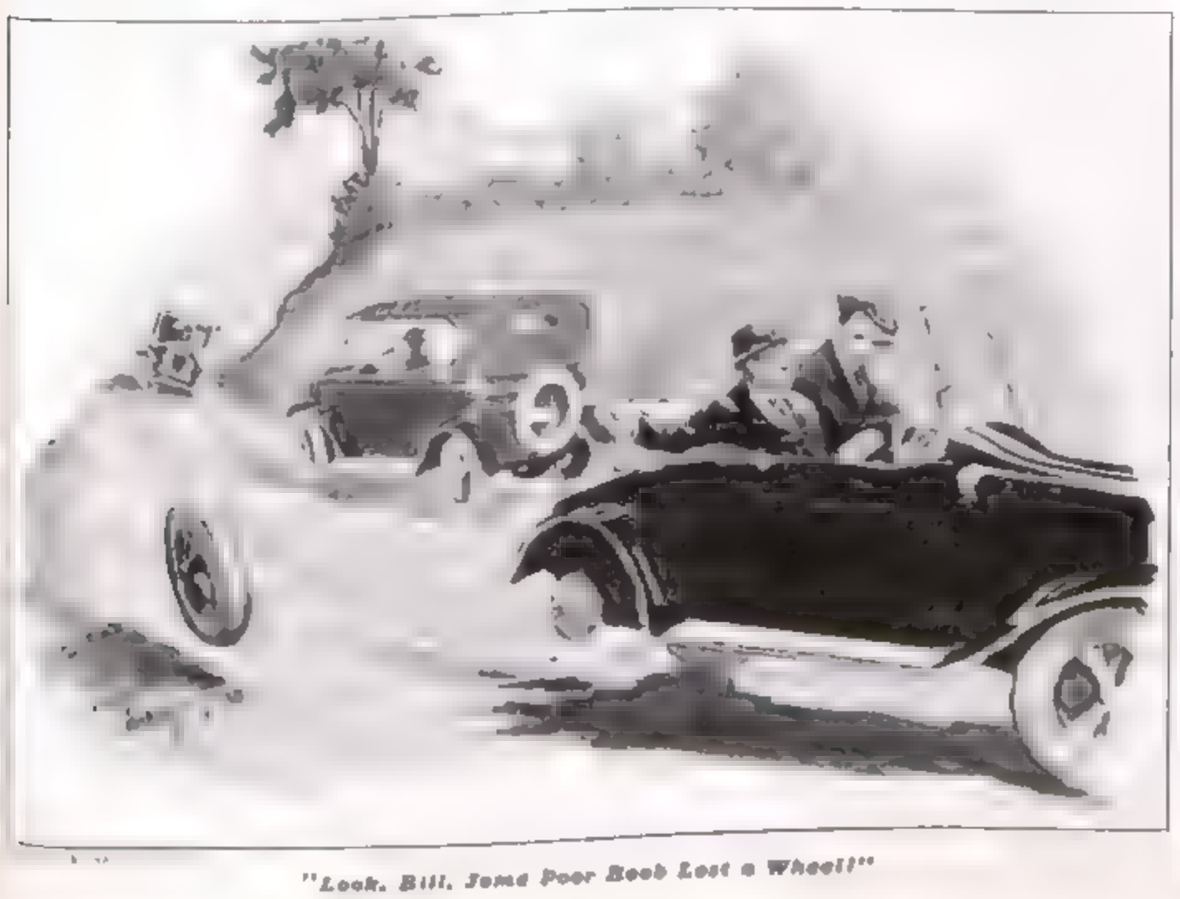
"Say, listen!" Bill was out of breath. Resolutely Gifford Buller sat his ground, false affability in face and voice.

"Oh, hello, Bill! Looking for Gus, are you? He's right up ahead."

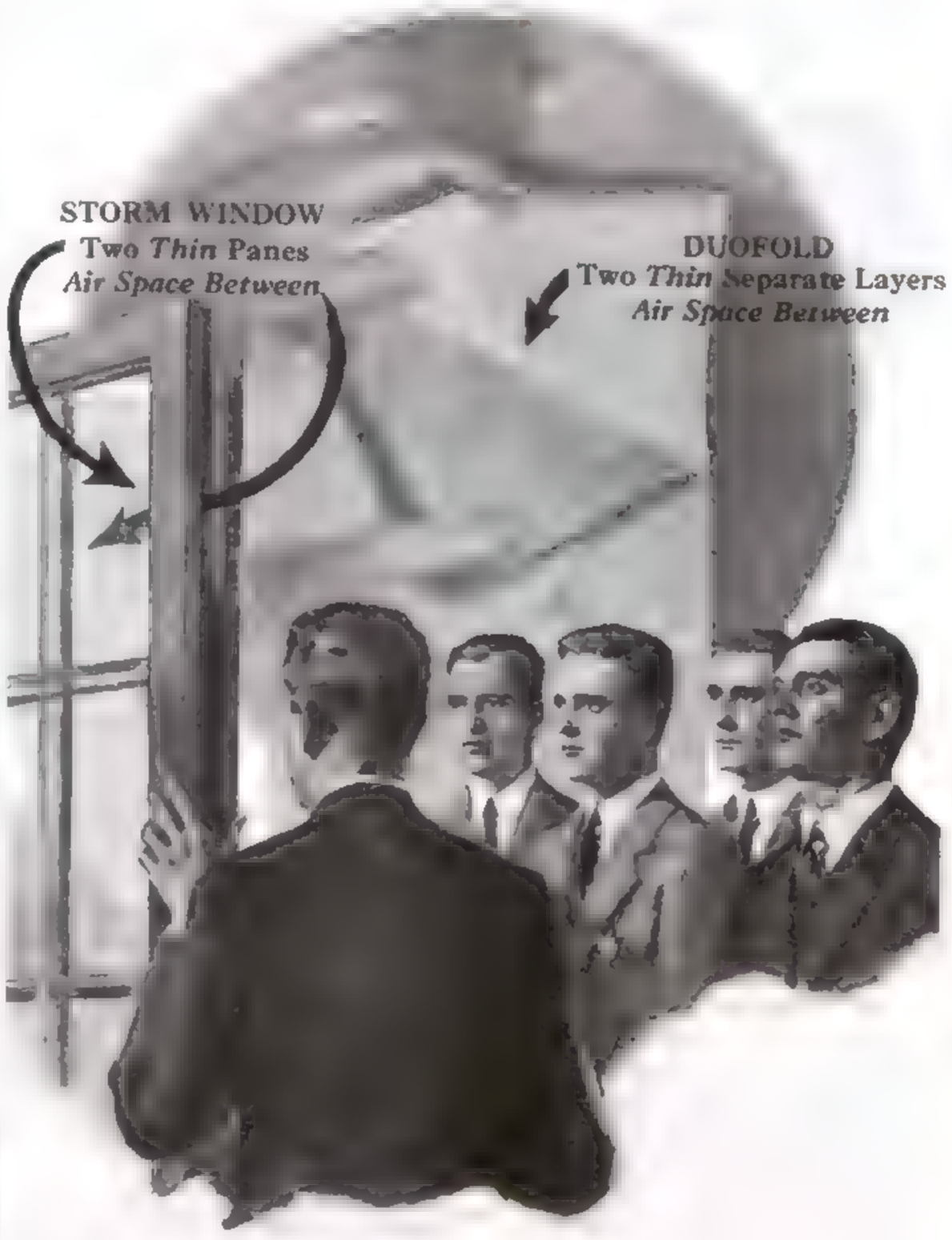
Oliver shook his head impatiently. "Say, listen," he said again. "I just saw Larkin in the subway and he told me the Fishbacks are moving back!" He gulped. "Larkin says they're crazy about Weymouth—told him it was the only place they'd ever lived in where they weren't bored to death by the natives. And they aren't renting the Perrin place this time—they've bought it!"

Gifford Buller stared in blank, stricken consternation. Then, gathering up his newspaper, he sidled hospitably in toward the window.

"Sit in here, Bill," he said eagerly. "Sit right in here and tell me all about it!"



*"Look, Bill, Some Poor Boob Lost a Wheel!"*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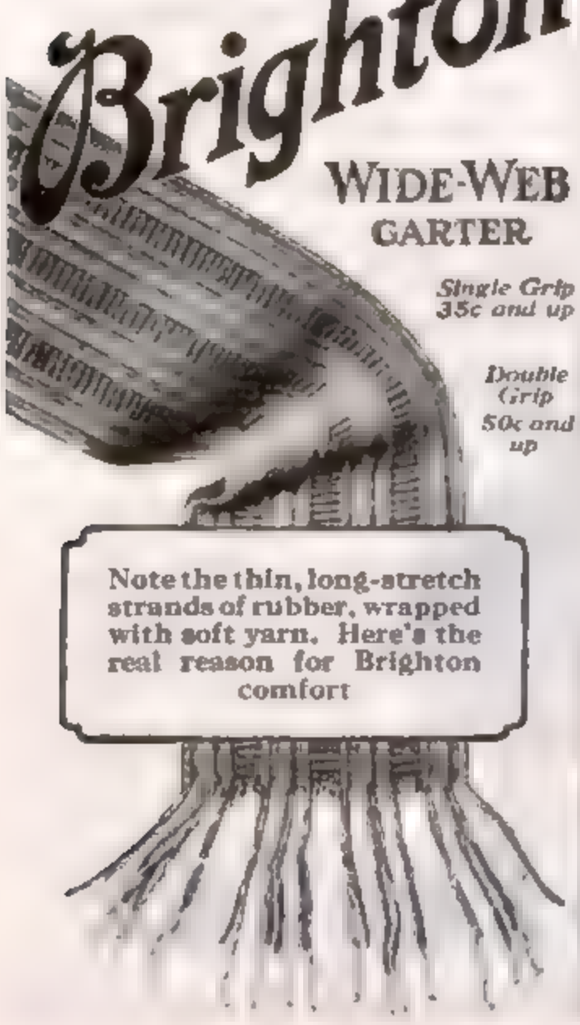
PIONEER
Brighton
WIDE-WEB
GARTER

*Single Grip 35c and up*

*Double Grip 50c and up*



Note the thin, long-stretch strands of rubber, wrapped with soft yarn. Here's the real reason for Brighton comfort


# AND SEE WHAT HEAVEN WILL SEND YOU

*Continued from Page 25*

"Who on earth ——" she began.

"Our kids, of course."

"Don't be so idiotic!"

"For short, we'd call the boy Liar and the girl Naxy."

"Really, Harvey!"

"Don't you think so? Perhaps being called Liar would be a bit trying for an upright lad. 'Have you posted those letters, Liar?' It sort of answers itself in the accusative. But Naxy is such a nifty little name."

"How you can talk such drivel?" said she.

Harvey beat time with a finger:

*"There once was a baby called Naxy*
*A kind doctor brought in a taxi.*
*Her eyes were pale blue*
*And her hair when it grew*
*Was not green and not pink—it was flaxy."*

Angela sighed and looked at him. He returned the look and said with disarming candor, "I think that's rather ripping and not really drivel at all. Wouldn't it be stunning if the kind doctor did bring along a kid in a taxi—wouldn't it?"

Angela lifted a shoulder ever so little. Just then her mind was busy in other directions. She had no quarrel with the idea of motherhood; it had not come to pass, that was all.

"Doctors are a shiftless crew," Harvey went on; "always stopping at wrong houses, in my opinion."

Angela yawned.

"I'm tired. I shall go to bed," she said. "Why don't you run over and have a drink with Morris? He's always in on Tuesday."

In such wise is tenderness bruised. In such wise shyness, retirement and retreat into the solitude of his own mind are forced upon a man.

"Good night," said Harvey.

That was the beginning of the cold season, and the temperature continued to fall—lower and lower. In a short while Angela contrived to erect a barrier between Harvey and all approaches to her committee rooms. She refused to discuss them. She was, however, prepared within bounds to talk new art. Harvey's hostility toward all the isms and ists of the modern era was an incentive. He was hopelessly out of date.

"My poor boy, you have a Praxiteles mind," she complained. "You wallow in the sticky vintage of 360 B.C."

It was for the purpose of coining such terms of praise that she allowed the arguments to proceed. A husband, after all, provides the best possible stumps for bowling at. He is a permanent Aunt Sally about the house. The scoring made against him can be repeated with advantage elsewhere.

Angela, who had no executive ability in the arts, aimed at the development of higher criticism. In higher criticism one must support one's views with something more abstruse than mere statements of approval or disapproval. One must acquire a collateral attitude of mind and a high-explosive quality of speech. Higher criticism is a sort of rocket factory.

When Harvey expressed his hatred of Epstein's bird sanctuary in Hyde Park, Angela put him right with a mere squib.

"It's not supposed to have form, you dunce; it's a sun trap. Amazing that you can't see it."

Harvey turned to address an unwary sparrow, fluffing its feathers upon the railings.

"Fly away, dicky," he said. "This is no place for you."

The sparrow took to the wing to settle perhaps on the bronze biceps of the Achilles statue.

He could still preserve the drolleries, but deep down in his inner self stirred ever-growing resentment. He and Angela had started with a treasure: it seemed tragic that it should be scattered to the four winds. He knew that he could take no part in her new interests; could not—was not supposed to take part. They were outside his province. Even in their talks, he had ceased to have a partnership; he was a butt. Angela, who was not without understanding, explained the new order to her own satisfaction if not to his.

"Don't you see how much more stimulating it is to hold opposing views? Agreement means stagnation."

Very sound and plausible. It was Harvey's fault if he had married her to be a companion rather than a counterirritant.

It was not in his nature to protest or complain, complaint being in effect a demand for the abolition of one system and the institution of another. He would see himself at the bottom of the Thames before he would ask for a change of diet. It may be argued that he should have stood up for his rights; but, in Harvey's opinion, affection was something over which rights and wrongs held no sway.

"Woman, I beg and implore you to be loving!"

Could anything be more grotesque? Yet there are men who take that line. Imagine the kind of love bestowed on those terms. The conscripted order, the compulsorily enlisted embrace. He shuddered at the bare thought. The pillars of his house might fall; let them, and he be buried in the ruins before he would ask leave to patch them up. Others might—not he—no fear.

And things went from bad to worse. The trouble lay in the fact that he was still in love with her. He was unlike the larger run of men who love only in proportion to the love they receive.

"If only I could have tired of love when she did!" he lamented.

What a scope for writers reposes in the theme that while it is common for two people to fall in love almost at the same tick of a clock, it is rare, indeed, for those two simultaneously to fall out of love. There is always one who grieves—regrets—remembers.

*Say March may wed September,*
*And time divorce regret;*
*But not that you remember,*
*And not that I forget.*

The splendid measure of Swinburne's Rococo chimed in Harvey's ears.

Angela, now given utterly to the clutches of *vers libres*, would describe it as noisy trumpetings.

"My dear boy! So perniciously round—all curves—not an angle anywhere."

*"Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear.*
*Dumpty—dumpty—dumpty.*
*Yea, though we sang as angels in her ear,*
*She would not hear."*

A man's mind in sadness will sometimes turn to the comfort of verse. Never, perhaps, was Harvey an angel singer; but his wit, his humor, a clean mind towards the world in general and his wife in particular had once given his old lays a quality that, to Angela at least, was sublime.

And even in adversity—during the white frosts of this later stage of marriage—without conscious effort, he still kept it up. There was no pose about it; no question of acting the good fellow, trying to make the best of a difficult situation—he just was a good fellow who made the best of a difficult situation. Their intimate friends wondered at his tra-la-las. In their opinion dear old Harvey was having a pretty thin time.

"Harvey's no squealer; but still and notwithstanding ——"

They opined if Angela was theirs she would hear all about herself.

"It's this damnable restlessness of modern women," said Jack Morris over a table at the Embassy at three A. M. on a fine June night. "They've no notion of taking things easy. Must be everlastingly on the hop—that's where the trouble lies." He glanced at his watch. "How about going on to the Pasteboard for an hour or so?"

Angela was not a dancing enthusiast. She went to the places of course; but to enlarge her views rather than shuffle her feet. She had contracted no dancing partnerships. She was simply death to lizards. The company she kept was composed of nonperformers who were there simply because the lights were kept burning and the music aggravated their conversational glands.

Awful boobs, Harvey thought them; the women especially, with their narrow wrists, Eton-cropped heads and a habit of describing as too delicious anything that was not. What Angela could see in them, he couldn't see. They sat up late was all you could say, and looked as if they had too. The most devastating criticisms he could charge them with was harmlessness.

"Utterly harmless, darling. In short, too deliciously harmless."

"You needn't be rude about my friends," Angela retorted. "You force me to say that I don't think you're a very good judge of intellectual people."

"That takes me back to my Oxford days, Angel. There was rather a bunch of intellectuals my year. They wore cerulean neckties and cold sneers. Of course, they did no harm at all; but every now and then, for form's sake, we slung 'em into a pond."

"What a triumph of matter over mind!" said Angela, rather neatly.

"Good for you!" said Harvey with never a wince.

And that was as close as they ever came to each other in those days.

It was impossible for a nature like Angela's to remain long in one place or follow a single standard, and it was shortly after the too-delicious stage that she discovered the already described virtue of anger. Her tact deserted her and she was always angry. It was a pink-cheeked and strenuous period, bringing in train most unhappy results. The first consequence of the new mood was the complete disaffection produced among the servants. For some time they had been simmering; but now, in open revolt, they left in a body. Bullying they could not and would not stand. Not them; they would go sooner. The mistress was unbearable—the master they were sorry for. One or two, of old establishment, ventured to say as much to Harvey, but he baffled their explanations.

"Yes, we won't bother about that. I'm sure you have very good reasons for everything you do—everybody has. The best of luck."

They went. Others came—sampled it—hated it and also went. Harvey was cut to the quick. He could not bear to see his dependents miserable. It seemed an unfair advantage to take over a class that could not effectively respond.

The recurrent domestic upheavals played havoc with Angela's routine and provided real cause for anger. It was maddening to have to give up important engagements for the purpose of interviewing "streams of impossible servants."

"I treated them with much too much consideration, that was the fault."

"Rubbish, darling; one can't."

"I shall treat the next lot as they deserve."

Harvey sighed and quoted, "'And who shall 'scape a whipping?' No, I wouldn't do that, Angel."

"Please don't interfere, Harvey."

"I don't, Angel."

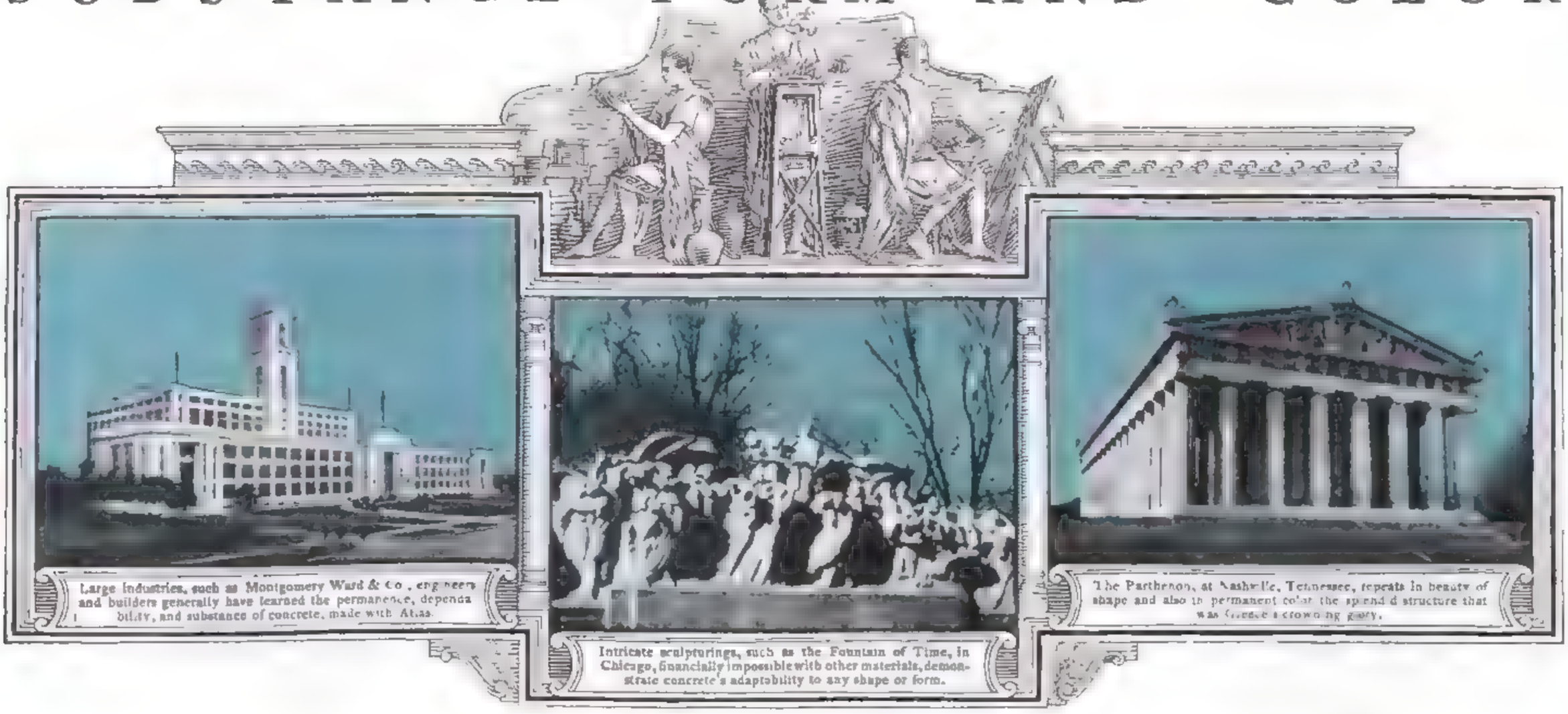
But he was bitterly angry with her—bitterly disappointed—disgusted almost.

The next lot arrived. Save for the parlor maid, they were a mean-spirited company, clinging to employment even in face of Angela's acerbities. The parlor maid tried it for a month and then marched out. An excellent parlor maid too. It was more than annoying: it was infuriating.

Harvey agreed; Harvey, who had lately become rather a silent man—the kind of

*(Continued on Page 123)*

# SUBSTANCE · FORM · AND · COLOR



Large industries, such as Montgomery Ward & Co., engineers and builders generally have learned the permanence, dependability, and substance of concrete, made with Atlas.

Intricate sculpturings, such as the Fountain of Time, in Chicago, financially impossible with other materials, demonstrate concrete's adaptability to any shape or form.

The Parthenon, at Nashville, Tennessee, repeats in beauty of shape and also in permanent color the splendid structure that was Greece's crowning glory.

*Concrete, made with Atlas, is a "New and more perfect tool, better balanced to the economics of our time than any other building material"*

NEVER before were permanence, economy, adaptability to any form, and full color possibilities so combined in one material. The commonplace sidewalk, the splendid bridge—the simple home, the gorgeous church—the fence post by the wayside, the towering skyscraper—new possibilities for all these have been opened by concrete, made with Atlas.

No other material so economically assures permanence. No other material so easily adapts itself to the requirements of form and shape. No other material, within itself and without the use of extraneous materials, offers such variety of permanent color.

Atlas, through many manufacturing improvements, established the dependability, the substance of Portland Cement—and its economy. Atlas, through more than a decade of educational effort, has increased concrete's use and demonstrated its adaptability to any type of construction. And Atlas, because of its uniform excellence, was selected as the medium through which the color possibilities of concrete should be realized.

The architect, the contractor, the manufacturer, the home builder, for every type of structure, have now available in Atlas Portland Cement the complete architectural material—permanent, adaptable, beautiful and economical, "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

*Between the Atlas plants and the user there is but one distributor—the building material dealer—who brings Atlas to the public cheaper than by any other method. Any architect, contractor or prospective builder is invited to write this Company regarding the possibilities of concrete, made with Atlas*

*Atlas Portland Cement*

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT Company

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CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM KANSAS CITY

PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ST. LOUIS DES MOINES DAYTON OMAHA BUFFALO JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

*Atlas White Portland Cement*

# *Quicker starts and smoother going*
## . . . even on the coldest days

WHEN winter's chilly fingers try to tamper with the efficiency of your automobile engine, *are you prepared?*

Do you realize that the avoidance of winter motoring troubles is largely a matter of correct winter lubrication?

Of course some automobile engines in winter operate most efficiently with the same oil which is correct for summer use. In such cases a lighter oil, even though freer-flowing in cold weather, would fail to meet the other needs of the motor.

But many cars have engines which employ oil pumps, oil screens, oil piping or oil rectifiers of such design, size or location that lubricating oil of special fluidity is absolutely essential.

*Many still store cars in winter*

because lazy oil makes winter driving a nuisance. There is no need to do this! You can't change your engine and you can't change the weather, but you can and should be sure that you are using the correct winter oil as soon as ice covers the puddles in the roadway.

Unsuitable oil brings three major drawbacks in winter motoring. They are:

① *Hard starting*—with its attendant strain on starter and battery—which can be minimized by using the grade of Mobiloil recommended for winter use in your car.

② *Oil pump troubles*—due to sluggish circulation—which also can be practically eliminated by using the proper winter grade of Mobiloil.

③ *Unusual wear*—due to incomplete distribution of the oil, particularly when starting the engine. And that too can be done away with by using the winter grade of Mobiloil.

*Out of the zero room*

When the Mobiloil Engineers studied your engine they took it for granted that you would want to drive your car in winter. So after they had selected a grade of Mobiloil that suited your motor perfectly during spring, summer, and early fall, they set about choosing the grade of Mobiloil that would give equally good service in freezing weather.

For this important engineering work the Vacuum Oil Company maintains testing rooms where the temperatures may be reduced artificially to below zero.

Here, whenever there is the slightest doubt, engines are run with various grades of Mobiloil until perfect lubrication is obtained. That is why Mobiloil is so successful in excessively cold climates.

*The dealer can tell you*

The dealer who recommends Mobiloil for your car is a dealer in quality merchandise. You may safely rely upon him for all your motoring needs.

He will show you a Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations on which summer and winter oils are specified for all makes of automobiles and motor trucks.

Place absolute confidence in the grade of Mobiloil that is recommended for your car. Back of it is the world's greatest fund of oil and engine knowledge and experience.

In following the recommendations of Mobiloil Engineers you are taking the advice of universally acknowledged authorities on lubrication. And for quality, Mobiloil sets a world's standard.

*Branches in principal cities*

VACUUM OIL

## MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1925 | | 1924 | | 1923 | | 1922 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chevrolet FB | | | | | | | A | Arc |
| " (other mod'ls.) | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chrysler | A | A | A | A | | | | |
| Dodge Brothers | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Essex | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Ford | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| Franklin | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB |
| Hudson Super 6 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Hupmobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Maxwell | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Nash | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A | A | A |
| [illegible] 4 | | | | | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] 6 | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | A | A |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Packard 8 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| " (other mod'ls.) | A | Arc | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| Reo | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Rickenbacker 6 | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Rickenbacker 8 | A | Arc | A | Arc | | | | |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | | |
| [illegible] | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| [illegible] 4 | B | Arc | B | Arc | B | Arc | B | Arc |
| [illegible] 6 | A | Arc | | | | | | |

## How to Buy

*From Bulk 30c*—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

*For Touring Convenience*—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

*For Your Home Garage*—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with the convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

*This sign assures winter power without protests*

# COLD weather driving tips

1. Always push [illegible] before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.

2. When starting in cold weather hold choke closed only while cranking. Open it part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.

3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.

4. Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freezing mixture in the radiator and keep at proper strength during cold weather.

5. Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during cold weather.

6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of the correct grade of Mobiloil in crankcase.

*To assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:*

1. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

2. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.

3. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.

4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.

6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Consult the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations for correct grade for winter driving. Refill with this grade of Mobiloil. Change oil every 500 miles thereafter.

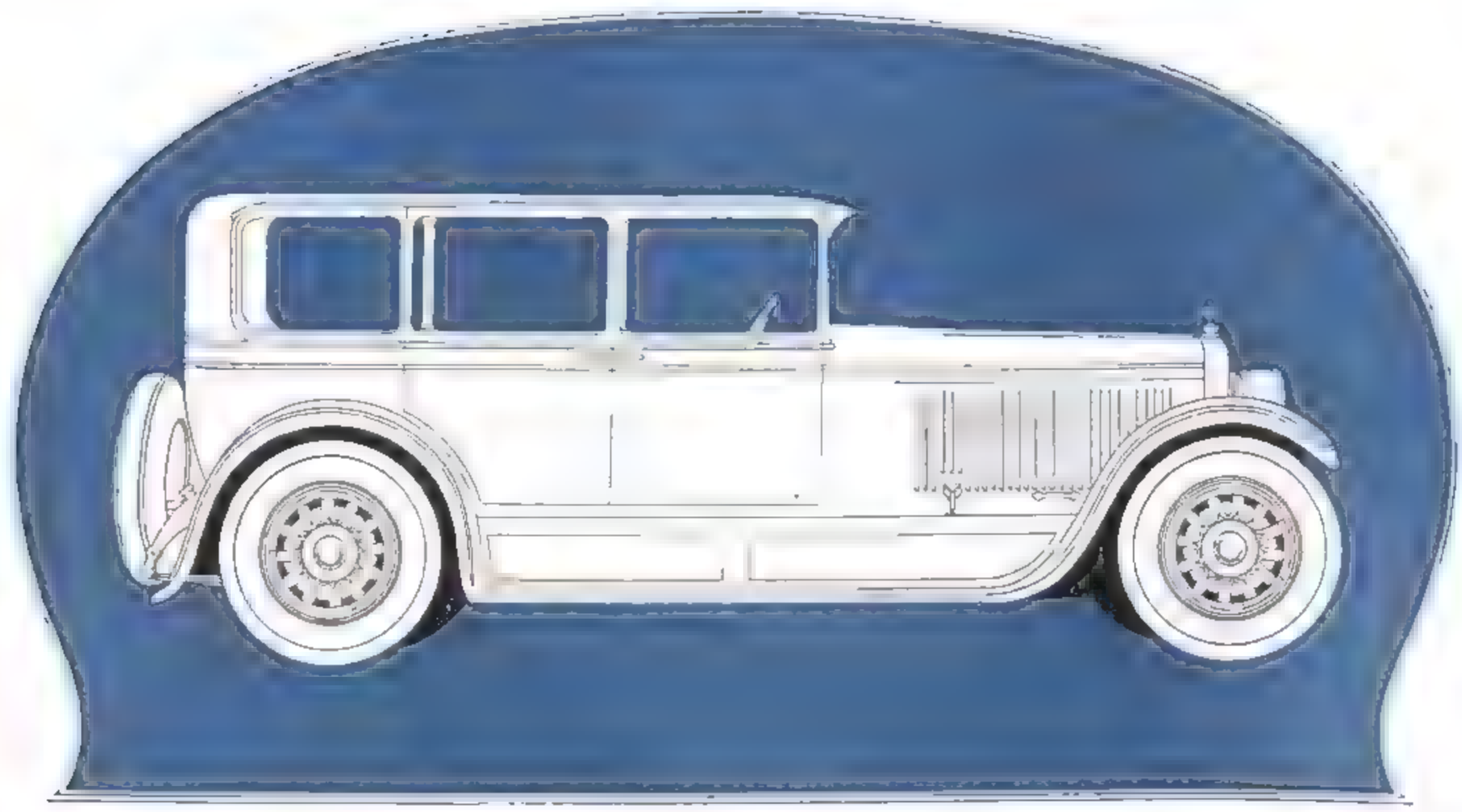
## TEAR OUT THIS LIST

*Check what you wish to have the garage man do. Give it to him with your car.*

Inspect and adjust contact and breaker points.
Clean and adjust spark plugs.
Test and fill battery, or if below 1200 G. recharge.
Adjust carburetor.
Lubricate chassis and spring leaves.
Drain oil from crankcase and refill with correct grade of Mobiloil for winter.
Fill radiator with alcohol or anti-freeze mixture.
Supply radiator cover

MPANY

Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City



# Imagine a Jordan Sedan at $1845

Picture a Sedan of characteristic Jordan quality selling at $1845.

Think of a car of beauty and rare comfort, equipped with a line eight motor, giving the ultimate in smooth, ample power.

No Sedan of such quality—no line eight with such performance—has been offered at such a price.

There is nothing complicated, nothing extravagant about the Line Eight. It is just as simple, but much smoother, more powerful than the six.

Everybody who knows motors knows that.

Now you can buy a Jordan at the lowest price at which an eight has ever been offered, and cheaper by hundreds of dollars than sixes of the same quality.

You must see this car to know its beauty. Ride in it to know its power. Drive it in the traffic to appreciate its modern advantages. Turns on a dime. Quick on the getaway. Finished in quality equal to all Jordans which have gone before it.

There is beauty, comfort, performance, economy, price.

What more can you ask?

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Price quoted, f. o. b. Cleveland. Add Federal Tax.*

# JORDAN

*Bright as a poppy, supple, strong and free—she knows the thrill that goes with the gallop of a thoroughbred horse. Give her the freedom of the golden hills—a starring journey home—and you will know that there is life enough within the hour—and all the world is truly young.*

(Continued from Page 118)

man who sits in corners thinking, with knit brows and an unlighted pipe between his teeth. Not at all the old Harvey; but a student now of ruins, a watcher of crumbling pillars, an inspector of decay.

Angela thought they would do better in a service flat. That big house in Curzon Street was a curse to run without proper servants. After all, they didn't want the extra rooms.

No; it seemed she was right. The extra rooms were no use without so much as a Naxy to occupy them. Harvey had taken the house under a misapprehension. Lovers are incurable optimists.

"P'raps you'll have a look round."

"Leave it for a bit."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Something might turn up—may not be necessary."

"How tiresome you are!"

A week later she was glad they hadn't rushed themselves into a move. Lady Swift-Dighton was going away for a year. Her parlor maid would be available.

"That treasure! A girl in a thousand! Eve spoke to her about coming to us."

Harvey remembered a pair of nimble hands fingering plates and bottles, and rather a wistful, sensitive face seen in the shadows behind a dazzle of guests. Eve Swift-Dighton's place was in Hampshire. They had spent a couple of days there a month ago.

"That's the address and the girl's name is Rose Feather. Be useful and write her to come and see me on Thursday night at six, will you? I've packs to do this morning."

Harvey twiddled the paper.

"Do men write about that sort of thing? I don't know."

"You can scribble my name if you want to be conventional."

"Yes, I suppose."

He nodded over the paper.

"Rose Feather. What a light, fragrant little name!"

"Don't be stupid, Harvey!"

"Feather? A puff and it's gone!"

Angela went to the door.

"You won't forget. Thursday at six o'clock."

Harvey made a sound meaning nothing in particular. Angela went out.

The following Thursday Harvey did not get back from his office until after seven. He found Angela in a state of advanced indignation.

"It's really too annoying."

"Is it? What?"

"That girl—she never turned up."

"No?" said Harvey.

"It's all very well to take it like that. Parlor maids aren't easy to get."

"Or keep," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Or keep," he repeated. "It's always easier to get a thing than to keep it."

"I suppose you wrote," said Angela.

"Yes—to Rose Feather, care of Lady Swift-Dighton, Broadmead, Liphook, Hants."

His manner was peculiar. Angela scented a mystery.

"What did you say?"

"I told her not to come."

"Not—to—come!"

He nodded.

"Harvey, what do you mean?"

"I didn't think she'd be happy here."

"Happy? Are you mad? You couldn't have said that!"

"Yes, I did. Why not? It's true. She wouldn't have been happy. None of the others are happy. Why make any bones about it?"

The pink angry spots in Angela's cheeks flamed bright; her hands made an impatient gesture.

"The letter was quite all right. I just said the situation was only for a short while and I doubted if she would be happy in Curzon Street."

A shade of relief came into Angela's face.

"Did you give any reasons?"

"'Course not."

"Why did you say it was only for a short while?"

He hesitated.

"The others haven't stayed long, have they?"

She was silent; then—"I think it was unpardonable of you—atrocious."

"Where's the harm?"

"It's a direct insult to me."

"Not direct—indirect perhaps," he acknowledged; "but why should we engage on false pretenses? It's a—well, it's a stinking thing to do."

Again Angela was silent. There was something queer, formidable about this new Harvey. He had acted unforgivably, but was unashamed.

"You spoke of the likelihood of her being unhappy—why?"

He lifted his shoulders.

"My dear girl!"

"Why?" she insisted. "Are you unhappy?"

"Of course I am," he replied with perfect simplicity; "very unhappy."

"Harvey!"

"But please don't bother about that. You haven't up to date and I see no reason why you should begin now. You've your own interests, which are much more absorbing. And really, dear, it doesn't matter in the least."

"But it does matter."

The words were startled from her by sudden and very genuine emotion. For the first time in their married life Harvey scowled at her.

"Please stop that," he said. "The last thing I want is an exhibition of ready-for-wear sentiment."

"Harvey!" She made the name ring with reproach.

"I'm sorry. That was graceless; but I do resent the idea of being melted by—by sops."

Angela bit a finger nail.

"If you were unhappy, why couldn't you say so?"

He jerked his head.

"Do you really ask that? I thought we were supposed to know each other. Was a time when we did. I'm not in favor of asking for a little bit of sugar for the bird. That kind of take-it-and-sing gratuity doesn't attract me. Besides, there's no need. I'm going."

She stared—open-mouthed.

"Going? Where are you going?"

In the big crises most questions are more or less banal.

"I really don't know—haven't thought. There are always clubs and hotels."

Angela came to her feet, breathing jerkily.

"It's vile—damnable. You're treating me as a man might treat a wife who—who'd been unfaithful."

"If it were so," he answered, "could I have lost you more completely? I doubt it. We've grown utterly apart from each other, so what's the good of going on?"

Her head was beginning to spin.

"But there's no one else—no other woman—I know that. I feel it. I—— Is there?"

"Millions of other women, Angela; but never a one in this business."

She sank back into the chair again.

"I don't understand why you should have chosen now to behave like this."

"The time's as good as another," he said.

"If you'd wanted me to be different—spend more time with you—you could have told me."

"That isn't true. I couldn't tell you. I'm not made that way. And why should I interfere? There was no harm in what you were doing. Good Lord, you're perfectly entitled to do what you like!"

"I'm not if you don't like it," she replied, with the never-expected contradiction of her sex.

"We don't agree about that."

Angela, highly qualified in criticism, powerful in debate, gifted beyond the ordinary with ability to plunge herself into angers, was at a loss. Any sentence of his—any single word could have been turned so easily into a stand-up quarrel, and in a quarrel her success was assured. All the guns were on her side—bright and burnished from continual use. Yet in this emergency something restrained her from bringing them into action.

"This talk," she stammered, "of leaving me—you don't mean it of course."

"I have never told you a lie."

"You mean you'll go unless ——"

He checked her with a hand.

"There are no unlesses. Heaven above, when have I imposed conditions—or wanted to?"

In spite of the warmth of his words, he spoke in the level tone of a man reading from a book, passionless, unemotional. Terribly, she wanted his voice to break; prayed he might fly into a rage, stamp, abuse her, be sorry for himself—anything but that exasperating calm. The old accessible Harvey, sensitive to the least whim of hers, was out of reach. Only for an instant had he revealed a shadow of self-pity—"Of course I'm unhappy"; but that he had said as a man might say, "Of course I want a bath." It was a statement, not a *cri de cœur*. She was baffled.

"But we've been so happy, Harvey."

"We were once—yes."

"I ought to be furious with you," she said. "How dare you talk of going away?"

"For months," he answered, "day by day—and a bit further every day—you've been leaving me. You chose to do it by degrees, I suppose, because you're a kind creature, liking me well enough not to want to push me through the window with a single shove."

Angela said, "Oh!" and "How you can say that!"

He went on.

"But it's true. To my thinking, you chose a messy way. Being too considerate is a mistake. When the bottom's out of a business, the best policy is to close shop and put up the shutters."

"All right, go then," she fired at him with spirit. "Go—if you don't care for me any longer."

The challenge lost its sting in the rider. Weakness sometimes pays, as his answer proved.

"I haven't said I didn't care for you."

She was confronted with the problem of how to follow an advantage. It defeated her. Wit and emotion seldom run in double harness. Harvey was not aware that her emotions were in play. He had formed a belief and was acting upon it. Like a million other women, she had only drifted from her husband's side into a world of personal ambitions. That did not mean that she cared for him any the less. She had thought of him as being there—like an umbrella in a stand, ready for use when wanted. With the philosophy of her sex, a philosophy inspired perhaps more by convenience than by reason, the obligation to keep him in any sort of fitness and condition had not presented itself. If there was anything going, he would get it; if not, he must go without. Neither equity nor adjustment came into the matter. If only Harvey had complained—had said straight out that it wasn't good enough—she would have made concessions. Husbands are expected to set their jaws and steer a course for the hidden treasure their wives have concealed. Half their lives are spent in mutinous bellowings to be shown the chart. Wives are armed and engined to keep just out of range of these constant importunities. That is the game of marriage.

But Harvey was not of the general run. He scorned importunity. And now, because she had acted certainly not more selfishly than 75 per cent of modern women, he was for packing up and clearing out. It was hopeless to know what to do. The situation was not susceptible to any organization of which she was master. Her throat ached with it all. Her eyes were hot and dry. Higher criticism was no use. Because of her love for him—a love violently reawakened by impending loss—she

Continued on Page 125


# Duocraft

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Duocraft Knitted Coats and Pull-overs were under development for over two years before they were placed on the market.

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It is well worth asking for a Duocraft Knitted Coat or Pull-over *by name*. Sold at men's furnishing and department stores. Priced from $5.00 to $10.00.

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Mohawk, N. Y.

# Duocraft

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Knitted Coats
and
Pull-overs

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THE best engineering gets the desired results in the simplest way. The ordinary switch is made up with small springs, many screws, and a multiplicity of small parts.

"The Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch," in addition to its ease of operation, is simplicity itself. It consists merely of a large contact block which is rotated between two large phosphor or bronze contact blades. This contact block is given a one-eighth turn by means of a ratchet operated by the trigger, and the bronze contact blades are themselves the springs which snap the block over from "Off" to "On" and from "On" to "Off".

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## THE HUMAN APPEAL

There probably is not one man in ten thousand in whose hands a pistol wouldn't feel natural and comfortable.

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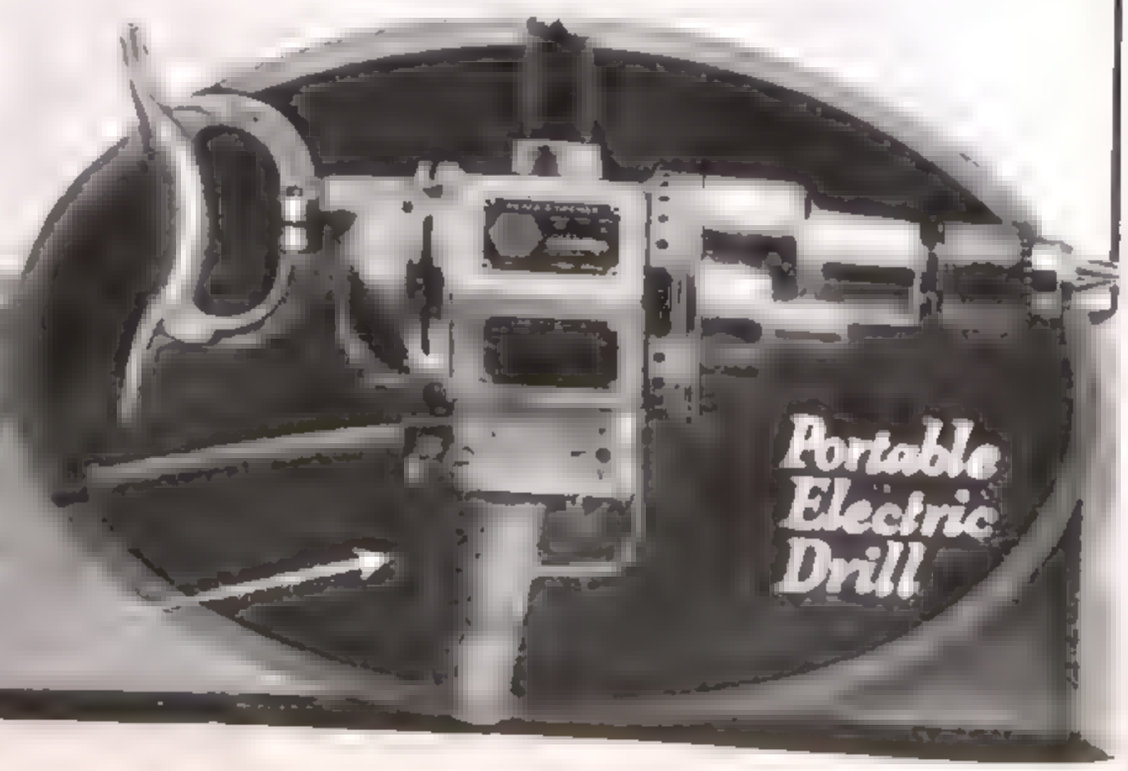
# BLACK & DECKER

*"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"*



(Continued from Page 123)

hated him standing there calmly capable of expressing his point of view and finding the words wherewith to do so. And of all the thoughts that rushed to the parade ground of her mind—mobilized by the emergency of the moment—the only one she could capture and transform was some conventional nonsense as to what other people would think.

"I didn't marry you for the satisfaction of producing an effect on other people. My motives were quite selfish, Angela, as they are now."

"In going away?"

He nodded.

She had to bite her lip that she might say, "We've never even had a row."

He was ready with an answer to anything. Heavens, the time he must have given to thinking it out! Heavens, the time she had given him to think it out!

"That's something to be glad of. Rows stick in one's memory so, don't they?"

So he had made her a memory already. It was hideous; like being killed—dead. It was death to a live person to be remembered.

"And I've only cared for you," she said through a trellis of fingers. "Never even a scrap for anyone else."

That silenced him, but for a while only.

"Angela," he said, "listen. We could go on saying things and saying things, and perhaps because we aren't quite used to an upset this big, we might say things we didn't quite mean and even make each other believe them. But it's the proof of years that counts. And to me the years speak in a way no one could mistake. So don't let's work up any false values. Let's be rather sensible about ourselves and each other and simply ——"

His voice, clear and level throughout, drifted into silence. From the muffle of a cushion came an angry sob.

"Perhaps you're glad to leave me."

"Glad? No, I'm not glad. I wish I was dead."

She looked up. He was standing in the same place, rocking a little on his heels. His mouth, his hands, his eyes tight shut. Never before had Angela seen such intensity of pain—and she was the cause. The exquisite certainty of it came to her as the most terrific tribute a man could pay to a woman. Only love can torture love. And this was the man who had never asked a favor of friend or foe. Asked? Ye gods, in that blind silence he was crying aloud to the heavens!

Before the force of her assault he stumbled back into the big armchair—they fell into it together like a couple of rowdies in a rough-and-tumble. And she, blotting the pain out of his face with kisses that hurt, and angry hands smudging, and talking the most frightful rot about caring for nothing—nothing in the world except—

"You and Liar and Naxy and dozens of Liars and Naxies if you want them, but always you first."

Impossible to say how long it would have gone on but for the timely arrival of Rose Feather, who had called, on the advice of her mistress, never having received Harvey's letter. And it wasn't the first time he had forgotten to post important letters.

Rose thought they were a jolly couple, romping round like that in a single armchair. She was one for a bit of fun, was Rose.

"I advise you to take this place," said Harvey, borrowing a comb from Angela. "I'm sure you'll be happy here."

So she took his advice and never regretted it.

## THE BROWN OUTLAW

(Continued from Page 15)

their intervening valleys made natural runways for the horses. From the southern end of the high ridge there were but two natural avenues of escape, Mill Creek and McKay Creek; from the northern end, two branches of Trout Creek. The western face of the ridge was broken into precipitous cliffs and steep slopes that were covered with thickets of tangled undergrowth. There was one place on the western side, not so steep as the rest, where a broad trail led down to the headwaters of Willow Creek.

The men rode down along this trail until they came to an open grassy glade of some fourteen or fifteen acres. At this place they intended to establish a temporary camp and build a corral. The afternoon was waning when they reached the glade; the sun, behind a shoulder of Grizzly Butte, was sinking into a banked cumulus of vivid reds and purples; and under the tall trees that surrounded the glade the shadows were melting away and blending with the deepening twilight. Before the men dismounted they rode around the edge of the opening, studying the lay of the ground. They stopped for a moment near a thicket of jack pines at the lower end.

"A good place to cut our brush and poles," Colby said.

Trask did not answer. He was looking back into the timber through which they had just ridden, listening to the muffled drumming of running feet. Soon a band of wild horses raced into the glade. When they perceived the riders they swerved and, without checking their headlong flight, plunged back into the dark recesses of the timber. One of the horses, as if suspicious of danger, had stopped before reaching the open flat, and that one led the others in their swift retreat.

Trask glanced at Colby.

"Linn," he said, "how many fuzz tails were there in the band?"

"Eight," Colby answered promptly.

"There were nine," Lew corrected. "One of them didn't come out into the open. A crafty fellow! He stopped before he reached the glade. A brown horse, Linn—a brown horse that went slipping off like a shadow under the trees."

Linn turned in his saddle and rested his hands on the horn as he answered Trask.

"A fairy tale!" he said reproachfully. "Aren't you ashamed, Lew Trask, trying to make me believe a yarn like that? I suppose you want me to believe you even saw the saddle marks on his back?"

"I didn't see the saddle marks," Lew admitted. "He was too far off, and it's too dark there under the trees, to see any markings distinctly. But it was a brown horse—one I've never seen before. Wouldn't it be the meanest sort of luck if he should go and hide somewhere until after the round-up!"

"There you go, raving just like everybody else," Linn reproved. "You talk as if the horse could reason like a human being, only smarter. Aren't you forgetting you've always argued that there was no such horse. I'm saying you didn't see him any more than I did. And I want you to remember you've promised me the first chance with him after he's corralled. And it's too late to start building the corral, so let's start a fire and stew up something to eat."

For the next few days they worked cutting poles and brush and erecting a barrier under the trees around the edge of a glade—a barrier too high for horses to jump and too dense to be easily penetrated. A wide gateway was left at the upper end where the trail entered the glade. From this gateway wings were built diverging out into the timber away from the trail. When the work was finished they rode back to a fire guard's cabin on the high ridge and telephoned to the stockmen, who were to send riders to help in the round-up. They feared there would not be enough men responding to make a clean sweep of the horses in those rugged, timbered hills. But at dawn of the day set for that last ride, when the rim of the morning sun showed in a glowing crescent above the eastern horizon and revolvers began to bark along the line, telling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Cushion Bumper
(41)
REAL PROTECTION—WITH DISTINCTION


that the round-up was under way, it seemed as if all the riders in Central Oregon had turned out for the occasion. A cordon of horsemen rode forward in a great semicircle that reached from the barren hills beyond Trout Creek on the north to the headwaters of the Ochoco on the south. There were young riders, conspicuous in big hats and vivid chaps; there were men in the prime of life, shrewd, aggressive business men who were transforming the old slipshod methods of the range with their knowledge of scientific agriculture and animal husbandry; and there were old men who sat their horses stolidly and who spoke to each other regretfully of days that were gone—days when the whole sweep of country from the Columbia River south to the high desert was an unfenced pasture where wild horses ranged in such numbers that sometimes a single band traveled from dawn until dusk in passing a given point. These older men, like the young lads, were making the ride as a matter of sentiment, that they, too, might be able to say they had ridden in the last horse round-up.

It was one of these older men who first sighted a bunch of wild horses after the line began moving westward toward the glade where Trask and Colby had erected their corral.

"Are those fuzz tails or cow critters?" he asked; then answered his own question. "Fuzz tails," he said. "Four of them. Spread out a bit," he called to the men who were riding near him. "And mind," he added, repeating the orders that were to govern the round-up, "if a horse breaks back through the line, shoot it. We don't want to leave any in the timber."

As the line advanced, other bands were sighted by other groups of riders. Most of these wild horses were small animals, buckskin and bluish gray in color—throwbacks to the early feral stock. Many carried the mark of the primitive horse, a narrow line of black hair running from mane to tail. Occasionally one of the wild horses, fearing a trap ahead, believing they were leaving freedom behind them, would whirl and dash back through the line—an easy target for the quick guns of the riders.

Linn and Lew did not ride with the rest of the men. They had elected to stay near the corral to prevent the escape of the horses that were driven in, and to watch for a possible break in the barrier they had built around the glade. They left their pack horses in the corral—decoys to attract the first wild horses that came down the trail. Out in the timber beyond the wings they built blinds of poles and brush behind which to conceal themselves and the horses they were riding. Other riders were stationed at the trails leading down from the northern and southern ends of the high ridge. Thus, when the wild horses reached the summit of the ridge after being driven out of the hills to the east, they found but one trail open and unguarded—the trail that led down into the corral.

There were other wild creatures in the timber besides the horses. An old antlered buck was first to cross the ridge in leisurely flight. For him the barrier inclosing the glade was no obstacle. Without apparent effort he cleared the high fence and continued on his way toward the slopes of Grizzly Butte. Then came several bucks and does together and they, too, leaped the barrier without pausing. Later a bear came shuffling down the trail. Trask and Colby, fearing he would stampede the pack horses, rode from their hiding places and turned him out around one wing of the corral. Soon a wild steer came—a tough old fellow with savage eyes and foam-flecked nostrils. He was also herded around one of the wings. The men had scarcely time to conceal themselves again when a cougar crept stealthily down through the trees; but he was quick to catch the man scent and turned back and was not seen again.

Then came the first of the wild horses. A band of a dozen led by a fleet stallion raced down the trail and into the glade. When they discovered the barrier under the trees at the edge of the grassy flat they began to circle the inclosure nervously. Suddenly, as if by common impulse, they turned back toward the open gateway; but Trask and Colby were there to block their escape. Reluctantly these horses drifted down to the lower edge of the corral and began to graze restlessly.

From time to time as the sun rose to its high meridian and began its westerly descent, other bands of horses came swiftly along the trail—smaller bands of four and five and six together. Trask and Colby, waiting with the inherent patience of hunters, watched always for the brown outlaw. The afternoon was nearly gone when he came, a solitary horse that moved silently among the trees far to one side of the trail a brown horse, saddle marked, with thread-like scars along his sides where sharp rowels had once ripped cruelly into the flesh. He advanced warily, his little sharp ears pointed and alert for suspicious sounds; his eyes, wide set and intelligent, searching constantly for a trap or for enemies. Within the wings of the corral he paused uncertainly. Instantly the men spurred out, their ropes uncoiled and whirling. Swift as was their charge the flight of the brown horse was swifter. Back into the timber he fled, dodging and twisting among the trees, making pursuit impossible. Trask threw his rope, but the noose dropped harmlessly behind the outlaw's heels; and Colby did not get close enough to throw at all. They accepted their failure philosophically, jesting as they always did.

"Well, did we see a brown horse?" Colby asked.

"Looked like a brown horse to me," Lew admitted.

"Sure it wasn't a phantom horse?" Linn persisted.

"Wait until we get a rope on him," Lew suggested. "Then we'll find out whether he's a real horse or a phantom."

"Yes, wait until we get a rope on him," Colby jeered. "Why, man, that horse is gone forever. He's too smart, now he knows there is a corral here, to ever come this way a second time."

"Either he'll come this way again or he's a dead horse," Lew answered.

"Did you ever hear of a bullet hurting a phantom horse?"

Lew raised one hand in token of defeat.

"Have it your way," he said, turning back toward his hiding place.

Half an hour later the riders who were closing in along the cliffs on the high ridge far to the north caught sight of the outlaw. Nearly every man who was riding that day had been hoping for a glimpse of the horse. As word of his discovery was passed along the line the men closed in swiftly, making escape impossible. Warily the outlaw circled and doubled in front of the advancing line; before long he came again to the open wings of the corral. This time he did not hesitate, but trotted deliberately into the glade. Twice he circled the inclosure seeking an opening through which he might win to freedom. But the gateway was closed by a group of riders, and there was no other break in the high barrier.

The brown horse did not begin grazing, as most of the wild horses had done when they found themselves trapped. Instead he kept moving constantly, restlessly, his head held high and proudly. He knew he was trapped. He knew he was again held by men—his lifelong enemies. Twice before he had been captured, and twice there had followed never to be forgotten experiences with torturing ropes and punishing spurs. And once a bullet from the gun of a discouraged hunter had torn a stinging brand across his jaw and neck. Now he was trapped again, and he moved nervously among the other wild horses, dreading the ordeal that was to be his.

He was built like a desert horse, light of bone but well muscled, with long, clean, tapering limbs and a body that sloped sharply back from the deep chest to the flat groins and lean flanks. A handsome horse, symmetrical in every line. But the riders noticed most the well-shaped, intelligent

Continued on Page 130

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SUPERTWIST *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

# GOODYEAR

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# Almost too good to be true

## *So* SUPERTWIST *seemed in its road-tests*

It is a fixed Goodyear practice thoroughly to test all Goodyear products under actual service conditions, before offering such products to the public.

This practice was carefully observed with SUPERTWIST, the sensational new cord fabric, developed by Goodyear to solve the special needs of the low-pressure tire.

But when the SUPERTWIST tests were completed and the results were reviewed, so startling were these it was decided to exercise extreme conservatism in their presentation.

The apprehension was, either that the results might challenge popular belief, or that they might possibly be misunderstood by the average tire-user.

In the tests, tires made with SUPERTWIST were run alongside tires made with standard cord fabric, under conditions closely approximating actual balloon tire usage.

The tires built with SUPERTWIST delivered *in excess of 100% greater carcass service* than the tires built with an equal number of plies of standard cord fabric.

In other words, ply for ply the new material SUPERTWIST *more than doubled the carcass life of the tire,* an improvement seemingly almost too good to be true.

Great as was this improvement, some anxiety was felt in giving it publication, lest "double the carcass life" be taken to mean double the mileage.

It is of course too much to expect that any single advance in tire construction can double the normally superb mileage of Goodyear Tires, because such mileage is dependent on a number of factors.

But Goodyear wishes to emphasize that in perfecting SUPERTWIST it has powerfully reinforced Goodyear performance, by safeguarding against those tire injuries which cut mileage down.

SUPERTWIST is far more elastic than standard cord fabric; under road-shocks the SUPERTWIST cords in a Goodyear Tire yield and recover, like rubber bands, instead of breaking.

This ability to stretch minimizes carcass strain under all service conditions, and affords utmost protection against fabric breaks and blowouts.

All Goodyear Cord Tires, and Goodyear Tires *only,* are now made with SUPERTWIST — another reason why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

*Good tires deserve good tubes—*
*Goodyear Tubes*

# BALLOONS

*Made with* SUPERTWIST

(Continued from Page 126)

head and the smooth, springy step with which he moved.

"A snake!" Lew said approvingly. "A regular cavorting reptile! Your horse, Linn. Let's see you ride him." He spoke regretfully, repenting his hasty promise to let Linn have the first chance with the horse.

Linn grinned, knowing how eager Lew was to ride the outlaw.

"I thank you for the courtesy," he answered. "But you promised me I could have a week in which to gentle him."

One of the older men who had been sitting his horse near them, put in a word.

"What's the matter?" he asked Colby bluntly. "Are you afraid of the horse's reputation?"

Colby had been jesting, just as Lew had jested with him a few days earlier. He had had no intention of wasting time gentling the brown horse. But when the older man suggested he might be afraid of the outlaw he became obstinate.

"Aw, toot, toot, toot," he answered impatiently. "That horse isn't a bad 'un. Look at his head. You never saw a bad horse with such a wide forehead or such a straight nose. A good horse! I'm going to take a week to prove he isn't an outlaw. Put it down in your book he won't be ridden for a week. But if you're plumb determined to see some riding, why, point out the fuzz tails, and Lew and me, we'll be glad to accommodate you."

"Sure, we'll be glad to oblige you," Lew supplemented. "I won't speak for myself, but I have some money that says Linn can ride any horse in the corral, not barring the outlaw."

Some of the other stockmen objected to a riding exhibition at that time.

"Better not start anything," one of them advised. "If you begin roping and riding up here, you'll start a stampede that will send these wild ones busting right back into the timber again."

The conservative opinion prevailed. Nearly two hundred horses were milling in the corral. Some of them were branded, and these branded ones were to be separated from the rest the following morning and returned to their owners. The riders who were not needed began leaving for their homes and the others set about establishing their camp for the night. The old fellow who had suggested that Colby might be afraid to ride the brown horse stopped for a parting shot as he was leaving.

"So you are going to gentle the outlaw before you ride him," he said. "I thought you had worked with horses long enough to know a bad horse can't be gentled. Don't take any chances with this one, my boy. If he's a killer like he's supposed to be, the first time he catches you off your guard he'll get you."

Colby was none too courteous in acknowledging the older man's advice.

"Huh!" he grunted. "If ever that old brown goat tries to act smart with me I'll tie him up with a ribbon and put him in a basket and send him over for your riders to tame."

The old man, having delivered his opinion, rode stolidly away, paying no heed to the retort.

Colby glanced helplessly at Trask.

"Well, dog-gone the old coot," he said peevishly. "He seems determined to make me work with the horse whether I want to or not."

"You'll sure have to now," Lew agreed. "After all the bragging you've been doing about how easily you can gentle outlaws ——"

"I've never bragged a word," Linn protested.

"Of course you've bragged," Lew insisted. "Now it's up to you to make good. And I'm telling you the old man is right. The brown horse is a regular goblin—he'll sure get you if you don't watch out."

A cheering thought occurred to Linn.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, brightening up considerably. "When we get down to Madras you make a big talk about wanting to ride him. Just insist upon riding him, Lew. After a while, because we're good friends and all of that, I'll reluctantly consent to let you take a whirl with him. That way you'll get credit for riding a horse that's rated as the worse outlaw in the country; and I'll have a perfectly good alibi for not gentling him. Why, dog-gone it, Lew, I can't afford to waste a whole week with a horse."

Lew shook his head sympathetically, but refused to consent.

"I appreciate the compliment," he said; "but I'd be afraid to try to ride a horse like that one. Honest, I would. Why, he's a terrible-acting fellow. No, Linn, it's up to you. You've been bragging all over the range that you could gentle him in a week. Now go to it—and I'm wishing you well. But I'm not betting any money on you this time."

"And you've been advertising yourself as a friend of mine!" Linn said reproachfully. "Well, just to show it can be done I'm going to gentle him. In a week I'll have him eating out of my hand. Yes, I will. I'll be riding him bareback. Have you put that down in your book? All right. Now let's go and eat."

Early the next morning the branded horses were separated from the unbranded ones and penned in a small hastily constructed corral. Then the lower end of the big inclosure was opened and two gentle horses from the Madras range were turned loose in the trail that led down along Willow Creek. These gentle horses, eager to return to their home pasture, started at a brisk lope along the trail. The wild horses poured out of the big corral and, hazed and hurried by yelling riders, followed swiftly. Hour after hour they were driven relentlessly, ceaselessly; mile after mile they fled before their tireless pursuers. They left the timber behind them, then the ranches along Willow Creek, then the sage land of the Lamonta flat. Finally, late in the afternoon, wearied to tractability, they turned willingly into the old corrals near Madras.

As soon as the buyers had accepted the horses, Colby and Trask drove the brown outlaw into a small corral and began to work with him. For two days the horse had been traveling constantly. They were going to commence to educate him while he was still weary and gaunt with hunger and thirst. First they roped and threw him. Then Colby, kneeling on the outstretched neck, rigged a hackamore—a rope halter with which to lead him. As soon as the hackamore was properly knotted he took time to settle the question of the horse's age—a matter which could be determined with a certain degree of accuracy by the shape and condition of the teeth.

"Will you look at them!" he called to Lew, at the same time shifting his weight to the horse's head and pulling back the pendulous lips. "I'll say he's an old bird. Even his grinders are in bad shape. He'll never see twenty again. And he'll never live through another winter unless he's well cared for —— Hey! Hang on to your rope a moment longer!"

Lew, perversely, had slackened the rope that held the outlaw's front feet and the horse had immediately begun to struggle madly. Linn, grinning good-naturedly, jumped back out of danger, grabbed up the end of his hackamore rope, and swung into his saddle. Then he nodded to Lew, signaling him to loosen his rope. As the brown horse rose, plunging and ready to fight, Colby rode in and snubbed him close to the saddle horn. There followed a battle royal as the outlaw struggled to break the rope, but his head was held too high, too close to the saddle horn, for his efforts to be effective, and the horse Colby rode was too big and stout and too well-trained to yield ground to the wild fellow. During the struggle Trask opened the corral gate and Colby rode out, his horse dragging the outlaw unceremoniously beside them.

Matter-of-fact workers, Linn and Lew. Breaking horses was their business. They knew a wild horse never learns much until he is too tired to fight, and they intended to keep the outlaw traveling until he was exhausted. He had been driven at a fast gallop all day with the rest of the wild horses; now they intended to lead him back to Colby's place just below the timber line of Grizzly Butte. They believed he would be reasonably docile by the time he had gone that much farther.

When they were out on the highway it became evident that at one time the brown horse had been broken to the halter. At times, as if obeying an almost forgotten habit, he trotted quietly beside Colby's horse. Then, remembering the presence of the men, he would begin fighting again, striking and kicking wickedly. This intermittent fighting made progress slow and it was past midnight when they turned in at Colby's gate. At the barn door the brown horse made a final desperate effort to escape; but Colby, with a word to his big mount, rode in, dragging the struggling outlaw with him. There the horse was left for the night, tied securely to a heavy beam above one of the mangers.

"Well, what do you think of him now?" Trask asked after they had gone to the house. "Did we tire him out? I'll say we didn't. I never saw such a brute for endurance. A combination of tempered steel and pure cussedness! I'll bet that tomorrow morning he'll be just as full of pep and vinegar as ever."

"Aw, toot, toot, toot," Linn answered sleepily. "Bad, nothing. A regular old gentleman! You'd fight, too, if you'd been treated as that fellow has."

"Not now, I wouldn't fight," Lew said. "I'm too dog-gone tired."

"I'm a bit tired myself," Linn admitted. "Shall I stew up something to eat, or shall we go to bed and eat twice as much in the morning?"

Lew had already begun to pull off his chaps.

"Who said anything about eating or sleeping?" he grunted. "A considerate host would have said: 'What will you drink?'"

"You are right, as usual," Linn agreed. "And a law-abiding guest would have answered, 'Water, please.'"

"Aw, stop talking and go to bed," said Lew.

The next morning while Linn was getting breakfast Lew went out to care for the stock. After he had watered and fed the rest of the animals, he saddled his horse. Then, mounted and carrying a heavy quirt as a measure of precaution, he led the outlaw down to the trough. But the brown horse was too nervous, too fearful of the strange environment, to drink. Several times he thrust his muzzle into the water, only to leap back snorting with suspicion. The trough was a man-made affair—different from the cool springs where he was wont to slake his thirst in the timber. Each time he drew back from the trough he lifted his old head and stood looking out toward the dark green slopes of Grizzly. His distended nostrils had caught the faint pungent fragrance of balsam borne on the morning breeze. Restlessly he began edging away from Trask's horse, craftily, almost imperceptibly shifting his weight from foot to foot.

Trask, sitting sidewise in the saddle, alert, watchful, unconsciously hefting the shot-loaded quirt with one hand, felt a quick urge of sympathy for the outlaw and gave him more rope than was wise in order that the old fellow might drink freely if he overcame his fear of the trough. An old horse, eager to return to the haunts where he had spent his life. Why should a man be unduly careful? An old horse, so old that the brown coat, once sleek and smooth, now showed coarse in spots, and rough. An old gaunt horse with deep hollows above the brown, black-lupiled eyes.

But age had not dimmed the fire in those old eyes, nor abated the anger that welled up in the old heart toward these puny men creatures who could torture so cunningly with ropes and saddles and spurs. Only by the slightest swaying of the outlaw's suddenly lowered head was Trask warned of the impending attack. Swiftly, as if aware that Trask was again on guard, the brown horse whirled, reared to his full height, and then struck with both front feet.

Colby had been watching from the kitchen window. As the outlaw reared and struck, he snatched up a gun and ran into the barn lot. But Lew, warned by that first slight swaying of the outlaw's head, had driven his horse in to meet the attack. Avoiding the striking hoofs by a hair's breadth, he rose in his stirrups and brought the butt of the weighted quirt crashing down between the pointed brown ears. The outlaw dropped to his knees; then struggled gamely to his feet again. As he rose, staggering dizzily, Lew began using the lash of the quirt, flaying systematically from withers to rump.

"Maybe this will teach you something," he kept repeating as the lash rose and fell.

"Give him hell," Linn encouraged cheerfully.

Lew stopped whipping, aware for the first time that Linn was watching.

"Did you see what the old devil tried to do to me?" he asked. "Why, dog-gone his old hide, just when I was trying to be good to him he sneaked up and tried to slap me."

"Yes, I saw him," Linn said. "If you had petted him and told him you were trying to be good to him, he would never have acted so rude."

"Petted him!" Lew exploded. "Say, if you think he's such a sweet old thing, why did you come running out with that gun?"

Linn looked at the weapon as if he had forgotten it.

"It is a gun, sure enough," he admitted. "Why did I bring it out with me? Let me think. Oh, yes, I remember. I was just going to play a little joke on you. I was going to shoot some gunpowder into your eggs and make you believe it was pepper. Yes, that's what I was going to use the gun for. Now I'd better go back and tend to the eggs. I reckon they are pretty well fried by this time."

"Go and serve 'em," Lew said. "Go and serve 'em. I'll be swarming down there just as soon as I tie this old brown goat up again."

At the breakfast table Lew was more serious than was his habit, and Linn asked what was worrying him.

"I'm not worrying," Lew answered. "But I have some business to tend to in Prineville. Ought to be over there this afternoon."

"Yes?" Linn prompted.

"And I've been thinking about that horse. He's an ornery old snake, Linn. Let's ride him this morning and have it over with. Sometimes even fair to middling riders like ourselves take a spill. I hate to think of what that outlaw horse would do to a fellow if he got him down in a corral when no one was sticking around with a gun."

It was seldom that Lew showed so much respect for a horse, and Linn's eyes began to twinkle.

"Aw, toot, toot, toot," he jeered. "Like I've told you a hundred times, the horse isn't a bad 'un. He fights like any regular guy would fight if imposed upon. Within a week he'll be eating out of my hand. Wait and see if he isn't."

"In less than a week he'll grab your hand clear off if you don't watch him every minute," Lew warned. "Let's go down and ride him now. If you are afraid of him, I'll take a chance."

Linn refused to be insulted.

"My horse!" he said. "Come back in a week and watch me ride him bareback."

Lew let the matter rest then. A few minutes later they strolled down to the barn and he led his horse out, ready for the trip across the butte and down to Prineville.

"Well, so long," he said, as he swung into the saddle. Then he turned back. "Linn, you watch that old devil. And don't you try to ride him until I get back."

"I'm going to ride him a week from today," Linn answered. "Better be on hand if you want to see a real horse trainer do his stuff."

(Continued on Page 135)

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Booth Tarkington has given it a place of honor. Why is the Model 20 Compact in such a surprising number of the most charming homes? Because its simplicity harmonizes with any surroundings

MODEL 20 COMPACT 90 DOLLARS

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**Harrison Fisher has it in his home. People whose names are known the world over for their taste and appreciation of beauty are welcoming Atwater Kent Radio for reasons which every owner knows.**

# ATWATER KENT RADIO

## George Ade

**When he first heard his Model 20 Compact,** George Ade said "I never thought I would live to coax a grand organ recital out of something about twice as large as a cigar box"

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# Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

(Continued from Page 130)

Colby leaned against the barn and watched until Lew rode out of sight over the first low ridge beyond the ranch. Then he went into the barn and walked over to the outlaw's stall. This stall, walled to the mow with heavy three-inch planks, had been built especially for handling wild horses and was so constructed that a man could work with comparative safety either at an animal's head or heels. Colby tied the outlaw's head close to the heavy beam above the manger—so close it could move only a few inches from side to side.

"Now, old fellow," he said soothingly, "you and I are both going to learn something this week. You are going to learn how to act like a gentleman; and I am going to learn how to teach you to act that way. You see, it's this way; usually I ride 'em first and in the course of time they just naturally become more or less gentle. But I'm going to gentle you first—whoa, you darned old fool!" He had reached out to stroke the brown neck and the horse had begun to fight, jerking back against the short stout rope, throwing its body from side to side, kicking viciously at the walls of the stall.

"No sense in acting that way," Linn continued patiently. "You might as well make up your mind to get used to me, because you are sure going to enjoy my company for a week." While the horse was still struggling and fighting, he rested his hand firmly against its neck, increasing the pressure until the horse became quiet. Then he went on talking soothingly. "I don't wonder you are nervous. I'd be nervous myself if I were in your fix. Now, behave yourself!" He had moved his hand slightly and he could feel the outlaw's muscles quivering and growing tense. He continued to move his hand slowly down toward the shoulder, at the same time watching the horse's dilated eyes, expecting another mad struggle. But this time the horse did not fight blindly. Instead, when Linn's hand reached its shoulder it kicked once with incredible accuracy and the sharp-edged hoof left a bleeding wound across Linn's knuckles. Linn swore mildly, not in anger but in amazement. He hadn't believed the horse could reach that far with its hind foot. But it would never do to let the old outlaw know it had scored a point. He moved his hand up toward its head and continued talking in the same low tone.

"Like I said, you old goat, this gentling business is as new to me as it is to you, and if you want to get along with me you'll have to behave yourself. After a while I'm going to the house to bandage my hand. But first I'm going to name you. Are brownies supposed to be good goblins or bad goblins? No matter; I'm going to call you Brownie." He emphasized the name and then paused for a moment. He had long since learned the trick of teaching a horse to recognize a given name. "Brownie!" he repeated with the same sharp emphasis. "A good name for you. You'll be a good brownie when I get through with you. And to teach you to heed me, I'll have to begin bribing you. Same system a fellow uses with a girl. The only difference is that the girl falls for flowers and candy. Brownie, you old goat, what can I bribe you with? You've never eaten oats and there's no sense in offering you something you know nothing about. No sense in offering you sugar, either, until you've acquired the habit. I have it! Salt! I'll bet you are hungry for salt. I'll feed you some mixed with sugar. Before long you'll be asking for sugar without the salt. How's that? Not such bad figuring for an old buckaroo like me. Yes—no?"

Linn went up to the house then and bandaged his hand. When he returned he brought a mixture of salt and sugar with him.

"Brownie," he called sharply as he entered the barn. He repeated the call more softly as he approached the stall. Then he stood for a time talking to the horse. After a while he touched the arched neck again; and again there followed a vicious struggle. As soon as the horse ceased its fighting he began to stroke its neck, talking soothingly, coaxingly. Then he lengthened the hackamore rope and poured the salt and sugar into the feed box. The outlaw sniffed the mixture suspiciously once or twice before he began licking it up with eager relish.

"Brownie, you'll be ready to drink soon," Linn commented. "Now I'll saddle a riding horse and lead you out to the trough. See to it that you behave better than you did when Lew led you out this morning."

Thus began the second phase of the brown outlaw's education. In his earlier brief encounter with men he had learned to match brute cunning with human skill, vicious punishment with still more vicious retaliation. Now he was to learn the meaning of kindness and patience; was to learn to respond eagerly to gentle, understanding treatment. Linn worked with infinite patience, hour after hour, teaching the old fellow the uselessness of fighting; the futility of kicking and striking and biting. After each lesson a bit of sugar was given as a reward for achievement. And constantly Linn kept repeating the name he had chosen, using always the same sharp, coaxing tone. The morning of the fifth day when he entered the barn he spoke to the horse as usual.

"Brownie!" he called.

He was answered by an eager whinny; and the brown horse turned in his stall, tugging impatiently at the rope that held him. Linn was jubilant. He knew the victory was his; that the old outlaw was an outlaw no longer. Never before had he risked going into the stall with the horse. Now he entered without hesitating. For a time he stood petting the old fellow, feeding him the sugar that was usually given at the end of a lesson. During the rest of the morning he worked out in the corral, saddling and unsaddling the horse; preparing in every possible way for the time when Lew would be present to see the result of his efforts. Only two days more to wait. Linn believed by that time he would be able to make good his jesting boast about riding without a saddle.

At noon as he was preparing his dinner he heard a familiar hail from the barn lot. He opened the door and waved a greeting.

"Lew, you shiftless old tramp, come in," he called. "You are just in time, as usual. Shall I serve yours straight up or flopped over?"

"Flop 'em over and serve 'em soon," Lew answered, his face lighting up at the sight of his friend. "Linn, have you tried to ride the brown horse yet?"

"I'm ready to ride him right now," Linn replied. "Yes, sir. I'm the original horse-gentling kid. I would have ridden him this morning if I hadn't promised to wait until you returned."

"I was afraid you would be trying some such foolishness," Lew chided. "Now go on back and fry a couple of eggs for me while I'm putting my horse in the barn."

He cared for his horse and then stopped for a moment to look at the brown outlaw.

"Well, you old devil!" he said. "If you had finished Colby like you finished Kohles long ago, I would have trailed you and killed you if it took a thousand years. That's right, begin to squirm." The outlaw, as if aware of Lew's unfriendly attitude, had laid its ears back and was shifting nervously from foot to foot. "I'll give you something to squirm for when I ride you this afternoon," Lew added as he turned back toward the house.

Dinner was ready for him, but instead of jesting as usual he sat down and ate for a time in silence. Finally he spoke, voicing the thought that had prompted him to return two days earlier than he had intended.

"Do you suppose he'll try to buck through the corral gate like he did with Kohles and Gooding?"

"Aw, toot, toot, toot!" Linn chuckled, thinking of the surprise that was in store for Lew. He began to chant the horse auctioneer's well-known ballyhoo. "A gentle horse! A lady's horse! A baby's horse! Broke to work, ride or drive. How much am I offered for him? Speak up, gentlemen, speak up. How much am I bid?"

Lew smiled mechanically, but refused to be diverted from his purpose.

"Linn, I want to ride that horse myself."

Linn grew serious for a moment. Now that he had partly gentled the horse, he wanted to finish the job; wanted to prove to his own satisfaction that the outlaw was not inherently bad.

"Look here, Lew," he said. "You gave me a week in which to gentle him."

"I know I did. But I'm telling you I want to ride him myself. Why, Linn, I'm afraid of that old devil; either that or I'm afraid that I'm afraid. I don't know which it is. But I've got to ride him in order to get hold of myself again."

There was something that didn't ring true in Lew's statement, or in the way he made the statement—Linn couldn't decide which. He began to believe Lew had been drinking, and Lew was inclined to be stubborn at such times. But what difference? Lew was his friend—and the old brown was just an old brown horse. He began to jest again.

"Aren't you afraid the old goat will throw you and get mud in your ears?"

"That's what I want to find out—whether he can throw me or not," Lew answered without smiling, still holding to his first fiction. "And I want to find out whether I'm afraid of the horse or afraid of being afraid."

Still Linn hesitated, reluctant, now that he had won the horse's confidence, to see the old fellow ridden as Lew would ride him—with spurs and quirt.

"Aw, let me ride him my way," he urged. But Lew shook his head stubbornly.

Linn shrugged his shoulders then. No sense in arguing with a man who was determined to have his own way!

"All right, fly at him," he said. Then he lifted his voice in a woeful lament, "Oh, bury him out on the lone prairee-e-e——"

"Quit your howling, you poor coyote," Lew said, smiling for the first time.

When they finished eating, Lew would not even wait to help with the dishes.

"No," he said. "I'm going out and ride him now."

"Let me show him off a bit first," Linn coaxed, following Lew out to the barn. "You take your saddle into the little corral and I'll bring the horse out."

Lew carried his saddle out to the corral. Then he turned, waiting impatiently. His eyes widened for an instant when Linn strolled unconcernedly out of the barn with the brown horse following at his shoulder. The barn formed one segment of a large stoutly built corral in which the watering trough was located. Adjacent to this large corral was a small inclosure. When the horse perceived Lew standing near the gate of the small corral, all evidence of his newly acquired docility vanished. His muscles became tense and he lowered his head and began swaying it from side to side, and with mincing, sidling steps he began to edge away from Linn. In that instant he revealed all the marks of a killer. Even his eyes protruded, showing a line of maniacal white.

"Watch him!" Lew cried, tugging frantically at a revolver that was still strapped in its boot at his saddle horn. Linn glanced at the horse in astonishment.

"Brownie!" he said sharply. "Brownie, come here!" He tugged at the hackamore rope and the horse stopped in its tracks and slowly lifted its head and glanced at him. Slowly the flame of wildness died in the wide-set eyes; slowly, step by step as Linn continued to tug at the rope, the old fellow advanced until his damp brown nose was nuzzling against Linn's arm. "No more of that rough stuff," Linn said firmly.

Then he spoke to Lew, half apologetically.

"He must be a one-man horse. He wouldn't have acted that way if he knew you."

Lew had pulled the gun free from the holster and stood with his arm raised, his finger on the trigger.


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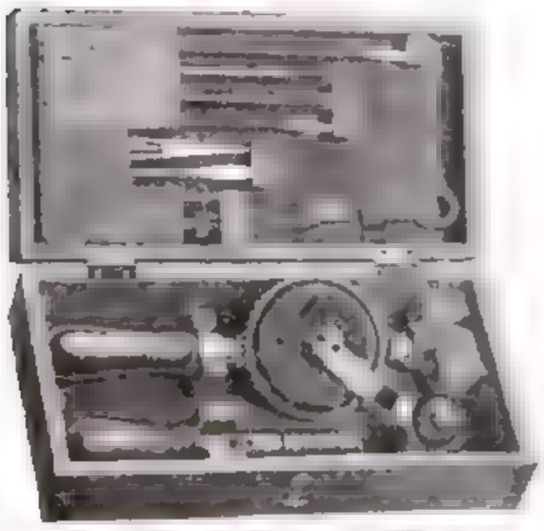
# "YANKEE" TOOLS for Christmas



"Yankee" Radio Tool Set No. 10. Comprises "Yankee" Radio Drill No. 141, described below, and "Yankee" Ratchet Tool Holder with radio attachments shown. Long screw-driver blade, small screw-driver blade, heavy screw-driver blade, countersink, reamer, wire bender, two socket wrenches. Also, flat wrench.

Here, in a compact set, is practically every tool needed for radio adjustment, changes, repairs and new construction.

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The gift of "Yankee" tools for Christmas is sure to be appreciated. Ask your dealer to help you in your selection.

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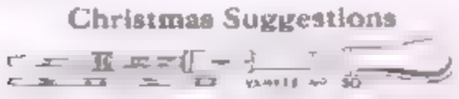

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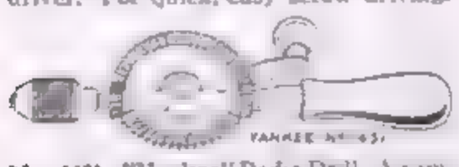
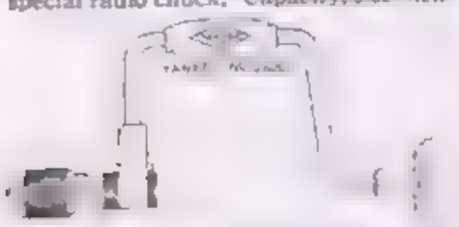


No. 141. "Yankee" Radio Drill. A compact, powerful perfectly balanced hand drill with four to one gear for [illegible] special radio chuck. Capacity, [illegible] inch.



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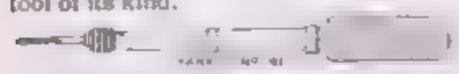
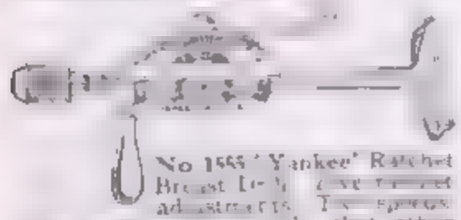


No 41. "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill. [illegible] reverse in backward movement of handle to [illegible] ears, taps, etc.



No 1855 "Yankee" Ratchet Breast Drill. [illegible] adjustments. Has speeds. Makes easy work of jobs that other drills won't do

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

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"Watch him, Linn! Watch him!" he cautioned. "I tell you the brute's a born killer."

"No, he's not a killer," Linn answered. "Not a born killer. Maybe he remembered how you whipped him that morning when you led him out to water. He's not a bad horse, Lew. If you don't mind I'll ride him bareback right now."

Again Lew shook his head stubbornly.

"I'm going to ride him first," he said with dogged insistence.

"All right," Linn said. "Go back into the corral and let me saddle him." Linn's features had settled in drawn, hard lines; and his eyes, usually frank and direct, avoided Lew's glance. He couldn't remember when anything had gotten him like this. Lew was his friend, and if Lew wanted to ride the brown horse there could be no argument. But as he stood stroking the horse he felt as if he were betraying one friend for another. Then he picked up Lew's big saddle and hooked the near stirrup over the horn.

"Easy, Brownie," he said soothingly as he settled the saddle on the scarred brown back. For a moment the horse stood trembling, then became quiet again. As soon as the cinch was tightened, Linn cupped one hand over the old fellow's left eye to prevent him from seeing who was getting into the saddle. Then he nodded to Lew.

Before Lew mounted he handed Linn his gun.

"Don't be afraid to use it if the horse gets the best of me," he said, slipping easily into the saddle.

Linn spoke to the horse:

"Steady, Brownie! Steady!"

For a moment the outlaw stood quietly, watching Linn. Then, aware of the weight on his back, he lifted his head. Lew immediately raked the spur-scarred brown sides with his rowels. And Linn jumped to one side to avoid the first mad plunge.

"An earthquake and forked lightning combined!" he said to himself as he scrambled to the top rail of the corral and watched the horse pitching and whirling. Then he rose, ready to jump, and stood there with held breath. The outlaw had crashed sidewise into the corral gate and Lew had received the brunt of the crash on his right leg. Then the horse bucked back across the corral, whirling, back-bucking, sunfishing. Most wild horses bawl and scream with rage when bucking that way; but the brown horse fought in silent frenzy. Lew continued to ride straight up; but he was no longer spurring, evidently in distress. Again without preliminary warning the horse crashed into the gate, this time into the left side.

There followed a rending and splintering of wooden panels, a cry from Lew. And the horse, still pitching madly, bucked through into the large corral.

Linn leaped from his place of vantage and followed with the gun held ready for action, for Lew was reeling in the saddle, holding desperately to the horn. The horse, seeming to realize that he had loosened the rider, increased his efforts. Then Lew was thrown. As his body hurtled through the air both feet dangled grotesquely. Both legs were broken at the ankles. Immediately the outlaw began to edge toward the prone body with that curious, mincing, sidling step that a horse uses when about to kill. Linn sighted along the gun barrel and started to squeeze the trigger; but some emotional inhibition, some subconscious impulse of sympathy for the horse stayed his finger.

"Brownie!" he called. "Brownie!" The outlaw paused and lifted his [illegible] head. The wide space between the [illegible] brown eyes presented a target a man could not miss, and again Linn started to squeeze the trigger. Again he hesitated. Then, lowering the gun, he ran over and picked up the trailing hackamore rope and led the horse into the barn. Slamming the door behind him, he ran back to Lew and knelt beside him. Lew's face was ghastly white, but he managed a wan grin. Professional pride was uppermost in his mind.

"If the old devil had been satisfied to break just one of my legs he never would have thrown me," he said. "But when he wrecked both of them I began clawing the sky."

"Good riding, old man," Linn said with honest admiration. "Now lie still and I'll tie you up in splints and carry you to the house. You'll have a sweet time for two or three hours—until we can get a doctor out from town."

"First I want you to kill that horse," Lew said.

Linn hesitated and glanced away from Lew's eyes.

"Not just now," he answered slowly. "I'm going to take care of you first. After a while I'll lead the old fellow up to that deep ditch at the upper end of the place."

"Well, watch him every minute," Lew cautioned

Linn nodded, and then went about the task of fashioning splints. When these were bound to Lew's legs, Linn picked him up and carried him to the house and made him comfortable as possible on one of the beds. As soon as Linn had telephoned for a doctor Lew spoke about the horse again. He spoke in short phrases with long pauses between; only that and the slow constant turning of his head revealed that he was suffering.

"Did you really think the horse was becoming gentle?"

"I believe he was beginning to have confidence in me," Linn answered.

There was another pause, and then Lew spoke again:

"Strange—how a horse never forgets a thing. I suppose it was—just chance—that he broke through Kohles' corral gate—years ago. But he didn't forget. When Gooding caught him—and tried to ride him—he still remembered how he had gotten the best of Kohles. So he—bucked right through—Gooding's gate. I got to thinking about that—back there in Prineville. I got to thinking maybe—you would take a chance—try to ride him before I got back. I knew if you did the old devil would buck—right through—your corral gate."

Lew was silent again for a time. And then it was that Linn realized why Lew had insisted on riding the horse.

"Well, you old fool!" he said huskily, affectionately.

Lew forced a grin, refusing to accept credit for his act.

"I just thought, Linn, that I was smarter than the horse. I thought that knowing—what to expect of him—I could beat him at his own game. But a man can't get the best of a killer. So I want you to go out and shoot him. Then maybe—I can sleep—a little."

"It will help some if you can sleep," Linn said. He got his gun and went up to the barn, believing Lew would rest easier if the horse were put out of the way. At the barn door he paused.

"Brownie!" he called. There was no answering whinny; but the horse was waiting in the runway back of the stalls where he had been left. As if the affair in the corral was a closed incident he thrust out his muzzle for the sugar that Linn always fed him. Linn poured some from a cup that stood on a shelf above the feed bin, and let the horse eat from his hand. He noticed that the old brown coat was stiff and rough with drying lather, and that bloody, swollen welts showed along the shoulders and sides where Lew's rowels had cut the flesh.

Linn was decidedly thoughtful as he removed Lew's saddle and led the horse across the large corral and up toward a ridge that reached from the upper end of his place to one of the timbered slopes of the butte. The outlaw walked beside him patiently, quietly; stopped once and lifted his head and looked questioningly toward the dark green timber. Linn turned and began to stroke the arched neck, noticing again the rowel marks along the sweat-rumpled hair on the shoulders and sides.

"Brownie," he said, voicing a thought that had been taking possession of his mind, "it was a fair fight and you won. If Lew wasn't my best friend I would take you up to the timber and turn you loose. But Lew, he wants me to shoot you. So you'll have to come along."

They went on then, side by side, like two friends strolling together, until they came to the ditch that Linn intended to use for the outlaw's grave. When they stopped at the edge of the ditch the brown horse lifted his head again, and again looked longingly toward the timber. Again Linn began to stroke the rumpled coat. Slowly he arrived at a new decision.

"Brownie, it was a fair fight and you won," he repeated. "I'll be darned if I'll shoot you. Lew, he thinks you are a bad 'un. But I know better. And I know you'll never live through another winter. So I'm going to give you a chance to die like a gentleman. Some folks might think it would be more humane to shoot you. We know better, don't we, Brownie? And Lew, he's lying back there with one ear cocked up waiting for me to shoot you. He'll rest easier when he thinks you are out of the way."

Linn tied the horse to a scrub juniper and went back a little distance toward the house and fired a solitary shot.

"Now, old fellow," he said when he returned, "I'm going to take you up to the drift fence at the edge of the timber and turn you back on your own range. But you'll have to carry me. I'll be darned if I'll walk that far even for you." He rested his arm across the horse's back for a moment; then slowly, cautiously, first resting his weight on the withers, he lifted himself up and swung his leg across the brown back. There followed a sudden tensing of muscles.

"Brownie!" he said sharply. Slowly the horse relaxed and took a step forward. Then another step. Then he seemed instinctively to understand what was expected of him and began moving up toward the timber, his head held high and proudly, walking with the smooth, springy step that had caused men to covet him in his younger days.

When they reached the drift fence Linn dismounted and opened the high wire gate and led the horse inside. Then he removed the hackamore and held out his hand.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said. "And stay hidden."

The old brown outlaw nuzzled his hand for a moment; then moved off a few steps; paused once and lifted his head and whinnied; then whirled and raced away under the trees.

Late in the autumn Linn and Lew were standing with a group of riders in front of Wigle's big barn in Prineville. A young fire guard coming down from his season's work in the hills pulled up at the curb.

"I thought you fellows made a clean sweep of the horses in the timber," he gibed. "Yesterday, when I was crossing the high ridge back yonder, I caught a glimpse of the brown outlaw."

A chorus of hoots and jeers greeted the statement.

"Ask Lew about the outlaw," someone suggested. "Lew, he tried to ride the horse."

The fire guard looked questioningly at Lew. He had been in the hills all summer and had not kept up with the current gossip

"Ask Linn," Lew suggested. "Linn, he killed the horse."

The young guard realized the men were not jesting and seemed decidedly puzzled.

"Well," he said, "if it wasn't the brown outlaw I saw it was sure a natural-looking phantom."

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# A MAN OF PLOTS

(Continued from Page 46)

"He's a young fellow," Muller said huskily. "He ain't so reasonable that way."

"It don't matter to me," Newt insisted. "If he don't want to take a good job."

He left the matter thus unsettled when presently he started back toward the center of town. Muller lived in the northern end, on the road to the upper bridge, and at some distance from Post Office Square, where Newt was to meet Dan Bissell at half after four. Newt had no watch, but it occurred to him that he had wasted some time with Muller and that it must be near the appointed hour already. He hurried his steps, and presently overtook another pedestrian, who told him that it was already twenty-five minutes past. Newt went ahead swiftly enough; but he was not greatly concerned, feeling quite sure that Dan would wait for him.

The street he chose to follow had at one side a board walk made by nailing short boards crosswise on two-by-fours. Between the cross boards there were interstices; and Newt, his eyes on his footing, was abruptly halted by the certainty that through one of these cracks he had seen a coin lying on the ground beneath the walk. He bent to assure himself of this and perceived that the coin was a dime. The discovery momentarily disturbed him; he was half minded to leave the dime and go on. But a stronger instinct than his superstition made him stay. A dime, unlucky or not, was still a dime.

He tried to thrust his hand down through the crack between the boards, but his hand stuck there and a splinter jabbed him before he could get it out. He sought to lift that section of the walk, but found that it was secured to stakes that were driven into the ground. By this time his determination was aroused; and he sought and found a stick that would serve as a pry, inserted it under the edge of the walk, and tugged at it until he had loosened the stakes sufficiently so that he could thrust his hand under from the side. When his fingers closed upon the coin he had a moment of exultation, did not even take the time to pound the stakes back into their places before hurrying on.

But when he reached the square, it was to find that Dan was gone; a bystander said, in reply to his irritated question, that Dan had just driven away up the hill. Newt's fury overflowed for a moment in a manner that startled the other. He blamed his mishap on Dan rather than on the small coin which had so often brought him ill fortune before; and he cursed Dan in his thoughts, and pleased himself by fancying punishments he might some day visit on the young man.

Nevertheless, he was wise enough to rid himself of the dime, and he crossed to the City Drug Store and bought a cigar with it, before beginning to seek other means of transport. He tried to find someone else going in the direction of Fraternity, but without success; he inquired for that old man who had driven him out on the occasion of his homecoming, but learned that Uncle Jasper was indisposed, was ill in bed. In the end he was driven to engage one of the public automobiles, and when he sought to dicker with the driver the man insisted upon being paid in advance. Newt was in the end compelled to pay; he arrived home in an ill humor, barely in time for supper with his mother and Sam.

Sam reported, when he and Newt were alone, that he had been unable to find any carpenters, and Newt laughed unpleasantly, and assured Sam that he had expected such an event.

"Didn't look for you to," he said. "So I've got one man, maybe two, coming out from town. Have you talked to ma?" Sam shook his head and Newt made a disgusted sound. "That's poor business," he commented. "It don't look to me you're doing what you 'greed to do."

"No hurry about ma," Sam said mildly.

"Time enough, if you ever get at it," Newt assented. "But you and pa always were ones to put things off. You ain't even got a carpenter."

"I kind of figured you'd do that, anyway," Sam remarked.

Newt was faintly surprised at this. "Why?" he asked.

"Well, you're pushing things along so," Sam replied. "It looked to me you'd want a hand in that too."

Newt considered this, laughed. "Well, it's lucky I did," he said finally. "Or we'd have lost a day. We'll have to be over there early, Sam. Did they get the sills sawed out, at the mill?"

Sam nodded. "Herb says they're ready," he agreed.

"Get anybody to haul them?"

"No."

"Gay Hunt'll do it," Newt decided. "I'll go down see him tonight. You want to come along?"

Sam shook his head. "You go on," he directed. "I'm going up to bed."

When Newt came back from a successful interview with Hunt the house was dark. He had been able to make a good price with Gay—he was as alert to save money on this work as though he, not Sam, were to pay for its performance—and he went to his room in a restored good humor.

The activities at the orchard next day pleased and flattered him, and he was more amiable than ever; and on the following day he decided to stay on the spot for the remainder of the week, so that he might keep his eye on what went forward.

"They'll do more work with me watching," he told Sam.

"Muller's in the shed," Sam reminded him. "Where do you figure to sleep?"

Newt smiled. "I'll put up at Trask's," he replied. "Linda and me'll have a lot to talk about anyways."

He reminded Sam, before they parted, that it was necessary to persuade Mrs. Dunnack to their plans. "You wanted me out of the way," he told his brother. "Well, I'll be out of the way, now." And Sam nodded as though in assent.

But when Sam came to the orchard Friday he confessed that he had said nothing to his mother; and Newt said harshly, "I don't aim to wait much longer, Sam. If I have to go into court I'm willing to."

"I been thinking," Sam explained. "I might wait till after you're married and the house here is ready. Talk to her then."

Newt laughed. "It won't do, Sam. I ain't a-going to fool with you. You go on home and get at it. If it ain't all straight by Monday morning I'm going to town and get things started in court."

Sam studied his brother curiously. "I never see your beat, Newt," he said mildly. "Like there ain't any insides to you at all."

Newt felt the surge of anger in himself; but he checked it, said only, "You heard what I said, Sam."

Sam nodded. "Yes," he agreed. "I heard you, Newt; and I know what you mean. It ain't hardly worth while fighting a man like you. I aim to let you have your way."

"I don't look for you to see things my way," Newt retorted. "You ain't got sense enough."

Sam turned aside. "Prob'ly that's so," he assented in a mild tone. "Prob'ly there's just something wrong with me." He departed without backward glance or word.

But when Newt got home Saturday night he saw at once that Sam had talked with Mrs. Dunnack at last. Sam was in the kitchen when he entered the house, Mrs. Dunnack not in sight.

Newt asked for her at once, and Sam said wearily, "She's upstairs, Newt. In her room."

Newt nodded. "You been talking to her?"

"Yes," Sam replied. "Yes. I talked to her."

"Did she agree to it?" Newt demanded, unable to contain his eagerness.

"I look for her to," Sam told him quietly.

"What's she doing up there?"

Sam looked at his brother with a level glance. "I guess she's doing what comforts her most," he said.

Newt laughed, lifted an impatient hand. "You act like there was something wrong about it," he protested. "As if we wan't doing it for her own good. You talked to her the same way, I guess. Like it was a funeral."

Sam considered this without speaking; he lifted his head at last and asked, "Had your supper?"

"I looked to have supper here," Newt replied.

"Ma won't want anything," Sam told him. "And I ain't hungry. Eat if you want to. I'm going up to her."

"Talk some sense into her, then," Newt urged impatiently.

Left alone, Newt strode uncertainly about the kitchen, uncomfortable and angry; he muttered abusively, staring at the door through which Sam had gone, with eyes full of a red and swollen hate; he told himself that Sam was a fool, and his mother a grasping old woman clinging to the possessions useless to her now. He found victuals and ate them cold, without troubling to build a fire; and afterward left the soiled dishes in the kitchen and carried the lamp into the dining room. His mother's room was directly overhead, and he could hear Sam's voice, deep and comforting; and beneath the sound of Sam's voice there was an undercurrent, another sound which by and by he recognized. His mother, he thought rebelliously, was crying again.

He listened for a time, went into the hall in half a mind to ascend the stairs and hear what they said; but his nerves were jerky and unsettled, and in the end he turned back into the kitchen and out-of-doors. When he stood on the side porch the mill confronted him, down by the river. A car came along the road beyond it and the headlights struck the water behind the mill so glowingly that the light penetrated all the cracks and windows of the old structure, softening its outlines, blurring its shadows. As the car shifted, the shadow shifted; and this made the mill itself seem to move, so that he had again that impression of sentience. There was higher ground beyond the river; the car was coming downhill, and as it did so the shadow of the old mill crept up the knoll toward where Newt stood. He watched its approach uneasily; stirred to and fro, fighting the temptation to break into a senseless and abject flight; but abruptly the car reached the bridge and swerved to pass the mill, and the shadow swung sharply to the left toward the barn and left Newt standing untouched.

He chuckled then, trying to laugh at his own emotions; but when the car was gone he hurried after it toward the village, and stayed in the store so long as Will Bissell permitted the evening gathering to continue. Coming home he walked slowly and more slowly; and when he approached the house he watched the mill, unable to take his eyes away from it, and almost sidled up to the kitchen door. When he had shut the door, shut out the night and the shadows, he sighed with faint relief.

Sam and his mother were still talking when he went upstairs to bed; but though he listened, he could hear nothing they said. Sometime in the night he was awakened by the sounds his brother made in going to his own room; he was tempted to go and ask whether Sam had yet succeeded in his persuasion, but in the end feared to do this, and so presently slept once more.

When he came downstairs in the morning it was to find Sam and his mother already there, and Newt, bred in the light of day, greeted them both with a jovial heartiness, rubbing his hands together, exclaiming that the day was fine, declaring that he had a zestful appetite for the breakfast which Mrs. Dunnack was already setting on the table. For a time he had the conversation to himself, till words began to fail him; he felt the oppression of their silence and at last himself fell silent. So they three finished their morning meal without words.

But when they were done Mrs. Dunnack spoke to Newt. It was the only occasion upon which what he had done was discussed between them; and it was, save for an occasional formal and perfunctory remark, the last time she ever spoke to her elder son. Her voice was quite steady when she began; but it seemed to fail her so that she checked herself and wet her lips and began again.

She said to him, "Sam's told me what you want, Newt."

Newt welcomed this; it served to end their reticence, bring the matter into the open realms of conversation. Newt always welcomed talk.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "He wanted to tell you himself; but he's been slow enough about it."

"He never would have," she replied, pitiful little pride in the lift of her head—"Sam never would have, only for what you said you'd do to me."

"Oh, now, Sam didn't get that straight," he protested. "You know Sam, ma; he ain't got room in his head for only one idea."

"Yes, I know Sam," she assented, looking at her younger son with a full glance.

"All he could think of was that I said you was crazy," Newt declared. "You know better than that. I just said you was too old to be bothered with business, and him and me'd have to take care of you."

She bit her lower lip tremulously; said in an uncertain tone, "You don't need to—to say anything, Newt. I just want to say something to you."

"Now, ma," he protested, "you're mad at me."

She shook her head. "I ain't mad at you, Newt," she told him. "What's in you—it was me put it there. I had it from my father, and you had it from me. I ain't mad at you."

He said urgently, "There's no sense in talk like that. I'm just trying to take care of you."

"Sam and me, we're going to let you have your way," she continued, as though he had not spoken. "Going to let you have your way, have things your own way. But it ain't because I'm afraid of what you might do, Newt." There was for a moment a steel like glint in her weary old eyes. "It ain't that I'm afraid. Sam's afraid on my account; but I could stand it. It ain't for me, Newt."

Newt said harshly, "That's no way to talk."

"It's just because I'm—hoping," she said unsteadily. "I'm hoping that you—that having things your own way—that having things will make you different, Newt. Change you, maybe, a little bit. Be a little different ——"

He could bear no more; he was full of anger; he stormed to his feet and his voice rose. "I won't stand your talking like that!" he cried. "You stop it, ma! If you're going to be such a ——"

He was abruptly interrupted. Sam had been sitting on the farther side of the table, his head lowered, his hands idle. He rose now in a single movement and reached across the table and gripped Newt by the shoulder with one hand, with the other pushing hard against Newt's face, shutting his mouth. Newt strove and kicked against him, but Sam pushed the older man relentlessly backward to the kitchen door. He released Newt for long enough to wrench the door open; he forced Newt through and followed, and closed the door behind him.

And Newt then found words, and he cried furiously, "Take your hands off of me!"

(Continued on Page 143)

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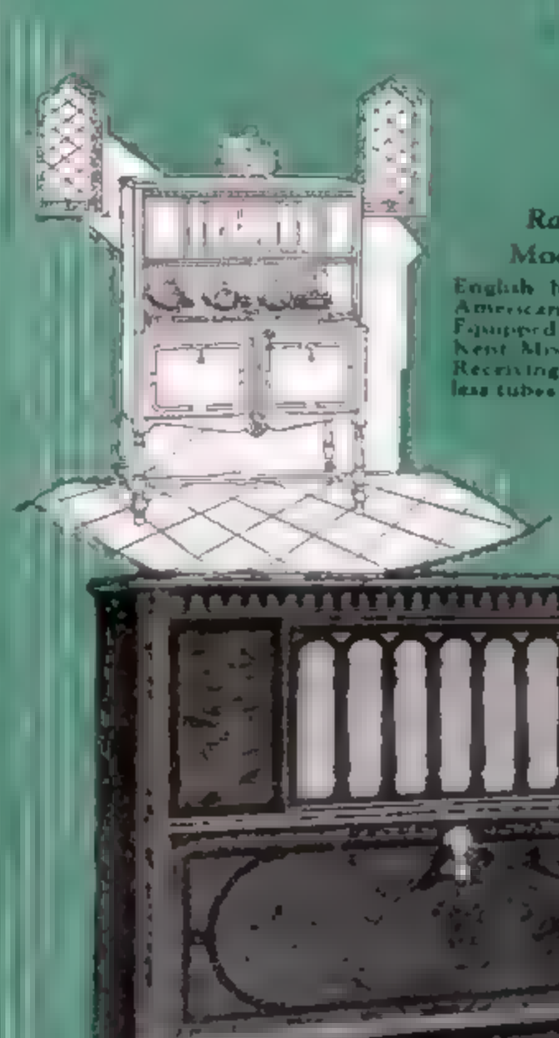

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(Continued from Page 138)

Sam did in fact release him. "I've been a mind to handle you, Newt," he said quietly. "But I ain't a-going to."

Newt's voice was loud and strident. "That's the second time you've grabbed me. Next time you'll be sorry."

"Next time," Sam told him, "you'll be sorrier."

Newt took a stride toward his brother. "You can't scare me," he said. "And you can't monkey with me. You and ma're going to do what I say or I'll make you. That's all there is to that."

Sam nodded. "You heard what ma said," Sam reminded him. "We're going to give you what you want. But, Newt, you keep your tongue off ma, and you be nice to ma, and don't you worry her more'n she has to be. Or all you can grab won't be any good to you."

There was a certain seriousness in Sam's tone which Newt found convincing; he drew back, said reluctantly, "Long as you do what I say "

"You'll get things the way you want," Sam told him again. "Only mind you what I said too."

Newt tried to laugh, tried to affect good nature. "Why, we don't have to have any trouble, Sam," he protested.

Sam said nothing; but he looked at Newt until the other was forced to turn away. Then Sam went back into the kitchen to be tender to his mother.

### XIX

THERE remained before the day of the wedding a little more than a fortnight; and this time passed for Newt with an intoxicating swiftness. He was not greatly disturbed by the fact that his mother preserved, whenever she was in his presence, a silence not so much suggestive of bitterness and anger as of an attitude of hopeful waiting. When Sam was not about, Newt talked to Mrs. Dunnack in a cheerful and impersonal manner, seeking to draw her into conversation; he was a little amused by her silence and quite confident that time would modify it; the effort to persuade her to talk to him assumed the aspects of an amusing game. But he took care to avoid the topic uppermost in the minds of them both. When he and Sam and Mrs. Dunnack were together, Mrs. Dunnack talked to her younger son, but still reticently, as though oppressed by Newt's presence. Sam himself seemed unwilling to have much speech with Newt, so that another man might have been acutely uncomfortable, might have been tempted to seek other lodgings in which to await the day of his marriage. But to do so would have involved an expense which Newt had no inclination to assume unless it became necessary; so he carefully ignored their manner, reminding himself that he could afford to overlook a good deal in them.

He made one or two trips to East Harbor, driving in the old buggy behind the ambling horse, dropping Sam at the orchard on his way, and picking up his brother there upon his return. He was, in the prospect of his approaching marriage, in the grip of an unaccustomed prodigality; he chose a suit of clothes at one of the East Harbor shops, arranging for certain necessary alterations; and when Dolph Bullen good-naturedly refused to bargain with him as to the price, Newt accepted the situation without feeling the irritation which such a refusal usually aroused in him. The suit, Dolph assured him, would be ready the day before that set for the wedding

Newt also ordered from the florist on the hill above the post office a bouquet of flowers. He had no very definite idea of what was expected in this direction; but the florist seemed to know, and Newt trusted the matter to him. They agreed on a price of five dollars, and when the florist remarked that he could not undertake to deliver the flowers in Fraternity at that price, Newt said he would come and get them.

At the jewelry store opposite the post office he selected a wedding ring, a narrow band of gold; and when the jeweler asked him to suggest an inscription, Newt bade him engrave within the ring the names Newt and Linda and inclose them in an elongated figure eight. This business settled, Newt was about to leave the store when his eye was caught by a portrait of a young girl with a smooth and attractive throat, around which was clasped a string of synthetic pearls. The smoothness of her throat reminded him of Linda's; the man had an abrupt and astonishing impulse to buy for Linda such a string of pearls, but when he inquired the price the folly of his own idea came home to him, he laughed at himself and left the store. He would, he reminded himself, be spending enough money on Linda in Boston.

During this intervening fortnight he attended to another bit of business. He had begun to advance money to Sam for paying the carpenters; and he drew up a note which Sam signed. The note was at 6 per cent, but it ran only for a single year; and though this fact did not seem to Sam of any importance, it was a part of Newt's design. To refuse to renew the note at the end of the year would be to hold over Sam's head a club that would compel him to any course Newt saw fit to require.

Newt spent much of his time before his wedding day at the new house above the orchard. Sam came only occasionally to watch progress; but Newt urged the men on so purposefully that before the end of the two weeks the frame was up, the roof shingled, and the sides almost wholly sheathed in. He had lathers at work and was satisfied that with fair weather the house would be ready by the time of his return from Boston. He preferred to stay at the orchard rather than at home; at home he was forever confronting the old mill, had to fight the disquiet which it inspired in him.

One morning he went down to the mill to speak with Herb Faller, and while they talked together a piece of two-by-four, piled with others on the crossbeams overhead, slid down and fell at Newt's very feet, startling him frightfully. He vented his own alarm by cursing Herb for carelessness; but thereafter he was more inclined than ever to avoid the mill.

The date set for the wedding fell on a Wednesday. They would be married at Linda's home, promptly at three o'clock in the afternoon; this would, Newt calculated, give ample time to get to East Harbor and take the five-o'clock boat. He had engaged a stateroom on that boat; but since it seemed to him folly to waste, he took an inside cabin. There would be air enough, he assured himself; and the advantages of an outside window did not in his mind outweigh the difference in price.

On Tuesday, the day before the wedding, he went to East Harbor to attend to the numerous necessary errands. Sam was planning to spend the day at the orchard, not so much to oversee the building operations as to pick apples which were already ripe. He had a man or two to help him there. They drove over behind the old horse, and Newt left Sam at the orchard, then returned to the Trask farm and spent an hour there and had his luncheon. Mrs. Trask and Linda were busy sewing, the meal was a scanty one; but it saved Newt the expense of buying his lunch in town. He was full of exuberant cheerfulness that day, but he was able to win no smile from Linda. She sewed busily, her eyes downcast, and he thought she looked pale, and said as much.

"She ain't been eating hardly a thing for two weeks," Mrs. Trask explained. "She's that excited, I guess. You'll have to fat her up some, Newt."

"I'll take care of her," he promised. "You won't know her when we get home again."

Before he left, kissing Linda, he made her smile at him; she managed it, doubtfully enough. "I won't see you again till tomorrow," he reminded her. "I'll be over right after dinner. We want to be married right on time."

"I'll see't she's ready," Mrs. Trask assured him. "She don't know what she's doing, half the time now."

It was Trask who inquired, "Sam picking his apples?"

Newt saw the attention in the girl's bearing as he answered. "Yes. I carried him over," he replied.

"Thought I see you and him go by," Trask assented. "Guess he won't have much of a crop this year."

"Guess not," Newt agreed. "He's busy with his house anyway."

He drove away at last to town, and his thoughts fixed themselves on that little movement into which Linda had been betrayed by the mention of Sam's name. He told himself harshly that she would have to get over that, promised himself that she would do so. "I'll see to't she does," he muttered.

He had been faintly conscious of something curiously like desperation in her manner, tried to analyze this impression, but at last put his doubts aside. After all, there was nothing she could do, so completely was she surrounded by those whom he had cajoled or compelled into allying themselves with him.

In East Harbor he drove down to the steamboat wharf and was relieved to find, since travel was light at that season, that he could wait to get his ticket when he should go on board, the following afternoon. There was always, he reminded himself, the possibility that some small mischance might delay the wedding; he was glad he need not fear being left with a useless ticket on his hands. He drove back uptown to Dolph Bullen's store, and found his suit waiting for him, and tried it on to make sure the fit was satisfactory. The effect pleased him; he left the store in an expansive mood, stowed the cardboard box containing the garments under the seat at his feet.

The ring was likewise ready, and he paid for it, and hesitated again at sight of the attractive girl whose throat was ringed in pearls; but again went on his way, resisting that temptation. Then up to the florist's.

He met disappointment there. The man protested that this was not the day of the wedding, that the flowers would not be ready till tomorrow. He said Newt would have to come back again next day. Newt was irritated and angry; he foreaw that there would be no time for the long drive to town and back again; he would have many little things to do.

"You'll have to send 'em," he directed. "I said I'd come, and I've come; but if they're not ready for me to take, that's your responsibility."

The other man was quite unmoved. "You'd better fix it with somebody to take 'em out to you," he suggested. "I can't deliver out there."

In the end Newt went back downtown to see what arrangements he could make. He knew the folly of approaching the drivers of public cars; he had not even engaged one of them to bring him and Linda to town tomorrow. Their prices he considered exorbitant. But Newt remembered the old man who had driven him to Fraternity once before, and he found Uncle Jasper in front of the post office and made his proposition.

"Sure, I c'n take the bouquet out to your house," Uncle Jasper told him. "Mighty few passengers around in the forenoon, after boat time."

"How much?" Newt asked.

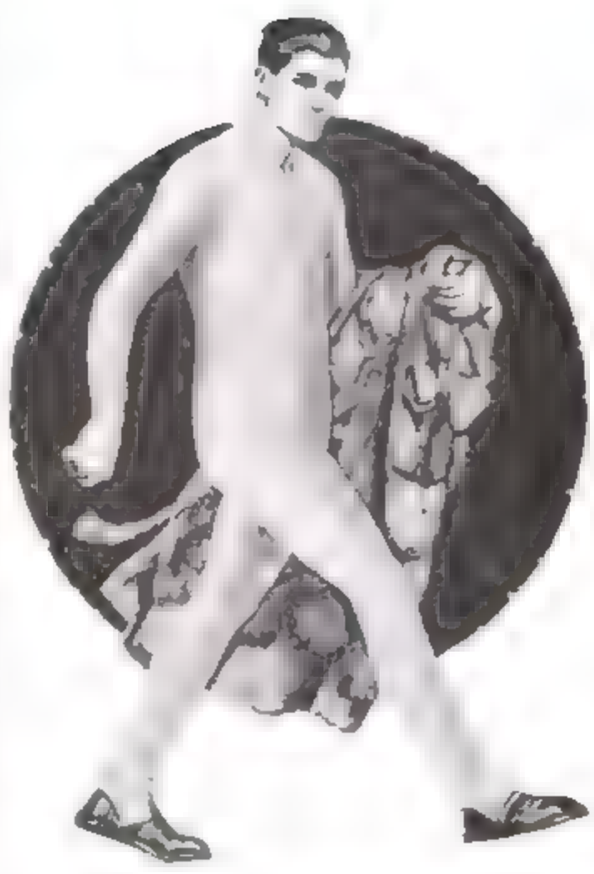
Uncle Jasper said, "Two dollars."

Newt shook his head, laughed heartily. "You carried me out for a dollar and a half," he reminded the old man. "I weigh more than a bunch of flowers."

"My reg'lar price is two dollars," the old man insisted.

Newt offered a dollar and a half; and when the other wavered, Newt said largely, "Well, now I'll tell you. You won't be busy about that time. You bring them out and we'll settle it then. Dollar and a half's plenty. You think it over, old man."

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 143)

"You're a sharp hand to dicker," Uncle Jasper commented querulously. "Business ain't been so good lately though."

"Dollar and a half," Newt repeated. "I'll look for you, middle of the forenoon."

He turned back up the hill, satisfied that Uncle Jasper would indeed come; told himself that if the old man failed him he could at least offer this failure as a valid excuse for the lack of a bouquet. A bunch of flowers was, after all, of little real importance; he was almost minded to countermand his original order, but decided against this. Linda liked flowers; and he was anxious that she should be pleased with him.

But he told the florist that transportation would cost two dollars, and tried to get the man to agree to take three dollars instead of five as his price.

"Never saw a man would figure as close as that, when he was getting married," the florist commented scornfully, but scorn never affected Newt.

"This is business," he replied. "And I've allowed just so much for flowers."

They finally settled on four dollars, which Newt paid. Assured that his arrangements were complete, Newt set the old horse up the hill along the homeward way. His errands had taken him longer than he expected; it was growing dusk and there was a suggestion of frost in the air so that he huddled into his coat, hiding himself from the flickering wind which searched him out. Sam, he thought, would be impatient; would be waiting for a ride home; and he chuckled a little at thought of his brother's discomfiture, and let the horse take its own gait.

The night came down more swiftly; the lights along the roadside were turned on before he had passed the last one, two miles out of town. An automobile met him, and he was reminded to set a match to the lantern in the buggy so that he would be in less danger from these passing cars. When he passed the Corner, six miles from East Harbor, the stars were shining and it was growing rapidly colder. It was twenty minutes before he topped the next hill and started down the long grade past the orchard.

He had expected Sam to be waiting at the end of the wood road, but Sam was not there; he thought it possible that his brother had stayed in the shed up by the spring, and after a momentary hesitation turned in and drove that way. Old Gabe Muller had his habitation in the shed; and to Newt's question Gabe said that Sam had gone.

"The Trask girl come up to see him," Gabe told Newt, "while he was picking apples; and they went down the hill together by and by."

Newt felt his heart leap with dismay and foreboding; he asked sharply, "When was that?"

"Along before dark," Muller replied; and Newt wheeled the horse and drove the beast at a gallop through the wood road to the highway, then checked it more cautiously down the hill to the Trask farm. He saw lights in the kitchen window, and he turned into the yard, expecting to find Sam here; but the sound of his wheels brought Trask to the doorway and the farmer peered into the darkness and called, "That you, Newt?"

Newt answered, "Yes."

He hesitated, and before he could speak Trask told him, "Sam's gone along. He left the word he'd got a ride home."

Newt was momentarily uncertain what to do. He had planned for weeks to keep Sam and Linda from an encounter; the fact that they had been together this afternoon, that Linda had sought his brother out, was to him immensely disquieting. His impulse was to alight and go in and demand of the girl what had passed between her and Sam; but a certain caution restrained him. If she had gone to Sam, then she must be in high and daring mood; she would welcome an accusation from him; she would leap at the opportunity of conflict. He decided abruptly to avoid her, to go on to his home. Leave her to Trask and her mother; let her waste her strength against their cool and calculating arguments. She would, by the morning, be reduced to her usual submissiveness once more.

He had already reached this conclusion before Trask spoke again.

"Linda says tell you she'll be ready for you tomorrow," he called, in a jocular tone; and Newt came back to normal.

His own voice was amiable and reassuring when he replied, "I'll be on time."

Trask stood in the doorway watching while Newt turned his horse and went on down the hill. Newt was no longer in haste. Sam was somewhere ahead of him; but Sam had ridden home. No doubt he and Mrs. Dunnack were already at supper; perhaps had finished. Newt suddenly realized that he was hungry, but the horse was incapable of speed, so their homeward journey continued leisurely. When they turned at last into the farmyard Newt saw that the kitchen was lighted; he stabled the horse in careless haste and came up to the house.

But Sam was alone in the kitchen when he came in. Newt asked at once, "Where's ma?"

"Gone upstairs," said Sam. He added thoughtfully, "Tired." He pointed to the table. "We left some victuals out for you."

Newt put aside his hat and coat and sat down to eat. He wondered whether Sam would speak of having seen Linda, and he was full of a violent, even though it was a stifled, curiosity. His brother's face wore, he saw, an unusual gravity, but this might well be without significance. So Newt ate in silence, waiting for Sam to speak.

Sam seemed absorbed in thought, paying no heed to Newt. He rose at last and went out on the porch, shutting the door behind him; and Newt, by the exercise of a great deal of self-control, continued to fix his attention on his food, even while he listened with all his ears to discover what his brother was about. But after a moment Sam came back into the room, and it was immediately apparent that he had decided upon his course.

He said quietly, "Newt, Linda come up to the orchard to see me, this afternoon."

Newt did not interrupt his eating; he pretended complete unconcern.

"That so?" he inquired. "She was saying the other day she don't see much of you now. You used to be around there a pile."

Sam had evidently expected some other reaction; he stood still for a moment, as though confused, and he said at last, "She was kind of miserable."

"She's been excited, getting ready for our wedding," Newt reminded him. "Mrs. Trask says she's pretty near quit eating." He made a large gesture. "That's the way with girls. She'll be all right again in a day or two."

"She said a lot of things to me," Sam confessed uncomfortably.

"I expect it felt good for her to talk to an old friend," Newt agreed. "You'd ought not to have stayed away from her so long, Sam. Made her kind of unhappy, probably; chances are she figured you was sore at her for marrying me. She might have thought you was kind of in love with her your own self, only you never got to telling her so, and that she'd made you unhappy. That'd bother Linda. She thinks a lot of you."

Sam stood for a little longer in silence; then he moved across the room and sat down easily, looking at Newt. After a momentary silence he said, in a different tone, "I see."

"You've acted like a mad little boy," Newt told him cheerfully, grinning at his brother.

Sam shook his head. "I mean to say, I see through you," he replied mildly. "I'm getting so I can see the way you go at things. You're clever, Newt; and you've got around Linda. But, Newt, she knows you've got around her. She ain't marrying you because she wants to."

Newt protested hotly, "What right you got to say that? I won't stand that kind of talk."

"You let me finish," Sam suggested equably. "I don't figure to interfere with you." He hesitated, continued in a lower tone, "Guess you're smart enough to know I love her, and probably she loves me. She didn't say so; but it was plain enough."

Newt laughed harshly. "You think a lot of yourself," he derided.

"Point is," Sam continued in the same gentle tone, "I didn't have the sense to go after her when I could. And—I don't aim to cut in on you now. For one thing, I got to take care of ma. So I don't aim to bother you."

Newt hesitated, uncertain what to say. He was boiling with curiosity to know what had passed between these two; but he perceived also that Sam was on the ragged edge of an overflowing and destructive rage, a fury that would shatter all his plans. He chose prudence, modified his tone.

"Why, Sam, I know that," he protested. "I never meant to get mad a minute ago. You kind of girded me, that's all. I know I can count on you."

Sam nodded, as though to himself. "I guess you'd figure it that way," he agreed. "Yes. She asked me if I loved her. And I—I says, 'Guess I'd have told you before, if it was that way with me, Linda.'" He hesitated, repeating gropingly, "'Guess I'd have told you before if it was that way with me.'"

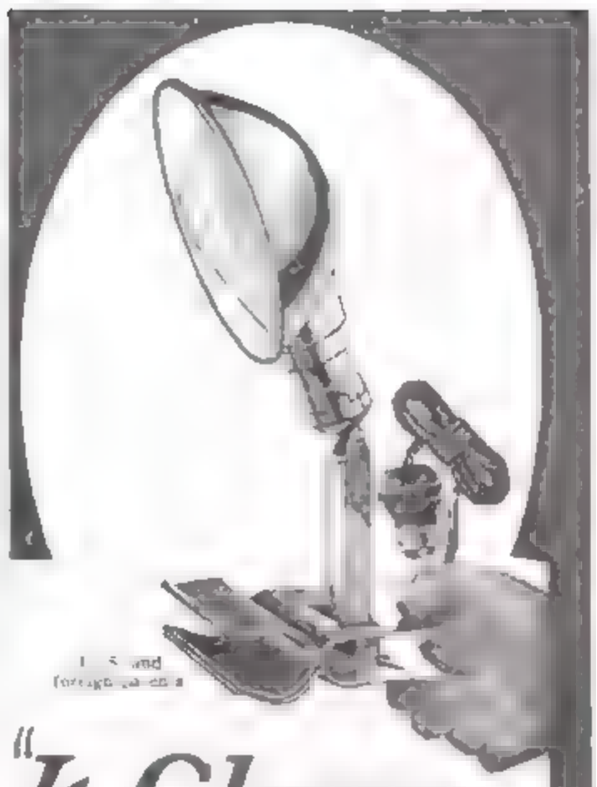
He fell silent, and Newt held his tongue; and after a time Sam rose and moved slowly toward the door. "Well," he remarked, "I'm going up to bed."

Newt, by the bitterest of efforts, still remained silent; and Sam disappeared without a further word. But when he was surely gone the older man came out of his chair with a movement curiously like a bound, and his countenance was convulsed; and he strode toward the door through which Sam had disappeared, with a murderous purpose in his eyes. But by the door he swung aside, moved aimlessly around the room, his mouth twisting viciously. He hated Linda because she had for even a moment broken through her own inhibitions; he clenched his fists and beat them together; and then he grinned with satisfaction in the thought that tomorrow night he would have her apart from her world and in his hands. He hated her furiously; and he hated Sam; hated Sam for that quality which had enabled his brother to put the girl's entreaties so steadily aside.

He could picture the scene to himself; it forced itself upon him as though he had actually witnessed its transaction. He saw Linda, face upturned, clinging to Sam, imploring him, her eyes filled with tears which streamed down her cheeks, her lips parted beseechingly, her very soul bare; and he could as clearly see Sam, holding himself under tight rein, steadying the girl, soothing her, and at last—silencing her yearning cries. "Guess I'd have told you before if it was that way with me." He knew instinctively how much it must have cost Sam to say those words. Such characteristics as this answer evidenced in his brother had hitherto inspired in Newt only a condescending scorn; but this time he was provoked to a blind and uncalculating rage. He was jealous of Sam because Sam could hurt Linda as he must have hurt her then; he begrudged any other man the power to hurt her so, and he hated the girl for being susceptible to such a hurt.

The man was in a transport, beside himself, scarcely conscious of what he did; his stride carried him here and there about the kitchen while his thoughts seethed in an appalling and frightful confusion. He came abruptly to the door that led out to the porch, and opened it and went outside and half across the yard before he realized that before him, already looming above him, the open end of the shed gaping as though to receive him, was the mill.

Sight of it checked Newt, stopped him in his tracks and left him trembling and staring there; he began abruptly to fall back, and the perspiration broke from his brow. He turned at last and went swiftly to the door and into the kitchen again. His rage

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was all evaporated; he felt himself alone in the world, in which even inanimate objects were his enemies; and his movements were almost skulking as he went upstairs to bed.

**

SUNLIGHT always gave Newt new courage; he woke next morning quite himself again, remembered on the instant of waking that this was to be his wedding day, and lay basking in that knowledge like a snake in the sun. In his thoughts he ran back over all that had happened since his return to Fraternity, some three months before. He had come with empty hands; now his hands were filled with the reins of power. If he had not come—he found a definite amusement in this thought—Sam would in his own good time have married Linda, and Mrs. Dunnack would have permitted Sam to acquire more and more of an ascendancy over her, and would at last have died leaving all she possessed to her younger son. He himself would at the most have received a formal bequest. But now the whole was his. Sam's orchard, his mother's property, Linda—these were all flowing toward him; he was gathering them to himself, and the process was already so well begun that its end was sure and manifest.

Lying on his back, his eyes traveled down across his body, outlined beneath the coverlet. He surveyed himself with a certain pride in his own abilities and powers; took a complacent satisfaction in the thought that so many affairs centered in this body of his, in his two grasping hands. He rose at last in an almost jovial mood, and when he went to the window to look out, it seemed to him that even the old mill had a rakishly benevolent air about it, that the windows in its gable end, so like two eyes, looked at him with a sympathetic leer. There was needed only this impression to complete his feeling of his own importance, his own invulnerability.

He was, as usual, the last to come downstairs; and at breakfast his manner was large and generous, his gestures wide, his words assured. He outlined the plans which should guide them all for the day. They would, he directed, have their midday meal at home here. In the meantime he would pack for the trip to Boston. About two o'clock they would drive over to the Trask farm; after the ceremony Trask would transport him and Linda to town.

"Time we get back," he said confidently, "you'll be all comfortable and settled in the new house, ma."

Mrs. Dunnack received this assurance in silence, but her cheek twitched faintly as though with a twinge of pain.

"Right, ain't it, Sam?" he challenged his brother; and Sam nodded.

"Guess so," he agreed.

Newt stayed in the kitchen for a while after breakfast, still full of words, but they were unresponsive, and at length he went upstairs to pack. He decided not to change his clothes till after dinner, so when his bag was ready he came down again. Sam and Mrs. Dunnack were sitting in the kitchen and it was evident they had been talking freely enough; their very silence accentuated this fact. He tried to arouse them to further words, but Mrs. Dunnack was completely silent, and Sam was monosyllabic.

Newt said at last, in faint irritation, "You're dull company on a man's wedding day. I'm going down to the mill."

They received this announcement without comment, and Newt chuckled a little, and went out-of-doors. The bright sun, so grateful on a day in early fall, stimulated him like wine; he strode across the yard and down the knoll, and it seemed to him the open end of the mill shed was spread in a welcoming grin; he thought the mill, that had at times seemed to him so sinister, was more like a boon companion whose tongue was filled with wicked little jests upon his wedding eve; he chuckled to himself again.

The mill took no holiday upon this, Newt's wedding day. The shriek and scream of the saw had begun at eight o'clock, continued now; recurrently the strident sound shattered the morning air; betweenwhiles it was possible to hear the singing hum of the whirling saw, and the faster puff of the engine. Newt shouted a greeting to Herb Faller, and fell into talk with the man; and then his eyes chanced to follow the road that led toward the village, and he saw Uncle Jasper approaching, in his ancient carriage, behind his rambling horse. Newt poked Faller in the side, and pointed.

"Bringing my bouquet," he shouted, above the sound of the saw.

Faller nodded; and Uncle Jasper swung his horse into the yard. He came to a stop and looked toward the mill and saw Newt there; so he took the flowers, wrapped in a newspaper cone, from their place under the seat, and came down toward the mill.

But Newt shouted to him, "Take them up to the house. Tell ma to put 'em in water." Uncle Jasper hesitated, and Newt added, "Come back down here then."

The old man went doubtfully toward the house at this; and Newt said to Herb, "He's afraid he won't get his money. You'll see him chasing right back down here. I'll have some fun with him."

Herb looked at Newt suspiciously. "Figure to pay him, don't you?" he asked.

Newt made a wide gesture. "Sure, but I'll have some fun with him first. Come on over here."

His notion of a jest was to move into the interior of the mill, near the saw, and stand there with Faller, apparently deeply engaged in conversation, in a discussion of the operations of the mill. He became conscious presently that Uncle Jasper was behind him; but he did not turn his head, still talked heatedly to Herb. So Uncle Jasper edged in at his side, and Newt turned his back upon the old man, winking at Herb. He was full of a high good humor this morning; the scene amused him mightily. Uncle Jasper continued to move around till he was between Newt and the saw, and when Newt turned once more so that he faced the open air, Uncle Jasper in a mild desperation clutched at his arm, and Newt swung at last to face him, asked sharply: "What's the matter, old man? What's the matter now?"

The oldster was hard of hearing; the saw made it impossible for him to catch Newt's words. But he knew what he wanted, and he extended his hand.

"Come for my money," he explained.

Newt nodded. "Sure. That's so." He drew from his pocket a little roll of small bills and selected two one-dollar notes and extended them to the old man; but when Uncle Jasper reached for them Newt shouted, "Where's my change?"

The old man asked doubtfully, "Eh?"

"Change!" Newt bawled. He put his mouth near the other's ear. "Dollar and a half," he cried.

The sawmen had just taken the last cut in a log; the saw was humming almost soundlessly while they went to select a new log for the carriage. In this temporary hush Uncle Jasper was able to hear what Newt said; and he made a gesture of disgust.

"Guess you can pay two dollars. Getting married, ain't you?" he urged.

Newt laughed. "That don't mean I'm going crazy," he retorted. "Dollar and a half's plenty." He winked at Herb Faller again, but Herb's face was expressionless, as though he failed in complete appreciation of this jest. "Dollar and a half," Newt repeated sharply, keeping tight hold on the two bills.

Uncle Jasper nodded in exasperation. "Have it your own way," he agreed. "I'll make you a wedding present of it." He clutched at the bills; but Newt held onto them.

"Give me the change first," he insisted. "You can't fool me, old man."

So Uncle Jasper prepared to give Newt his change. To do this he drew from his pocket a small soiled pouch of stout cloth with a puckering string in the top. He untied the knot in this string and loosened it till the mouth of the pouch gaped, and then he emptied its contents into his hand. There

(Continued on Page 148

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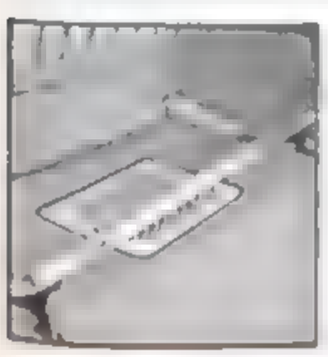

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(Continued from Page 146)

were only a few coins; a single quarter, a number of dimes, three nickels and a penny or two. He selected the quarter and put it into Newt's outstretched hand, and then the three nickels, one after another, and finally a dime. Newt, who had a quick eye in such matters, had already perceived that he must accept this dime; he was half tempted to refuse the silver, to pretend his whole insistence had been a jest, to give the old man the two dollars intact. But it was beyond him to carry out this generous intention, and he stifled his mild fears.

Uncle Jasper dropped the silver, a coin at a time, into Newt's palm. Newt held the two one-dollar bills between the fingers of this same hand, and when the old man had given Newt the last coin he snatched out these two notes with a gesture of irritation. Newt was about to laugh at this when he realized that the twitch had shaken his hand so that the dime had slipped off and was falling to the floor. He took a step forward to catch it, but the coin hit his foot and flew forward and struck and began to roll toward a wide crack at the foot of the carriage on which logs were borne against the saw.

Newt had no slightest intention that the dime should escape him; but he perceived the need of haste if he wished to catch it before it should roll into the crack. He darted forward with astonishing quickness, and stooped and caught the rolling coin, and had a momentary sensation of satisfaction in this rescue.

But at the same moment his toe caught under the edge of a slab that had been nailed across a hole in the floor, and by his own momentum his body was projected forward; it seemed to hurtle through the air, came down with a curious precision full against the humming saw.

A little later, when they had drawn him free, Herb Faller observed that his right hand was tightly clenched, and he pried the fingers open and saw what was within.

"It come so quick he never even had time to let go of the dime," he remarked dispassionately. And, as his habit was, he spat a little to one side.

THE END)

# CASEY AT THE BAT

(Continued from Page 9)

*And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball,*
*And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,*
*There was Jimmy safe at second, and Flynn a-hugging third.*

*Then from five thousand throats or more went up a lusty yell;*
*It rumbled through the valley; it rattled in the dell;*
*It knocked upon the mountain top and recoiled upon the flat,*
*For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.*

*There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;*
*There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.*
*And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,*
*No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.*

*Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.*
*Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;*
*Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,*
*Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.*

*And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,*
*And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.*
*Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped*
*"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.*

*From the benches black with people there went up a muffled roar*
*Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore.*
*"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone in the stand;*
*And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.*

*With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;*
*He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on.*
*He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,*
*But Casey still ignored it and the umpire cried, "Strike two!"*

*"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"*
*But one scornful look from Casey and the multitude was awed.*
*They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,*
*And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.*

*The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,*
*He pounds with hideous violence his bat upon the plate;*
*And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,*
*And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.*

*Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;*
*The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light;*
*And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,*
*But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.*

Casey is a classic, I repeat. Certainly it is the only great American comic poem. The best of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Eugene Field, Wallace Irwin and Carolyn Wells; Bret Harte's Truthful James, John T. Trowbridge's Darius Green and His Flying Machine, William Allen Butler's Nothing to Wear, Gelett Burgess' The Purple Cow, all fall short of Thayer's poem. All are masterpieces of a kind, but Casey is a comic epic, the saga of baseball. It is as perfect an epitome of our national game today as it was when every player drank his coffee from a mustache cup. There are one or more Caseys in every league, bush or big, and there is no day in the playing season that this same supreme tragedy, as stark as Aristophanes for the moment, does not befall on some field. It is unique in all verse in that it is not only funny and ironic, but excitingly dramatic, with the suspense built up to a perfect climax. There is no lame line among the fifty-two.

And so, although it might be thought I should have had my fill of Casey, I hope to go to bat with him for as many more seasons before we both strike out. I am not yet being pushed onto the stage in a wheel chair, but when an actor has been before the public as long as I some of his audience come to expect it. I observe and frown upon a tendency to quote Lewis Carroll's lines at me:

*"You are old, Father William," the young man said,*
*"And your hair has become very white;*
*And yet you incessantly stand on your head ——*
*Do you think, at your age, it is right?"*

A man being as young as he feels, I am a flaming youth. My voice and limbs still

perform easily all that I ever have asked of them, and quite unconsciously, I say "Sir" to men younger in years. In Philadelphia, last spring, I had my tonsils removed on a Sunday morning and played as usual on Monday night without missing a performance. I was interested to read a few weeks later that Mr. Gene Tunney, a lad not yet thirty who fights for a living, also had parted with his tonsils. In a bedside bulletin Mr. Tunney's manager assured an anxious public that the patient would be out again within a week.

Temperamentally oblivious of the passage of time, I am periodically startled at being confronted with some tangible evidence of the fact that much water has flowed under the bridge. I was flabbergasted when my son told me at twenty-three that he was about to marry. For a week I had rheumatic pains, and that was twelve years ago.

Two years ago I played a five weeks' engagement in Newark, New Jersey. Every Monday night the mayor and party occupied a box, and always he came behind the scenes for a word with the company. On one visit he brought a guest, the head of the health commission. That gentleman expressed his very warm pleasure at meeting me and told me that he and his fellow board members would be delighted to have my assistance in promoting a local health week.

### *In My Anecdotage*

"We are having a mass meeting at the auditorium next week," he explained. "We would regard it as a great favor if you would address the audience."

"What would you have me say?" I asked, having no pet health rules whatever of my own, beyond a normal moderation in all things.

"Oh, anything along the lines of what habits to cultivate, what to eschew to promote a long life," he said. "It is not alone what you might say, but the example of your presence."

And in his enthusiasm he added, "You know, Mr. Hopper, that you have reached the age when most men are thinking of death."

I am not, despite the New Jersey gentleman's impression, a contemporary of either Junius Brutus Booth or Jenny Lind. These reminiscences may suggest that I am in my anecdotage, but I am not yet in my dotage. Yet for a moment one hot August night when I was fifteen years or so younger than I am now, I feared it might be so. The Fortune Hunter was in the midst of its long run at the Gaiety Theater, the same house that later saw the even longer runs of Turn to the Right and Lightnin'. Jack Barrymore made one of his earliest successes in this play. I knew him and everyone else in the cast with one exception. That was Charles Fisher, then a man of more than seventy, who played the banker whose convulsive twitching of the eye was so misinterpreted by Barrymore.

### *My Friend's Son*

It was a sweltering night. There was not a breath of air in the theater unless it was the distingué air of the patrons, and that was hot air. During an intermission I went backstage to visit and found the cast all sitting in the alley, fanning and mopping. Someone introduced me to Mr. Fisher and I made a point of emphasizing my enjoyment of his work, really feeling very sorry for the old gentleman, who, on such a night, looked more nearly ninety than seventy.

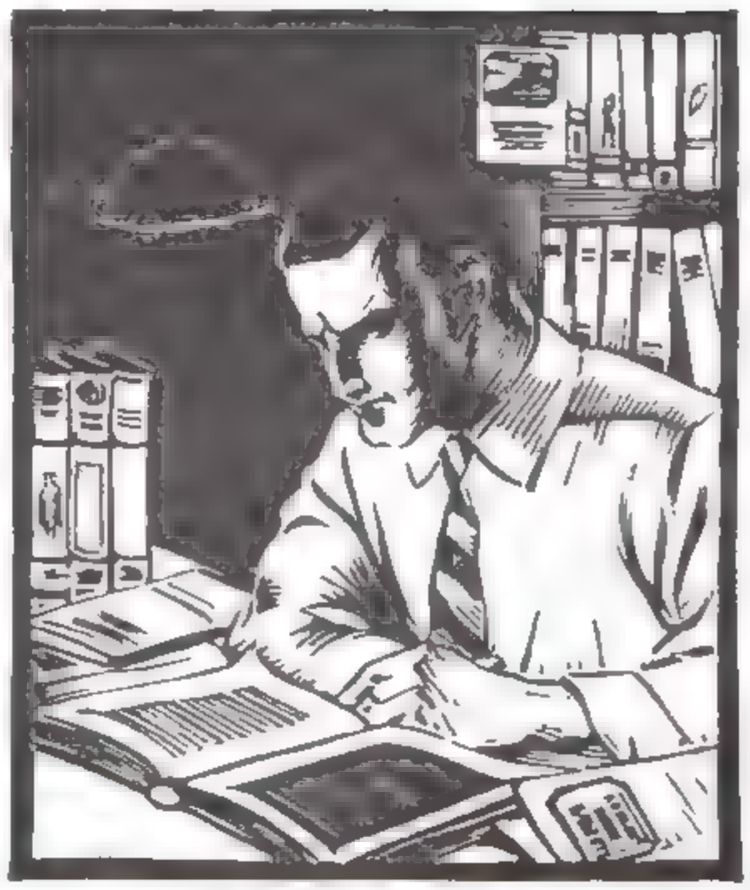
"This is a very great pleasure, Mr. Hopper," the veteran told me. "I have wanted to know you for many, many years. My old father often has spoken to me of you and his friendship with you."

I maintained a commendable composure at the moment, I trust, but I never have been quite the same since.

It was true. The father of that venerable actor had known me. Fisher's father, I recalled, had been the aged doorkeeper at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, when I played there in 1880 in One Hundred Wives in my third season on the stage.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hopper and Mr. Stout. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

*The Sycamore Grove on the East Side of Sugar Creek, Turkey Run, Indiana State Park, Indiana*

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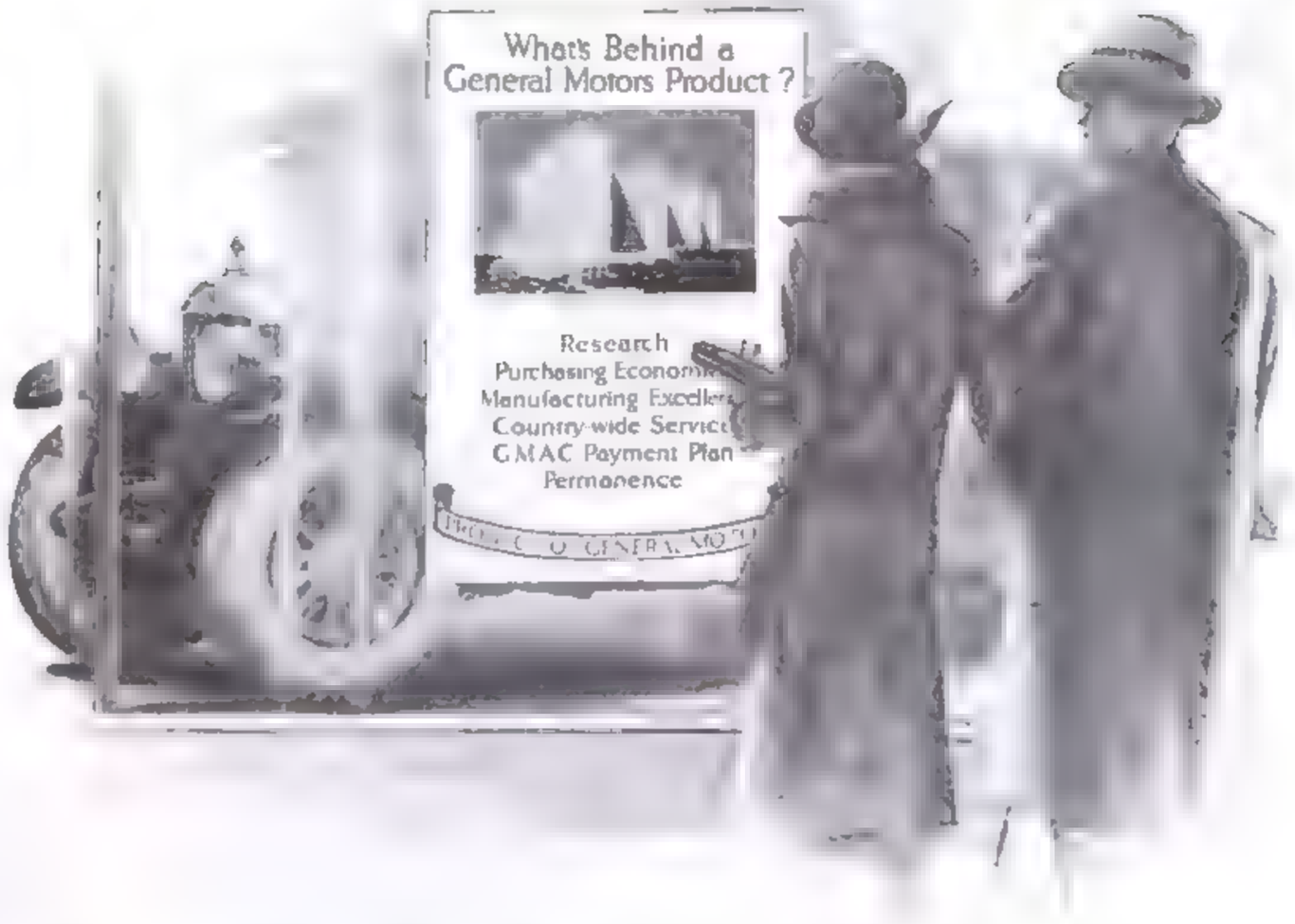


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# BUXTON KEY·TAINER

# THE PORT OF MISSING FILMS

(Continued from Page 16)

motion-picture center, and the other evening I was a spectator at one of the informal dances. I was especially struck with the charm of one of the young ladies present. She seemed to me an ideal type for a part called for in the piece I intend to film as my first Blanktown production, and I made up my mind then and there to secure this young lady's cooperation if humanly possible."

His embarrassment gave way to deep earnestness as he leaned toward his listener impressively.

"I'm going to be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Blank," he went on. "I was told that young lady is your daughter. I want her to play this part. I realize perfectly that you may have prejudices against such a course, but I beg of you to consider it in its true light. As a business man, you know what my enterprise will do for your city. Your daughter has not only beauty but talent; of that I am convinced. You are a well-known man in this state. Putting the two together, can you not see that her appearance on the screen would be a great box-office asset? My cards, you see, are on the table. May I have your permission to call on the young lady and her mother to see if I can interest her in this matter?"

On reflection, Mr. Blank did see that his daughter's talent combined with his name might be a box-office asset. Personally, he knew nothing of the motion-picture business outside of an occasional visit to the local theaters, but he had read that many young ladies of fine families were taking up the profession. His daughter was of an age to think for herself and if she wished to assist in the making of a local picture he would not stand in her way. There would be no harm, anyhow, in the gentleman talking it over with the young lady and her mother.

With this permission, the stranger lost no time in calling at the Blank home, and with such success that when Mr. Blank arrived from his office that evening he found his household quite committed to the motion-picture industry. Both mother and daughter said the stranger had talked so sensibly. He had pointed out that one should not expect to become a star at once, although there had been cases where some charming young lady leaped into tremendous popularity on her very first appearance upon the silver screen. If one had talent and beauty, the route was fairly easy, though of course one must take one's art seriously. Miss Blank, the stranger believed, was serious. He could see it in her every gesture. Such being the case, would she accept a part in his first production to be screened in Blanktown?

### Society Lights on the Screen

Miss Blank would accept. So thoroughly, in fact, was she sold on the proposition that at the moment of her father's arrival she was regarding herself in a full-length mirror, her mind full of the most ambitious thoughts. It was with difficulty that she was restrained from telephoning the great news to her friends, a matter that her father advised should be postponed until the project was more fully developed.

It was only a day or so later, however, that the evening newspaper came out with a front-page story about the projected motion-picture studio, which would, it was stated, add tremendously to Blanktown's commercial importance and also give opportunity for the development of local artistic genius. Miss Blank was mentioned as a popular society girl who was about to take up screen work in a serious manner. There were also several other society girls named who had made similar decisions. Mr. Blank was in his office when he read this newspaper article and his first feeling was one of resentment that other girls were to share in his daughter's motion-picture triumphs, although he knew he should be ashamed of this feeling, because all the other young ladies mentioned were daughters of well-known business men, personal friends of his and members of his luncheon club. These thoughts were interrupted by a call from the motion-picture promoter himself.

"As a business man, you'll understand," he told Mr. Blank, "that I had to enlist the services of a number of local young ladies in order to popularize my enterprise. But, of course, Miss Blank will have more prominent parts than the others, both because of her superior talent and beauty and because of your standing as a business man and your position as president of the leading luncheon club of Blanktown."

This explanation seemed reasonable enough, and when the promoter said he would like to make the acquaintance of the live-wire members of the luncheon club Mr. Blank cordially invited him to be his personal guest at the next regular meeting.

On this occasion Mr. Blank presided as usual, his guest sitting in the place of honor at his right, and it seemed fitting that the latter should be asked to say a few words concerning the new industry he was bringing to the community. These remarks were extremely agreeable. The stranger began by stating that it was a pleasure to appear before such a live-wire body of business men; and as he intended to make Blanktown his future home, he hoped it might be possible for him sometime to become a member and join in the great work of enhancing the city's interests.

### Selling the Luncheon Club

"I think you will find me a regular fellow," he said smilingly, "and as a beginning I am going to ask you to cut out formality and call me by my first name." He made a wry, humorous face. "I wasn't old enough to protest when they christened me, and so I'll have to answer when you call me Percy."

There was a great shout of laughter at this and he proceeded with a further confidence:

"Some people are ashamed to tell their age, but I'm not. I was forty-two years old my last birthday. Young enough to play, you'll find, and old enough to work for a bigger, better Blanktown."

Those about the tables who habitually subtracted a few years from their senility could not help the feeling that here was a man who had no secrets. When he described his plans and asked the club's moral indorsement of his motion-picture enterprise, there was unanimous demand that the president appoint a committee to cooperate with him for its greater success.

Mr. Blank was naturally pleased at the favorable impression his guest made upon the club membership, and in considering his committee took care to name those who he knew would be most enthusiastic. The committee as finally organized was composed of Mr. Blank himself, as chairman, and four others, each of whom had a daughter already selected for a part in the first piece to be filmed.

At the first session of this committee the promoter—or Percy, as he had come generally to be known—explained that though he could easily procure all the capital he needed from prominent New York financiers, yet as a business proposition it would be wise to sell a little of the stock locally.

"You gentlemen know how it is," he said deferentially. "No enterprise can do its best unless the people of the community boost for it. And the way to create boosters for anything is to get people to invest a little of their cash in it."

The committeemen knew this to be true; but the luncheon-club resolution had called only for moral support of the enterprise. They had no right to commit the club to a stock-selling campaign. Besides, all the luncheon clubs of the city had a working agreement with the chamber of commerce not to indorse any stock selling without the chamber's formal consent; and the Blanktown Chamber of Commerce, the committeemen told Percy earnestly, was a cold-blooded business organization.

"A lot of other cities are willing to put up big money to get into the picture game," Percy said thoughtfully, "but somehow I hate to give up the idea of locating in Blanktown. A matter of pride, I guess. I don't like the idea of quitting something I've already started."

This confession seemed to start a train of thought that was vastly humorous, for he looked at the committeemen and laughed hysterically.

"I used to be a family man myself," he said, "and I can't help thinking what a time you gentlemen would have if you went home and said the Blanktown motion-picture studio was a false alarm, after the names have been printed in the paper and everything."

Before this mental picture had faded from his hearers' minds he showed them a way out:

"You gentlemen are all members of the chamber of commerce, and I guess you carry some weight. You want the proposition to go through. Well, why not each of you subscribe for a little stock? Then you can go to the chamber and say, 'Here, we believe in this thing. We believe in it so thoroughly that we're backing it with real money.' I guess that will be an argument to convince the doubting Thomases!"

In the end, Percy had his way and a somewhat unwilling sanction for stock selling was procured from the chamber-of-commerce officials, who hesitated to antagonize their own influential members. The luncheon-club committeemen each subscribed to a block of motion-picture stock; Mr. Blank took twice as much as the others, as was becoming in a man of his prominence. To build the studio and produce the first picture, Percy estimated, would cost $100,000; after that the enterprise would be on its feet and pile up millions for its stockholders.

Mr. Blank was elected president of Blanktown Pictures, Inc.

### Percy's Miracle Men

Then began a period of activity such as Blanktown had never before experienced. A squad of high-powered salesmen arrived in town, named by Percy as his miracle men. He explained to Mr. Blank that he himself was more of an artist than a business man and that his work would be to direct the filming of the pictures after the money had been subscribed. Headquarters was established at the chamber of commerce, where the miracle men gathered each morning to receive their lists of prospects and from which they hurried to make their calls. Booklets were printed and distributed throughout the town, describing in the most optimistic terms the profits that would surely come to those fortunate enough to get in on the ground floor. Streamers were hung from the trolley wires on Main Street, printed in flaming red, Pictures Produce Profits. A great wooden thermometer was erected on a platform in front of the post office on which was indicated the total amount subscribed, each day's increase greeted with applause by excited crowds of citizens.

Work on the studio was pushed to keep pace with the stock selling; for, as Percy shrewdly stated to Mr. Blank, people give up easier when they can see some action for their money. Even before the studio was ready, the filming of the first picture was commenced. The mayor and city council were photographed coming out of the city hall. As a compliment to Mr. Blank and the others, their luncheon club was taken at one of its weekly sessions. Several of the more pretentious homes were filmed with the families of their owners strolling about

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Instead of brush, lather, lotions and talcum, all you need is Mollé and your favorite razor.

*Easily and Quickly Applied*

Simply spread Mollé, with the finger-tips, over the dampened beard—then shave

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## for many years

## this shaving perfection"

"We are indeed creatures of habit. Just think how many things we do daily that are mere repetitions.

"For years I hated shaving. It always hurt. It always took too much time.

"Habit held me.

"Then one day on a trip I forgot my own razor. A friend loaned me his Valet AutoStrop.

"It was a revelation!

"I never dreamed there was such a shave possible—so smooth, so quick, so comfortable!

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"Now I get a super-keen blade for every shave—not a constantly duller blade.

"A few strokes on its strop restore it to a barber's edge.

"I've ended the bother, too. Without removing the blade, I sharpen it, I shave, I clean the razor—all in a jiffy."

This is a typical story. Do you find yourself in a shaving rut? Then try the Valet AutoStrop.

Just switch for a while. Make comparisons. See if you'll ever be content to return to a crude shave.

# Valet AutoStrop Razor

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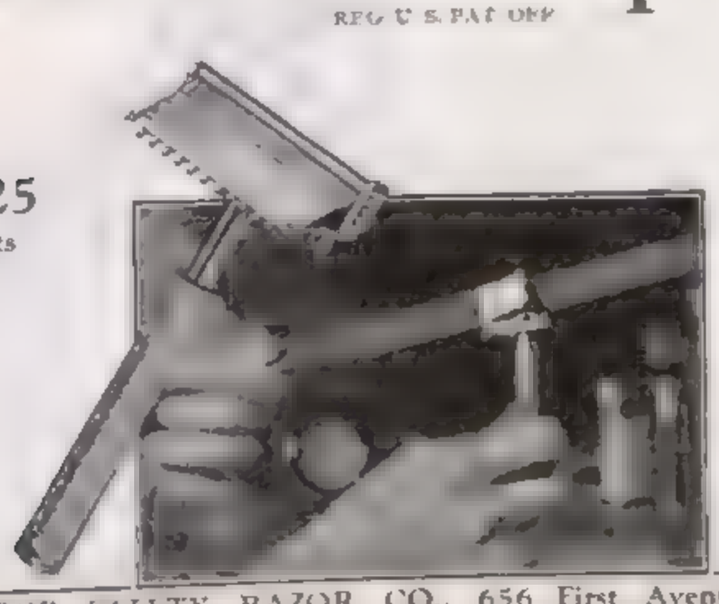

$5 to $25
Other sets at $1

*The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself*

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the lawns and gardens. Local color, Percy said, was vastly important for a city that aspired to become a motion-picture metropolis. Anyhow, these activities were valuable from a promotion standpoint, because the miracle men followed the camera and usually had no trouble in selling stock to the people whose pictures had been taken.

Percy himself was indefatigable. He had modestly disclaimed any talent beyond that of an artist, but subsequent events proved him to possess business acumen of a superlative degree and a versatility truly astounding. As an aid to the stock-selling campaign, he organized a beauty contest open to all young ladies in Blanktown and surrounding communities, promising that the three receiving the highest number of votes should be shown in his first picture and be sent on a two weeks' trip to New York, with all expenses paid, to enjoy the theaters, hotels, cabarets and other features of the world's metropolis.

In order to vote for one's favorite young lady, it was only necessary to purchase $100 worth of stock in Blanktown Pictures, Inc. He asked and received permission to speak before various local organizations and had a different message for each. In his address to the Parent-Teachers' Association he stated modestly that he was a motion-picture evangelist, spreading the gospel of cleaner amusements. To the Women's Club he urged the wisdom of profitable investments as a shield against possible death or incapacity on the part of the bread winner, and mentioned that a single motion picture in recent years had played to more than $2,000,000.

### *Jazzing Up the Sales*

Mr. Blank was a little uneasy over these superactivities, particularly after attending one of the gatherings that were held twice a week in Odd Fellows' Hall. Admission to these affairs was gained through tickets distributed by the miracle men, and on this occasion the room was crowded with prospects, mainly men and women of the working classes, school-teachers, mechanics and department-store employes. At the end of the long room there was a little platform on which was a motion-picture screen, and a jazz orchestra grouped itself alongside. Percy himself was master of ceremonies. At his orders the orchestra played a popular air, followed by a brief showing of pictures—a lively scene showing a great mass of people storming the doors of a Broadway cinema palace on the occasion of a first-night performance, a well-known multimillionaire on the veranda of a palatial Florida hotel, a glimpse of New York's financial district. Along with these scenes suggestive of great opulence Percy spoke of the fortunate investments that had made them possible and the happiness that accompanies easily won wealth.

Suddenly the jazz orchestra broke into hysterical music, the pictures on the screen were accelerated to dizzy speed and Percy tore off his coat and leaped about the stage as he harangued the startled audience:

"Now is the accepted time! Tomorrow may be too late!" He clapped his hands in time with the screeching music. "You can share in the glory and the cash! A mighty force for good! Red-blooded American citizens! Millions in the movies! Act now—now!"

At a signal the miracle men burst into the hall and moved rapidly from person to person in the audience, cajoling, flattering, exhorting, while Percy thundered from the platform and the jazz orchestra outdid itself in exciting sound.

Mr. Blank abruptly left the place and next morning summoned Percy for an interview. Things, he said, did not look businesslike. He knew little about the motion-picture business, but in any other line such hectic methods of selling stock would mean that it was a fake proposition. Percy was respectful but inclined to be patronizing.

"That is the mistake a business man always makes when he dabbles in the arts," he said. "You must realize that motion pictures are different. It is such a new business that people must be prodded into it for their own good. Besides"—he looked at Mr. Blank keenly—"there is no possible chance to turn back now. A part of the money has already been spent. Certainly we would be called fakers if we didn't finish what we started."

Mr. Blank was not satisfied; but like many another man who has been snared in the threads of circumstance, he resigned himself to the blind hope that matters in the end would turn out happily. The stock-selling campaign went on vigorously, stimulated by the work of the miracle men and by the literature written by Percy, printed on handbills and inserted under the doors of thousands of Blanktown homes. Some of the statements on these handbills were so strange that one would scarcely believe they could be employed in a serious business venture.

At last Blanktown Pictures, Inc., was financed with its $100,000, the studio completed, some actors brought on from New York and real filming of the superpicture began. There was some dissatisfaction in regard to the imported talent, for in his stock-selling activities Percy had mentioned the names of several world-renowned artists who were his intimate friends and who would doubtless wish to work under his management. He explained now that he thought best for business reasons not to employ such high-priced talent on his first production; for, after all, profits were the thing most desired and he could get equal results with cheaper artists assisted by the vastly clever local amateurs.

### *Mr. Blank's Place in the Sun*

For Mr. Blank the succeeding weeks were quite satisfactory. His picture was printed in both newspapers as the man who had been instrumental in putting Blanktown on the map, and friends in his luncheon club and the chamber of commerce joked him admiringly on his connection with the silent drama. His home life was no less agreeable, for Miss Blank commenced her artistic career with the completion of the studio; each evening she came home full of enthusiasm for her new work and sanguine of the not-far-distant time when her name would be blazoned in electricity on Broadway itself. Yet, so strange is human nature, Mr. Blank's greatest thrill came from the fact that as president and largest stockholder of Blanktown Pictures, Inc., he could at any time walk unchallenged through the entrance of the studio and mingle on terms of intimacy with the professionals of the industry.

Yet these pleasures were but transient. Percy had estimated that the $100,000 would be sufficient to film the first picture; but the time came when the bank balance of Blanktown Pictures, Inc., had narrowed down to a slender margin and the superfilm was still far from finished. Worried, Mr. Blank summoned Percy for a conference. The latter was regretful but unwilling to assume any blame.

"As a business man, you ought to know," he told Mr. Blank, "that the cost of a work of art cannot be precisely estimated in advance. I believed we had money enough to make the picture. But you know how the weather has been against us. For instance, I have had six horses stabled for the past month just across the road from the studio, waiting for a chance to do five minutes' work in the Log Bandit scene, and there hasn't been a moment when this could be done. It's things like that eat up the time and money."

Mr. Blank knew this to be true; a helpless feeling came over him that he had

embarked on an enterprise beyond his understanding. He demanded to know if there was any way to estimate positively the amount of money it would take to finish the picture.

"It will take $25,000 more," answered Percy gloomily. "Without that, I'm afraid we're up against it." He brightened up hopefully. "If you will put up this money, Mr. Blank, I think I see a way out for both of us. I'll fix up the remaining scenes so your daughter will be featured strongly; in fact, make her practically the star of the piece."

Twenty-five thousand dollars was a large sum for Mr. Blank, even though he did own a thriving wholesale business. To raise it he would have to negotiate a loan at his bank. The transaction would show on his next financial statement. Yet if he did not do it, Blanktown Pictures, Inc., would be a fizzle. Many people around town had bought stock because his name was connected with it, and these would lose their money. His daughter's heart was sorely set on being seen as a motion-picture artist. He had never failed in the past to gratify her wishes, and to do so now would be a cruel blow. Besides, he liked the distinction of his own connection with so fascinating an industry. Honesty, filial love, *amour propre*, all militated in favor of the motion-picture director, who eagerly waited his decision.

"All right, I'll see you through," he told Percy finally, and went to his bank to negotiate the loan.

### *The Promoter's Fade-Out*

The superfilm was completed and, as agreed, Miss Blank was given extra prominence, a matter that caused some heart burnings among the other local performers and cynical observations from the professional talent. But these things were forgotten on the exciting night when the drama was given a showing at Odd Fellows' Hall for the benefit of stockholders and prominent citizens. A disinterested observer might have criticized the picture as lacking in story interest, but those present were not critical. Mr. Blank was called upon for a speech. Miss Blank and the other local performers received round after round of applause as they appeared in person upon the platform. Tremendously optimistic predictions were made as to the future of Blanktown, definitely on the map as a center of the great motion-picture industry.

The following weeks were a time of eager waiting. Percy had left for New York to arrange for the picture's appearance in the cinema palaces of the country and the professionals drifted after him. The weeks dragged into months. Two or three times Percy wrote Mr. Blank short notes, stating that slight complications had arisen in his negotiations with distributors, but that results might soon be expected. Some unpaid bills turned up that Mr. Blank settled. There were also some well-founded allegations that the director had added to his salary by exacting commissions on purchases of supplies. One of the professionals wrote a letter to the morning newspaper stating that he had been obliged to give one-quarter of his salary as a condition of employment. Stockholders began to stop Mr. Blank on the streets to demand when they might expect to receive their first dividends.

A final communication came from Percy himself, addressed to Mr. Blank and stating that he had decided not to return to Blanktown for the present, as he had received a tempting offer to inaugurate a motion-picture enterprise in one of the West Indian islands. This communication named the Broadway film distributor as the custodian of the Blanktown picture, and there it was that Mr. Blank and his daughter learned the awful truth. The picture on which Blanktown had pinned its faith and spent its thousands was only one more of the host buried in the fireproof vaults of the metropolis, the port of missing films.

### *The Acid Test of Business Sense*

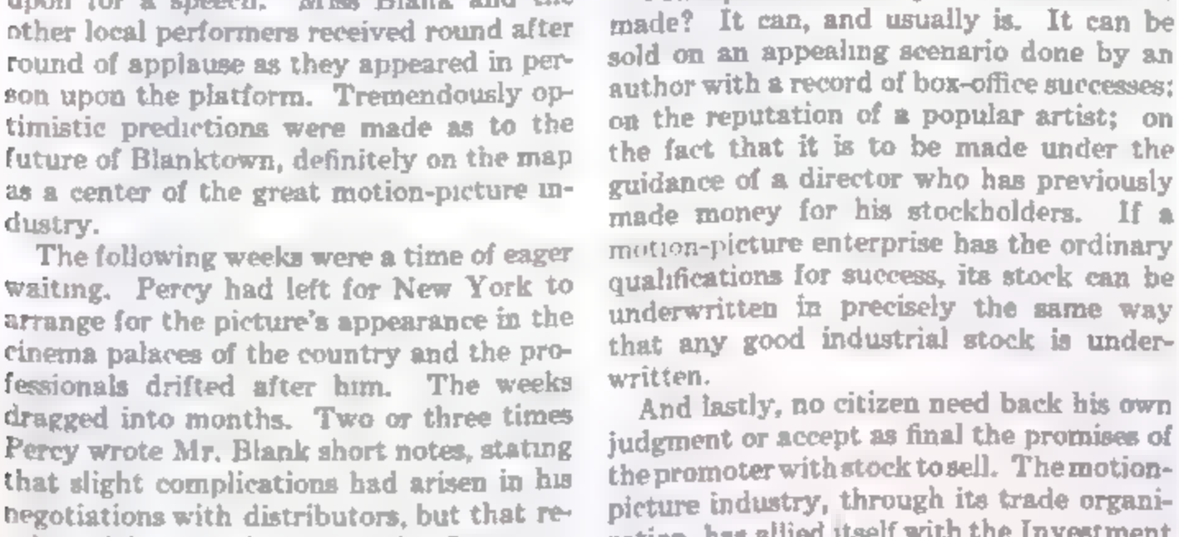
The story of Blanktown's discouraging experience could be made to fit other communities by the mere changing of names and the modification of minor details. There is no section of the United States that has not been the mark of misleading motion-picture promoters who trade on the almost universal appeal of the industry. Conditions are more favorable to the movie promoter than to any other type of stock salesman, because his appeal is not only to the get-rich-quick instinct but to romance and vanity as well.

How is the local chamber of commerce or the private citizen to know the real from the shoddy in motion-picture promotion? Principally, of course, by applying to it the same business sense that one applies to any ordinary transaction. There is one basic fact: The industry itself is strong enough to finance promising enterprises. It does not, ordinarily, need $100 purchases of stock from working people, nor does it need to pay the commissions demanded by high-powered salesmen.

There is one important question to ask the promoter who comes to town with glowing descriptions of the profits to be made in his enterprise: Has he a legal contract with a responsible motion-picture distributor for the sale of his picture after it is made?

Can a picture actually be sold before it is made? It can, and usually is. It can be sold on an appealing scenario done by an author with a record of box-office successes; on the reputation of a popular artist; on the fact that it is to be made under the guidance of a director who has previously made money for his stockholders. If a motion-picture enterprise has the ordinary qualifications for success, its stock can be underwritten in precisely the same way that any good industrial stock is underwritten.

And lastly, no citizen need back his own judgment or accept as final the promises of the promoter with stock to sell. The motion-picture industry, through its trade organization, has allied itself with the Investment Bankers' Association and the American Bankers' Association to give free information concerning new promotions. If the citizen of Blanktown or of any other community wishes to know the probable chances for the $100 he thinks of investing in the silent drama, the cashier of the nearest bank will gladly give him authoritative and first-hand data.



"Here's a veteran that's saved us lots of money . . it's John's old test belt."

"JOHN was always crabbing about belting. Claimed he needed standardized leather belting to get the right belt for the right job.

"He kept it up until we finally let him try out the idea on this one machine . . . always a terror to belt. He put this belt on. It was the one standardized for the work and it walked away with it. More speed, better finished work and no more belt trouble. This test belt sold us and now our belting is standardized all through the plant."

Graton & Knight are the originators and sole makers of Standardized Leather Belting—belts that guarantee you two things. First, live, pulley-hugging, long-wearing leather, tanned from selected packer steer hides in our own tanneries. Second, belts that are standardized for their own particular work—each one has the pliability, strength and thickness to get the most out of the machine it is designed to drive.

There are Graton & Knight Belts standardized for every drive in your plant. Our position as the largest tanners and users of belting leather in the world—plus controlled, standardized production—makes our prices, quality for quality, 5 to 10 per cent lower than the field.

No matter how much or how little belting you use, the coupon below will save you money. Send it in today and get definite recommendations for cutting belting costs on over two hundred types of machines in fourteen different industries.

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Prices, quality for quality, 5 to 10% lower than the field
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The aristocrat of Dodge Brothers line of closed cars. Yet so dependably built is the Special Type-A Sedan that frequently you find it serving under conditions that would try the sturdiest open cars.

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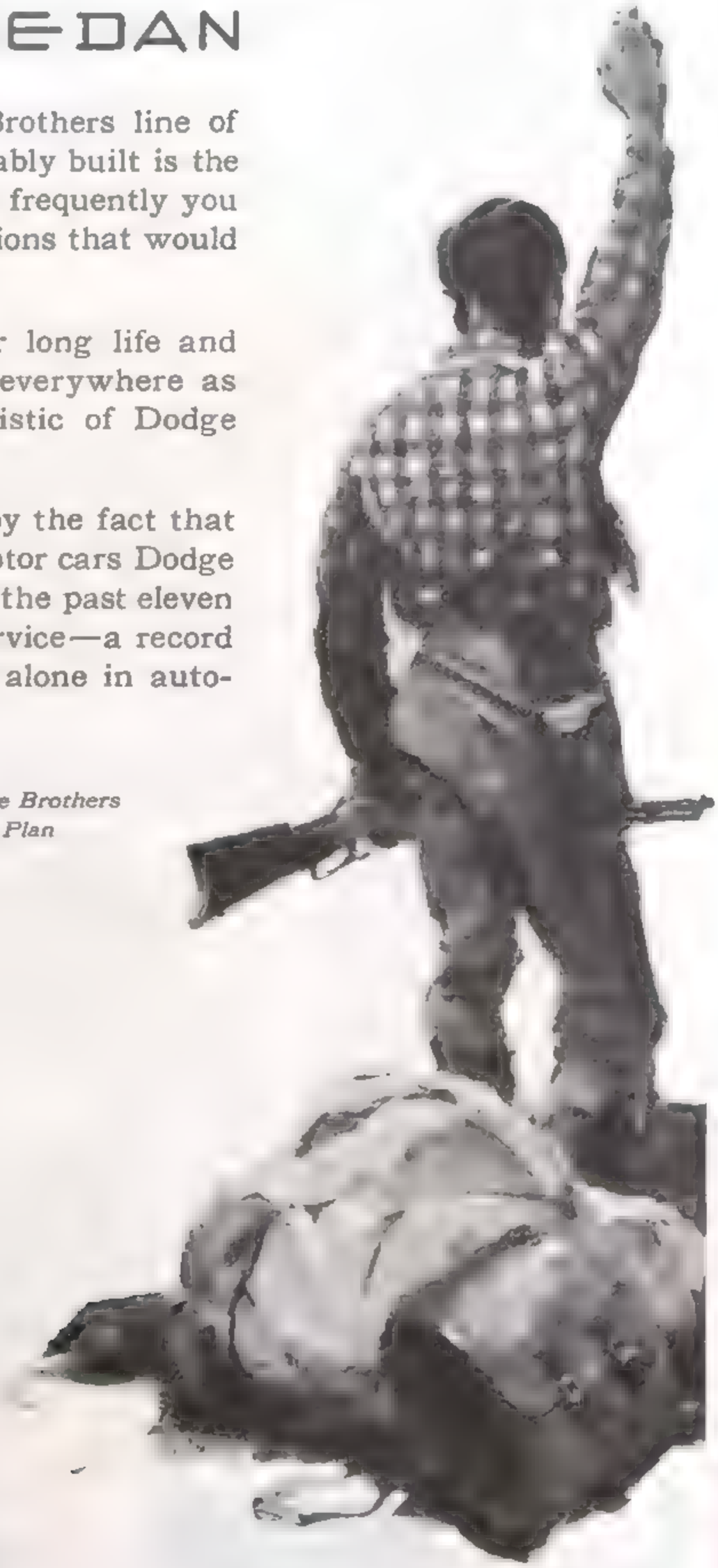
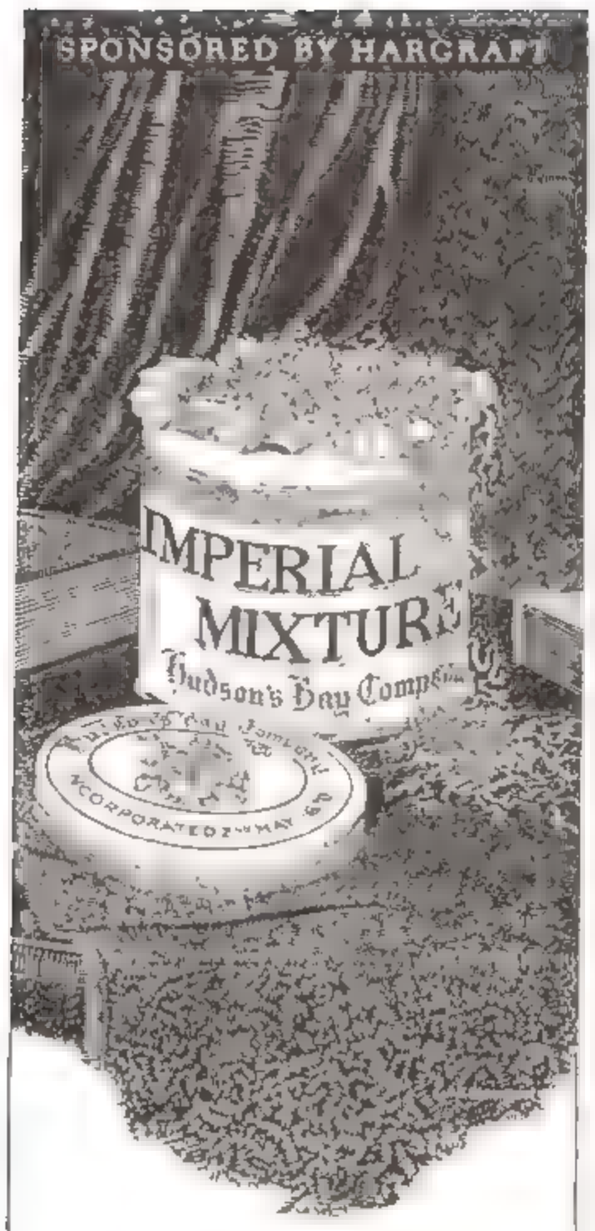
*Ask your dealer about Dodge Brothers New Credit-Purchase Plan*






Less than two cents a pipeful

*—for the world's finest pipe tobacco*

VETERAN SMOKERS speak of Hudson's Bay tobaccos with fondness and respect. It is considered the finest tobacco ever blended for a pipe. And you can smoke any one of the three superlative Hudson's Bay Mixtures for less than two cents a pipeful. You can revel in the most luxurious smoking for less than the cost of a postage stamp. A cigar of comparable quality would cost a quarter. The prime crop of four successive years is aged for four years, richly sprayed with honey and rum, tightly packed in a tin or a handy pocket packet. Ask your nearest tobacconist. If he can't supply you, write to Hargraft & Sons.

TOBACCOS

*Cut Plug—sweet and mild*
*Imperial Mixture—rich and mellow*
*Fort Garry Tobacco—*
*cool and full-flavored*

*This sign identifies* *all Hargraft dealers*

# THE HOBBY OF KIDS AND KINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

Other less wealthy collectors dropped out of the contest when an amount in francs equivalent to $20,000 in our money was bid.

"A hush fell over the room when the sum of $30,000 was offered by Burrus. This was a new high record in philately. But Hind's representative was undaunted. In the next few minutes the amount offered reached $32,000. This bid was made by Burrus.

"The eyes of every philatelist in the room were on Hind's agent. That gentleman raised his hand, indicating that he offered $32,500. Burrus weakened. And the next minute the little square inch of paper was knocked down to Arthur Hind's emissary for that amount.

"I happen to know that the Mauritius stamps, one of which this boy sought, are among the rarest in the world. Stamp dealers today place the value of $20,000 on the penny orange Post Office variety.

"I relate these facts not to justify this boy's act but to show the great lure of philately."

The court considered the boy's age, his neighborhood and school reputation, the fact that the gun was not loaded, and gave him a suspended sentence.

That's the sordid side of stamp collecting. It serves but one purpose in this article. It indicates the tremendous lure of the hobby, a lure that grips the minds and hearts of kids and kings, bankers and bakers, the world over.

What is this lure, this fascination which will lead a boy to banditry and cause a solid business man to pay a small fortune for a scrap of paper?

It is the appeal to those traits in human nature which called thousands of men to the frozen peaks of Alaska back in '98; which drew the men of '49 across the Indian-infested plains of the West when the West was young; which fortify the artist against hunger and suffering while he paints a masterpiece; which send scientists into African jungles in search of adventure and romance; which buoy up the spirit of a Sherlock Holmes in the quest of an elusive criminal; which cause men and women to gaze with awe upon the colors and shadings of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

### Who's Who in Philately

The root appeal in stamp collecting, however, is the instinct of the chase. Throughout the ages men have been collectors of one thing or another. In the Stone Age, perhaps, hairy skin-clad men treasured flint axes and exhibited them proudly when the clans came to the fireless caves of a Saturday night. In later ages the pursuit of wealth, honors, rare coins, bric-a-brac, or even walking sticks, has been all-absorbing. I knew a man once who boasted that he had the most varied collection of colored string in the world!

Time was—and not so many years ago—when stamp collecting was regarded as a schoolboy pastime. Adult collectors were called nuts, fiends, cranks and other uncomplimentary names. Today its votaries number several million and are to be found in every city and town of the civilized world. It is an engrossing hobby for the leisured and the busy of all classes and ranks of life, from the monarch on his throne to the errand boy in the merchant's office.

The Who's Who in Philately lists many of the most distinguished names in the world. In it you will find King George V; the Prince of Wales; Her Majesty Queen Elena of Italy; Humbert, Prince of Piedmont; Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden; King Alfonso XIII of Spain; Their Majesties King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of Belgium; King Ahmad Fuad I of Egypt; Prince Hiroyasu of Japan and ex-King Manuel of Portugal. Among the most distinguished American philatelists, whose collections are estimated to be worth $1,000,000 or more, are Arthur Hind, Col. E. H. R. Green, Charles Lathrop Pack, William H. Crocker, Alfred F. Lichtenstein, A. H. Caspary and E. R. Ackerman. Other notables owning valuable collections are J. S. Frelinghuysen, Admiral Fred Harris and T. E. Steinway.

In the United States alone there are more than 1,000,000 stamp collectors, and according to one of the leading stamp dealers of the country more than 50,000 additional collectors join this rapidly increasing army every year.

Year in and year out this huge army is on the trail of the innocent postage stamp. They rummage through old trunks, search attics, peek into governmental archives, send emissaries to foreign lands, prospect in paper rubbish heaps, buy from governments all over the world and trade among themselves.

### The Three Kinds of Collectors

Like book collectors, philatelists fall into three distinct classes. The first is composed of those who collect stamps because of their rarity or costliness; the second consists of those persons who make a business of collecting, and who buy for the rise and speculate in stamps as they would in stocks; while the third—the real, dyed-in-the-wool philatelists—are they who collect stamps because it affords a stimulating occupation, an inexhaustible scope for profitable research; because stamps are rich in memories of history and art, linking the past with the present, marking the progress of empires and the federation of states, the rise and fall of dynasties.

The stamp collector who makes the game his hobby, who loves his stamps and pursues them for the pure joy of the hunt, differs greatly from the person who considers the financial side of the business the most important. The late Henry J. Duveen, noted art connoisseur of New York and London, was one of the former. There is a story philatelists delight in telling about Mr. Duveen which illustrates the attitude of the true collector.

Mr. Duveen, Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan were seated at a card table on an ocean liner, Europe-bound. Mr. Carnegie, who knew Duveen as a philatelist as well as lover of fine bric-a-brac, vases and other rare objects, made some casual remark about Duveen's stamp collection.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Morgan. "I didn't know you were a stamp collector, Duveen. Have you a good collection?"

"I believe I have one of the most valuable collections in America," said Mr. Duveen.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Morgan, his acquisitive sense aroused. "Well, if that's true, I'll buy it of you."

"Mr. Morgan," said Mr. Duveen quietly, "you've bought many art objects from me in your time and have always paid me handsomely for anything I sold you, but you haven't money enough to buy my stamp collection."

Henry Duveen, of course, was a wealthy man and did not have to dispose of the stamps, but the history of philately is replete with instances of collectors who clung to their stamps while the wolves of hunger and want snarled at their doors.

A friend of mine who deals in stamps tells of a collector he knew who was employed by an iron company. His salary must have been fairly decent, for he spent about seventy-five dollars a week for stamps. The dealer from whom he made his purchases said he never saw a mother express more love for her children than this philatelist did for rare stamps. He would come into the dealer's office, ask for certain stamps and for the next half hour would literally caress them.

About three years ago this man lost his job with the iron company. As he was well past fifty, he couldn't easily find another good job, although he haunted the offices of other iron concerns for several months. Then, his funds getting low, he accepted a clerical job in a savings bank which paid him only thirteen dollars a week. This sum was insufficient for his needs. It was barely enough to keep himself and wife. His clothes became threadbare, his shoes run down at the heel.

Then his wife became ill. Doctor bills piled up. The rent was long overdue. The butcher and the grocer were clamoring for the money due them. All this time he had a stamp collection worth many thousands of dollars. But he refused to part with a single stamp until actual want stalked in the door. Even then he would not sell. He went to one of the big dealers and mortgaged part of his collection.

Today this man is just barely holding his own. His wife is better, but neither husband nor wife is getting the right kind of food. Every dollar over and above actual expenses is used to reduce the mortgage on his precious stamps.

Another man, a Russian refugee of good family, thought more of his stamps than of his life. Handicapped by his inability to speak our language, he was unable to get employment. Entirely out of funds and facing starvation, he sold a few of the stamps of which he had duplicates. When the money derived from this sale was all gone he refused to sell more.

When they found him with a bullet through his head his stamp books were open before him. A note explained that he would rather die than part with his collection.

A great many collectors, however, are not so sentimental. These are the men who deal in stamps on the side as other men deal in stocks and bonds. They are called collector-dealers. Their interest in philately may have been created when they were schoolboys, but when confronted with the stern business of making a livelihood they naturally adopted a vocation both remunerative and pleasurable. For these there are ample opportunities to amass fortunes. But to do so requires a profound knowledge of stamps. The novice in the game is apt to find when he comes to sell his collection that he can get back only a very small percentage of the money he paid for it; that he has bought stamps that are never likely to appreciate in value.

### Treasures in the Stamp World

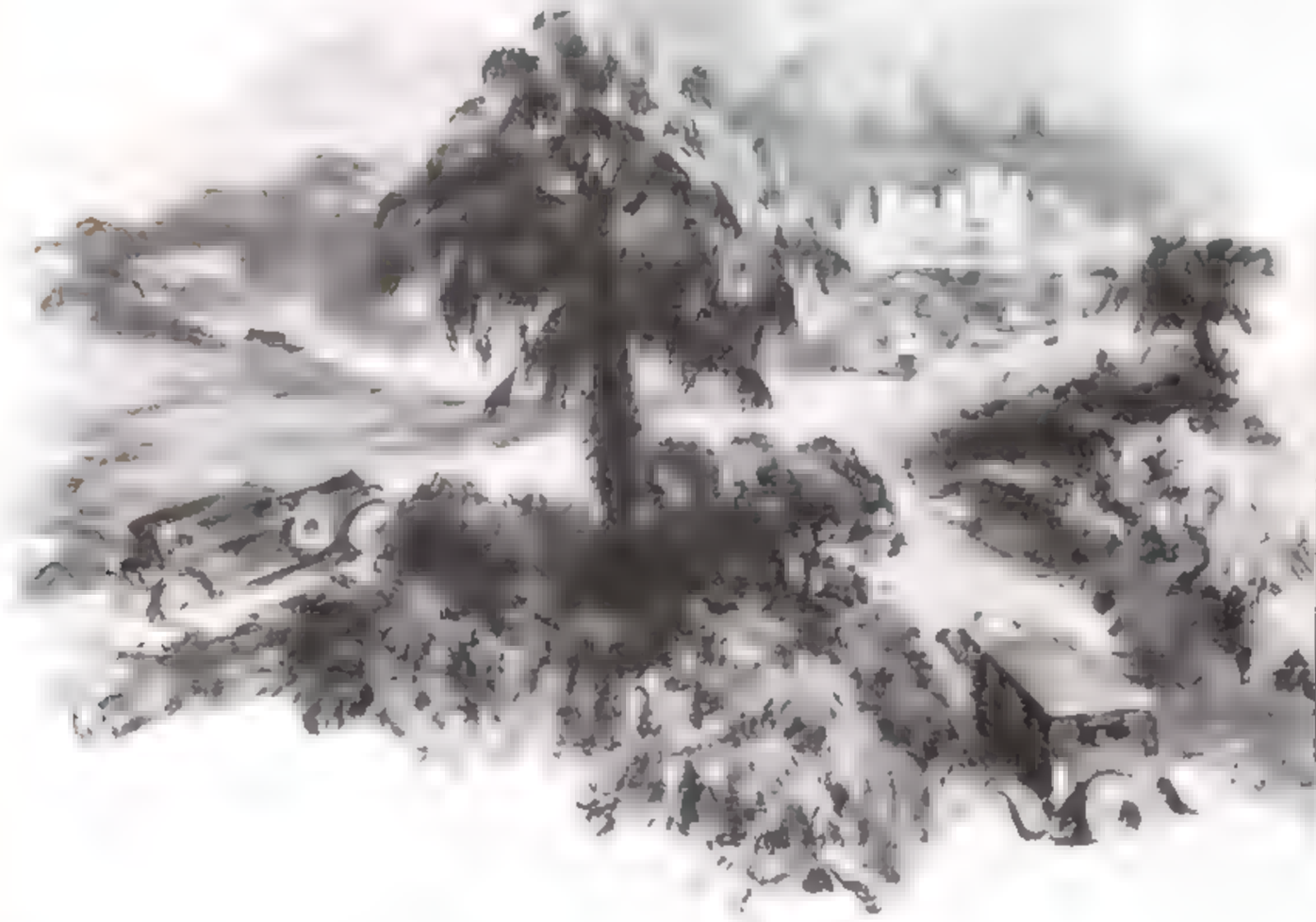
The reason is easily explained. There are two branches of stamp dealers—wholesalers and retailers. The wholesaler buys in large quantities at very low prices. He sells to the retailer at a slight profit per thousand. The retailer in turn sells these stamps in small packets at a further profit, but still at a comparatively low price. He also picks out good copies for sale in sets or separately. These he catalogues. These catalogued stamps eventually are sold to the general collector at a cent or two each. So the man or boy who makes a collection of common stamps of the penny variety can scarcely hope to realize a fortune when he decides to dispose of it.

Yet there are many treasure-troves awaiting the diligent, intelligent prospector in the stamp world. In the files of old business firms, courthouse records, old garrets, old trunks which have been in storage for many years, may be stamps worth thousands of dollars.

A few years ago a Philadelphia man who made a business of buying scrap paper saw a pile of old letters, books and other papers on the floor from which a banking firm was moving. He bought this "rubbish" for fifteen dollars. In sorting the papers he found a number of unused stamps, some autographs of famous men and hundreds of canceled stamps. Having heard that certain stamps were valuable, he took the lot

(Continued on Page 161)

# *All vacation roads lead to this city—at the summit of dreams-come-true!*



*Come to Jacksonville*
*this year for a more joyous vacation than you've ever had*

ARE you ready to leave business humdrum, and follow your vacation fancies where the roads of adventure may lead? Then come to Florida, to Jacksonville. Vacation roads now call you south through the cotton fields, over pine and palm lined streams to the tall, white city on the River of the May, near the sea. Head the Straight-Eight straight south, Jacksonville your destination. Or come by ship from any coast city, or by Pullman on any one of five railroads from any state in the Union

Is it hunting you would be this fine autumn day, or fishing—tramping over a palm-studded golf course, or sporting in the surf? Would you visit the original Fountain of Youth, old Spanish forts, or glide over magic springs in glass-bottomed boats? Jacksonville is in the center of a vast country rich in historic lore and nature's beauties. Come to Jacksonville, settle comfortably in a commodious hotel, and set your explorations as near or as far as they care to go.

There is no better way also to serve the pleasant ends of business. Jacksonville is banking, manufacturing and shipping center for the fast-opening new domain of Florida and the New South. As such, it offers the sure, conservative investment opportunities of Florida. You may see the chance to settle in this growing community, to open a new business here and live forever where life is most worth while. Many of the city's leading residents came first for the sheer pleasure of a visit, but determined to stay once they saw the opportunities for success and for year-round happy living.

When touring, make Jacksonville the goal of your journey. When in Florida, make Jacksonville your headquarters. Southern railroads, motor roads and steamship lines converge here, so that it is the preferred center for tourists and travelers. The new hotel on the matchless St. Johns River and the beautiful new hotel in the center of the city, added to the many other hotels, make Jacksonville the ideal center for sightseers and investors.

Write now for the free booklet describing Jacksonville and its country. But come and see the wonders for yourself. For pleasure and for profit, make Jacksonville the hub of your vacation plans.

# *Believers in Jacksonville*

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
BUILDING

# unqualified free trial

## An Important Development in the Adding Machine Industry

With nearly 100,000 of the single-model Victor Standard Adding Machines sold, this machine has reached a point of perfection that permits doing a thing hitherto considered out of the question with an intricate mechanical product, viz: *actually leaving the work of selling to the machine itself, regardless of the inexperience of the user.* Consequently we have instituted the UNQUALIFIED Free Trial.

Ordinarily trials are granted with the tacit understanding, expressed or implied, that purchase will follow satisfactory performance. The UNQUALIFIED free trial wipes out every qualification or restriction of the old trial offer. The question of whether you expect to buy an adding machine is not asked and your use of a Victor under this plan is utterly devoid of any obligation whatever. There are no charges of any kind, none for delivery, use of the machine nor its return. There is nothing to sign or pay.

We appreciate the opportunity this plan affords too much to press you to buy.

The intent of this offer is to place Victors in every factory, office and store in the United States so that the entire business world may know the super quality of the Victor. Victor at $100 is the miracle of the modern one-model idea of manufacture: A standard keyboard, full-sized adding machine of million dollar capacity; adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides and produces a printed record.

### Special Victor Features

—Visible adding dials,
—Totals automatically printed in red,
—Subtotals in separate color,
—Triple visibility: adding dials; printed figures; keyboard,
—Full-size standard keyboard,
—Repeat or calculating key,
—Million dollar capacity,
—Non-add key with indication,
—One stroke totals,
—Rapid handle action.

**Phone Your Dealer** To get a Victor on Unqualified Free Trial, just telephone your office equipment dealer—he will deliver it today—or write your name in margin and mail to Victor Adding Machine Co., 3900 N. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

$10 down
$10 a month
$100
f. o. b. Chicago
Fully equipped—no extras
On monthly payments $110

# VICTOR

## Standard Adding Machine

*Over 2000 office equipment merchants, handling Victor, make possible instant and courteous service that is unattainable through any other method of distribution.*

SOLD THROUGH THE OFFICE EQUIPMENT MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 158)

to a dealer for examination. He was told that he had bought a fortune, and so it proved, for it subsequently developed that the stamps alone were worth more than $75,000. This find resulted in many lawsuits.

Last June a titled English lady residing in Mayfair, London, was searching for a bundle of papers in an attic of the family's town mansion. She was going through an old trunk when she came upon a packet of letters. Some unused stamps fell to the floor. Neither she nor her husband knew anything about stamps, but they supposed these might be of some value. They invited a Bond Street stamp auctioneer to look them over. That gentleman's eyes almost popped from his head when he saw that the lady had found stamps the present market value of which is approximately $100,000.

It appears that some sixty-one years ago a scion of this lucky household, stung by the philatelic bee, started a stamp collection. Being an enterprising youth and having ample means, he went about his task systematically. He sent a five-pound bank note or less to each of a number of colonial postmasters, asking to be supplied with stamps to the amount inclosed. In those days—1863 and 1864 - posts were slow, especially to and from foreign ports. Long before many of the replies were received the boy's zest for stamp collecting had diminished or entirely vanished, and he went away to school. As the replies came in, the boy's mother or one of the servants put them in the trunk, intending to keep them until the young nobleman returned.

But it seems that after leaving school the boy embarked on a military career and never gave a second thought to the stamps.

In the collection found by the lady sixty years later are stamps from Ceylon, Vancouver, Queensland, Western Australia, Grenada, the Ionian Islands and other countries. The original cost of the stamps recovered was under $100.

It is unnecessary, however, for the American collector to go far afield in search of stamps worth thousands of dollars. Among the most valuable in the world are the provisional stamps issued by postmasters of a number of cities and towns in the United States before the regular government issues.

These provisionals are closely linked with the early history of the United States Post Office Department. They were issued by postmasters in many cities and towns long before the Government sold its first postage stamp in July, 1847. Though there was no law authorizing their issue, neither was there a law forbidding them. The Government took the attitude that these postage stamps were part of a private contract between the local postmaster and the public.

### $12,000 for a Five-Cent Stamp

Of this group of stamps, the Alexandria, Virginia, five-cent blue, issued in 1845, is very rare and very valuable. Dealers offer as much as $12,000 for one of these in good condition. The first known copy of this stamp was found by the late John K. Tiffany in his family correspondence. Only two other copies are known to exist, one being the property of a Philadelphia collector and the other that of a dealer. Lucky, indeed, will be the finder of another of these rarities.

Another valuable provisional is the Boscawen, New Hampshire, five-cent dull blue, believed to have been issued in 1846 by Worcester Webster, a relative of the celebrated Daniel Webster. This is a primitive specimen. It appears to have been produced from a few carelessly set pieces of type, is hand-stamped in dull-blue ink on thin yellowish-white handmade paper. The only copy known is in the hands of a private collector, but any dealer would gladly pay any boy, girl or adult $12,000 for another.

For years collectors who know the value of the Lockport, New York, five-cent red-and-black stamp, which probably was issued in 1846, have sought a companion for the only one known to exist. If you can dig one of these out of your old trunks or some garret, you can enrich yourself by the sum of $10,000.

Another postmasters' provisional for which dealers will pay $10,000 is the stamp issued by James Madison Buchanan, who was postmaster at Baltimore, Maryland, from 1845 to 1849. If in some old papers left by your father or your grandfather there happens to be a letter bearing one of those stamps, walk right to the nearest stamp dealer and take his check for $10,000. Or if while looking for this particular ten-cent denomination stamp, which was black on bluish paper, you happen upon a ten-cent black on white paper of the same family, don't part with it for less than $5000. That's its market value today.

There are more than a dozen varieties of these postmasters' provisionals issued in such places as Annapolis, Maryland; Brattleboro, Vermont; Millbury, Massachusetts; New Haven, Connecticut; Providence, Rhode Island, and St. Louis, Missouri.

### A Waste-Paper Mine

The cities or towns in which these stamps were issued are, of course, the most unlikely places in which they will be found, if ever. The first copy of the Millbury, Massachusetts, bluish stamp of 1847, for instance, was found in a bound volume of letters in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Ragpickers, janitors and junk dealers are awakening to the possibilities of uncovering a trove of treasure every time they come upon a pile of old letters or papers. Some of the finds made by this class of collectors lead to amusing if frantic activity along Nassau Street, New York, the capital of philately.

Recently an unlettered Italian ragpicker entered the office of a Nassau Street dealer carrying an old canvas sack containing hundreds of United States and Canadian stamps. The dealer had examined only a few when he realized that he had come upon some rarities. He questioned the Italian and learned that the stamps had been found in some miscellaneous junk and waste paper which had come from an old business house.

Immediately a search was begun for the remainder of those discarded papers. Several enthusiasts, hearing of the find, joined in the chase. The dealers found that the waste paper in which they believed were other rare stamps had been shipped to a New Jersey paper plant for repulping. Further search revealed the fact that the scraps from the house were mixed up in a three-carload shipment of waste paper. In order to obtain the privilege of searching for the particular envelopes they desired it was necessary for the dealers to buy the whole shipment. It was a gamble, but a stamp dealer will take a long chance to get his hands on rare stamps. A deal was made with the paper company, the cars were systematically searched and in the end the dealers were rewarded by finding an amazing lot of valuable first issues of the United States and Canada. When the find became known in the stamp world the lucky purchasers of those carloads of waste paper did a land-office business, netting about $15,000 from their sales.

One of the surprising things about this find is that two sons of the original owner are enthusiastic stamp collectors and were among the prominent buyers of this lot of stamps when it was broken up and sold.

To the person who finds stamps which he believes, rightly or wrongly, are valuable, there is one piece of advice—the only bit I'm going to offer in this article—I wish to impress upon that person: Go straight to a legitimate dealer in stamps, a dealer with a reputation. You will find him a conscientious business man who will tell you frankly the exact market value of your find whether it be a small fortune or just a few pennies. If by any chance he underestimates the market price and you sell to him, only to discover later that you have taken a loss,


FREE—10-Day Tube—Mail the Coupon

# What She Paid

## For her gloriously clear teeth was this

Just accept, please, this remarkable dental test. Note how "off-color" teeth go and delicate gums become firm when the dingy film is removed

MILLIONS have gained beautiful teeth in this new way. A way different from any other you have ever known. A way urged today by leading dental authorities of the world

In a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth. That "off-color" look will leave your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on the coral tint of health. The charm of your smile will be multiplied.

Will you accept a 10-day trial without charge? Then mail the coupon and a tube will be sent you.

*Film . . . that is all*

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film—a viscous coat—that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy "off-color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Many old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.*

*New methods remove it*

*And Firm the Gums*

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when the film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Less effective methods fail in these results.

Harsh, gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

*Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.*

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

*Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada*

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Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
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The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
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Name

Address

Only one tube to a family. 1942

NEW · *chip resistance*
NEW · *smooth edge finish*
NEW · *convenient carton*

Here is double protection against glassware chipping, increased resistance against breakage. We feel that the combination of *Safe*dge-Nonik is the greatest economy measure ever offered, to ward off "chips" and "nicks."

Every housewife will welcome the elimination of chipped glassware. Thin, graceful designs are now made practical and economical in use—that is what *Safe*dge-Nonik means. *Safe*dge-Nonik is made in a complete line of table glassware in all sizes and prices. See it at your nearest dealer's or write us. Identify it by the reinforcing band at the top of the glass.

THE LIBBEY GLASS MANUFACTURING CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

Libbey *Safedge*
NONIK
*Reinforced Edge Prevents Chipping*
*The Bulge Protects The Edge*
Chip-Resisting *Glassware*

you may rest assured you may go back to him and have the matter satisfactorily adjusted. The honest, first-class dealers guard their reputations jealously. They seek, and most of them have, the complete confidence of their patrons.

The business of supplying stamps to philatelists has grown to enormous proportions in the past ten years. Today there are more than 500 professional stamp dealers in the United States. In many instances the dealers have several hundred thousand dollars invested, and in at least one concern the annual turnover is more than $500,000. The largest of these dealers has more than sixty employes to handle the vast correspondence conducted with collectors all over the world. Many of these dealers are men of culture and refinement; men who have made a life study of the postage stamp not alone because of its investment value but because of the pleasure they derive from the handling of the little pieces of adhesive paper.

There are, of course, petty and grand grafters in the stamp business, as there are in all businesses where the age and rarity of an object enter into its value. There are men, for instance, who deal in forgeries and facsimiles. There are many, many forgeries, and every stamp purchased should be carefully scrutinized. Any square dealer can and will gladly tell you if a stamp is authentic.

Thousands of collectors in this country and abroad have been bilked by buying forged surcharges—stamps with overprints which alter their value or confirm it in the same or a new currency. This sort of forgery is the most easily perpetrated.

Forgeries are valuable to specialists, however, if they perform the duties of postage stamps before their spurious characters are exposed, because the specialist wants in his collection any and everything bearing on the postal history. Many philatelists hold these to be quite valuable and willingly pay fair prices for them.

### *Growing a Beard on a Stamp*

Owing to the care with which collectors examine their stamps, an ingenious fraud on the post office of India was discovered back in 1890. A clever imitation of the one-rupee slate, of the 1882–88 issue, was frequently found in England on letters from Bombay. The attention of the English Government was called to the stamps by a philatelist and police inquiry led to the detection of the culprit. It developed that he had engraved a facsimile on boxwood and had printed his stamps one by one on paper similar to that used in making the genuine stamp. He made the perforation by placing the printed label between two plates of thin metal, each with holes corresponding to the intended perforations, and then, with a blunt wire, punching out the small circular pieces of paper.

There is a distinction between a fake and a forgery. The case above cited is one of the latter. A good and somewhat amusing illustration of a fake is provided in the Rumanian issue of stamps of 1866. On those stamps is depicted the head of Prince Charles without a beard. Some time after that issue was on the market, the prince decided that a beard would add to his dignity, or perhaps his beauty. When the beard was full-grown a new issue of stamps became necessary. Accordingly, in 1872 Prince Charles appeared on Rumanian stamps with a full beard.

In the course of time the fifty-bani blue and red of this bearded issue of 1872 became scarce and was much sought after. The earlier issue of fifty-bani blue and red—the beardless issue—was, on the other hand, plentiful and cheap. What could be more simple than to fake a beard on the beardless issue? Nothing, fakers decided, and forthwith changed a fairly common variety of stamp into one which, in a used condition, is worth twenty times as much.

Errors and anachronisms on stamps of the past and present are numerous and often result in a stamp becoming valuable. There is the United States stamp with a ship pictured sailing before the wind while the wind and waves are obviously coming from the other direction; the stamp of the island of St. Kitts, in the British West Indies, with a picture of Columbus using a telescope, an instrument invented after his time; the two United States Columbian stamps commemorating the Columbia Exposition, one with the caption Columbus in Sight of Land, showing the navigator a smooth-shaven youth, the other captioned The Landing of Columbus, depicting the great discoverer with a full beard.

### *The Demand for Freak Stamps*

When philatelists discover these errors there is a rush to buy the stamps before they are withdrawn by the government which issues them. When, in 1918, the United States Government issued a twenty-four-cent aeroplane stamp, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing sent to the Post Office Department four sheets of one hundred stamps each, on which the aeroplane was shown upside down.

A pane of 100 out of this lot reached a sub post office in Washington.

When the stamp window at this office opened, a young man stepped up and asked for 100 aeroplane stamps, proffering twenty-four dollars as payment. The postal clerk shoved the sheet of inverted stamps through the small window. The young man took one look at it and then asked for another sheet. A second sheet was offered him, but the aeroplanes on these stamps were regular. He refused those, saying, "Give me another sheet like this."

The postal clerk became suspicious. "Why just like that?" he asked.

"See this aeroplane?" asked the purchaser. "Well, it's upside down."

The clerk immediately demanded that the stamps be returned. The purchaser refused, saying, "I bought and paid for them. They are mine and I shall keep them."

A post-office inspector was called, but the man stood on his rights and no amount of pleading would alter his determination.

Next day the man who made the purchase was in the office of a New York dealer offering the pane of 100 stamps for $12,000. The dealer offered him $10,000. Two days later the stamps were sold to a Philadelphia dealer for $12,000. This dealer bought them from the original purchaser at that price after learning that Col. E. H. R. Green, of Texas, son of the late Hetty Green, was particularly interested in erroneous issues.

That he used good judgment was evidenced a few days later when Colonel Green bought the pane of 100 stamps for $20,000. They now are part of Colonel Green's $2,000,000 collection.

The stamp world, when accused of harboring an army of harmless nuts, laughs off the charge, saying, "It's great to be nutty if you have such royal company as King George and most of the other crowned heads of the world, not to mention some of the most distinguished men in America."

# Selz

## SHOES FIT NICELY INTO COLLEGE LIFE

IN college, few of us have as much money as we would like. We are obliged to make certain of the value in every purchase. It isn't a bad rule to follow throughout life, either. Most of us do it.

The kind of shoes college men look for combine the smart new style touches and give the best service.

You'll get a pretty square deal all around if you wear these shoes. Selz lasts conform to nature—to the anatomy of the foot—your feet feel at home in them. Their *custom* appearance is the expression of an artist in leathers, with an ability to give shoes that strength and that flexibility which provides comfort for the ease of your body and the ease of your mind.

Whatever your allowance for shoes is, a Selz merchant will give you the most value for it. Many models this season.

6 *to* 10
DOLLARS

Here's the Piccadilly Brogue—a blunt and sturdy bluchet. Scotch grain, Scotch brown leather. It's Martin's imported. The last is the Polo, with a semi soft box toe. A good, heavy sole—a broad leather heel.

MERCHANTS: *This is the Selz B25*

Selz

SELZ ORGANIZATION CHICAGO PITTSBURGH ∞ SHOEMAKERS FOR THREE GENERATIONS

Drilling automobile frames for attaching Gabriel Snubbers with Van Dorn ½" heavy duty ball bearing electric drill.

# Why Service Stations Now Need More Powerful Electric Drills

A few years ago garages and service stations could get along with electric drills that had just enough power for the ordinary hole drilling operations. Today drills must have the endurance and reserve power to perform the heavier garage jobs:—cylinder refinishing, driving of the stiffest cylinder hones, frame drilling, and a constantly increasing number of difficult tasks.

## *The Value of More Power*

These changed conditions have been met by the "Van Dorn" line of heavy duty, powerful drills:—Tools that do cylinder reconditioning jobs quicker and easier than was ever thought possible. This great power, this strength, this ability to do more work is particularly valuable to those service stations doing repair work on a flat rate basis. The work is speeded up, the profits are greater and the owner gets his car quicker.

## *Recommended by Motor Car Manufacturers to their Dealers*

Not only are these "Drayhorses of Drilldom" practically standard shop equipment in plants of leading motor car, truck, body and accessory manufacturers such as Dodge, Buick, Packard, Chandler, Chrysler, Autocar, Hudson, Hupmobile, Peerless, Reo and many others; but such companies as *Buick, Studebaker, Pierce Arrow, Chevrolet, Willys Overland, Durant, Reo and Autocar* suggest to their dealers and service stations that "Van Dorn" drills be used in servicing motor cars and trucks of their manufacture:—a wonderful tribute to "Van Dorn" quality.

*Send for handsome new 48-page catalog or ask our nearest jobber for a demonstration.*

**The Van Dorn Electric Tool Company**

*Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines, etc.*

Cleveland, Ohio

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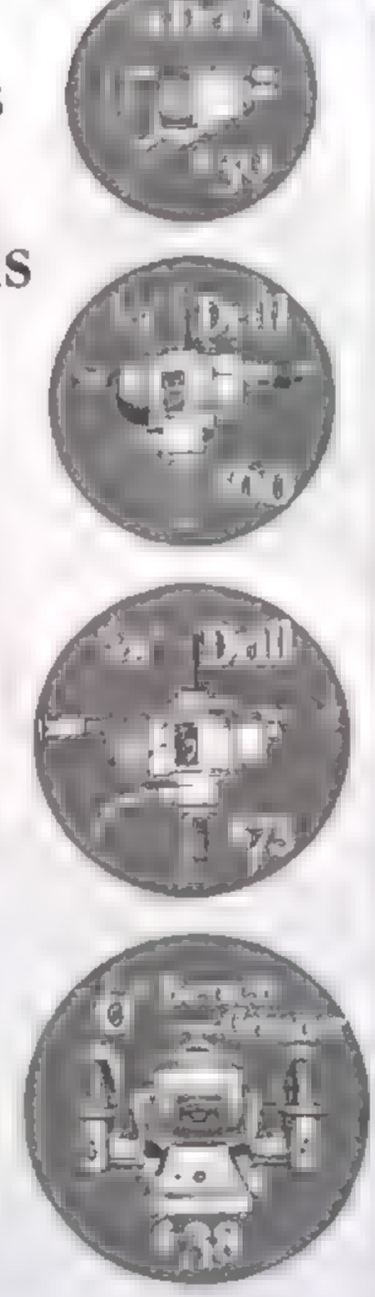

A. E. A. CHICAGO

These tools with a number of important additions to the Van Dorn line are shown this week at the Automotive Equipment Association's exhibit, Coliseum, Chicago. Van Dorn Booth Numbers 330-331-332-333-334.

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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# WHEN A MAN'S SIXTY

(Continued from Page 39)

might have used whatever agility I had as effectively in some other way and kept myself just as fit. And now my wife won't have even a ring picture in our home at Bayside. There are no photographs or trophies to recall those days—just likenesses of friends, or landscapes, hang on our walls. It is not that she's ashamed of that part of my career, any more than I am. It's just that we like other ways of living better. Above all, I don't sit back and look at that time and say, "Well, I have had my day." No man, no matter whether he has been President or has written the greatest book in the world before he was forty, at sixty should look back and say that. He should say instead, "I'm having it now!"

But the point is that it wasn't fighting with another man that gave me what success I had; it was fighting with laziness, with myself, that was responsible; my determination to keep fit, to feel that nothing could lick me, and always to be moderate. And any man who exercises that care and moderation, who keeps the right mental attitude, can do the same. I don't mean that he can take on Jack Dempsey or Bill Tilden, but he can learn to function right; to feel well and happy and contented, to grow old—no, old-young—gracefully.

### *Caring for the Human Engine*

And the man who has lived carelessly can acquire these things, too, even if he starts late, though it will be hard for a few weeks at the start. But only for a few weeks; after that, following the simple rules for long life will seem second nature.

Of course, living naturally isn't just a matter of sentiment. There must be mechanics behind it; a fellow must take care of his engine. And for the handling of this, there are a few simple directions no harder to follow than those for tending the heater in your cellar. And that's just the trouble—they're too easy for some men to bother about. I know a doctor, a specialist, who tells me that salt is as good as gold for lots of troubles.

But to go back, the first rule is—don't overeat! Sometimes I think the Associated Funeral Directors of America must be in cahoots with the cooks' union.

As for red meats, personally, I find myself much better off by sticking to lamb, chicken and fish. I've seen the day when a good beefsteak under my belt meant a little extra steam for the final rounds; but I can last longer in the work I do now without it. And so can any man of forty-five or over, particularly if he is engaged in desk work.

And avoid eating too many starchy foods. When the waiter comes around, switch that large order of potatoes German-fried or au gratin to a green vegetable; for green vegetables should form the background of a diet, with special emphasis on lettuce and spinach for most of us, and a sufficiency of fruit. Milk, buttermilk and cocoa can well take the place of coffee and tea, though a little of the latter will do no harm. But I know I have to be careful about them, for every once in a while when on the road I find myself on a coffee spree, drinking five or six cups a day. I always have to bring myself up short or there will be trouble.

Another thing I try to avoid is ice water, and it's hard to do that when traveling, with a pitcher on every table. So I make a point of asking for a pitcher without ice the minute I sit down. Too chill water cramps the stomach and may bring on acute indigestion. But at least two quarts of water at the proper temperature should be drunk every day, mainly between meals, to flush out the system properly.

All the above suggestions are subject to change, of course, under a doctor's directions; but they can be safely followed by most people.

There is another very important principle to be observed at meals—not to start when nervously fatigued, angry or overexcited. Violation of this rule may even cause death, for the whole digestive apparatus at such a time is in an abnormal, poisoned condition. Better wait until you have calmed down, got a grip on yourself—or, better still, become relaxed—before you pitch in.

I can remember a certain night in a Western hotel when I did not do this. I had been sitting at a table dining with some members of my theatrical company when a stranger, partly because he was "lickered up" and partly because he was just naturally a nuisance, joined our table and started some noisy argument. He was not an overstrong fellow except with his tongue, and since I was at the time heavyweight champion, I could probably have handled him all right, but I didn't want a scene. So I sat there trying not to listen to his foul-mouthed and foolish conversation, but inwardly at the boiling point and bolting my food all the time. That night I suffered the tortures of the damned. I had two big lumps under my heart worse than Jeff or Fitz ever gave me in the ring. I had not been subject to indigestion; but I nearly died then, simply because I had allowed myself to become excited, while eating, over some insignificant butter-in.

Which makes me think—I have one funny habit in eating which I wouldn't ask anyone to follow and which once got me into trouble of a different sort. I always save a roll to the last; it ends the meal and comes after the pudding or ice cream. Sometimes I have to watch out for this lonely roll, for if my own waiter doesn't take it when he clears for the last course, one of his chums or the head waiter will whisk it away. So I got to holding onto the roll like a runner with cork grips. One night when I was to make a speech, a friend of mine, Pauline Frederick, the actress, knowing this habit of mine, stole the sacred roll the minute before I was called on. I looked for it—it was lost and I was lost without it. Like the boy at the spelling bee in the story, who always fumbled with a button and broke down when his rival cut it off, I got up and stuttered and stammered, all the time looking around for that roll.

### *The First Weeks are the Hardest*

At last Miss Frederick took pity on me, and leaning over, whispered, "Here it is, Jim," and slipped it into my hand. It was just in time; I just got under the wire with that so-called oration.

And speaking of dinners, it is perhaps useless to say avoid altogether tobacco, liquors and pastries. No one is going to do that just because another man tells him to. Besides, I don't follow any such absolute rule myself with regard to smoking. I don't use cigarettes, preferring cigars; and occasionally I find myself creeping up to seven a day. But when I do, I at once begin to cut down.

In all these things it is perhaps better to follow the rule of moderation. A little will do no harm, and may even do good sometimes, providing a needful relaxation. But one must firmly take to himself this principle. Then, though he may occasionally flop, he will keep such a good watch on himself that he can bring himself to before it is too late. But I am inclined to believe, in spite of all arguments to the contrary, that most men are safer if they do not use liquor in any form. And it is rather easy to do without it. You won't miss it after the first few weeks.

Here is where will power comes in, and no matter how far gone in years and self-indulgence, it is still possible for a man to acquire it. And that is one thing that even an old man has to work at. He may taper down on exercise and food, but he can't altogether let up on that discipline. There is one fine thing about it, though—the more you practice self-control, the easier it grows in time; it may even become a pleasure.

Of course, it will be harder for the man of from forty-five to sixty than for a younger chap. And if he is in the grip of some injurious habit, it might help to knock off work for a while and to take a vacation under the care of some wise physician or physical expert at a good training farm. If he can't do that, he can at least go away where he can be out-of-doors, with some congenial friends, and get plenty of fresh air and pleasant distractions. I say this because I realize how hard it is for a man to swear off or reduce and to start a new physical routine if he is in the midst of a hard business campaign. It will be a little easier to acquire the new habits and shake off the old while away where he can relax and have some wholesome fun—hunting, fishing, swimming or walking. Then he can come back renewed in vigor to take up his work; and having had a few weeks to bolster up his courage and to get used to his new program, he can better fight off the old desires when they attack him. For, remember again, it's the first few weeks that are the hardest.

This self-control I was fortunate to learn quite early in life. But I didn't always have it, and sometimes I have to fight hard for it still, though some of my friends attribute it to an easy-going disposition. They don't know me inside. When I was a kid, entering exhibition bouts at the old Olympic Club in San Francisco, I used to rehearse all my fights in the hours when I should have been asleep. I would change the pillows this way and that, get up and pace the floor or look out at the moon, all the time wondering whether I could really beat my opponent, and figuring out what blows he would try and how I could offset him.

### *What Defeated Sullivan*

Now this might have been all right in the daytime, but not the night before the bout, when I needed rest. Consequently I found myself in the actual event just shading a man I had badly beaten in practice. Even in making speeches I found I was nervous and subject to stage fright, so much so that the older members used to call me up on every possible occasion, just to see how I'd flush, drop my jaw and make a general fool of myself. But finally I tumbled to myself and learned to control this sinking of the heart, the funny feeling at the pit of the stomach, the buckling of the legs and the milling over of things too much in advance.

I controlled it first, I think, because I got mad at and ashamed of myself. But it was not until after the Sullivan fight that I did it by any conscious effort of the will. As I stood there, the crowd howling, I realized that I had won simply because I had unconsciously made up my mind to win. And it suddenly flashed over me that in the future I could do what I really set out to do, if I could only master by deliberate effort all tendency to worry. And don't ever think that calm men have no spirit. The best controlled men I have known had in the beginning the worst tempers. And any man, no matter how old, with practice, can learn to handle both worry and temper by effort of the will. And control of these things is particularly necessary for a man at sixty, if he cares to get beyond that milestone.

And right here let me say that in alluding to the old fight in New Orleans I have no intention of merely calling attention to myself. Recently I made in THE POST a statement that I believed Dempsey could not hit as hard as Sullivan. And Jim Tully, a man I admire because he has overcome many handicaps, says that statement was made "in defense of my own ego." I didn't mean it that way. I was thinking more of what Sullivan did to men before me. If the statement was made in defense of anything, it was to back not my own skill but my careful training and right living. Sullivan had dissipated; I was young and fresh, trained to the hour. Many another man, if he had wanted to do the same, had made up his mind to do it, and then carefully prepared, could have had the success that I had.

Anyway, it was that night that I first realized to the full the value of self-discipline. And though it has grown into something of a habit with the years, I still have to exercise it. I did, for instance, long years after the Sullivan fight when I tried to come back to fight Jeffries. It took a great deal of control to force myself once more into the grind of training. All the exercise, the punching the bag, the road work, the constant boxing, had become irksome. But I managed to stick it out for the long three months. And only last spring, when I made my first lecture, I came near wilting. I had, of course, appeared in plays, but there I had scenery and props, and in vaudeville I never had to talk for more than eighteen minutes, and usually with a partner who was busy for half that time. But here I was, that first night in Boston, faced by a big crowd, with no scenery or props but a hard-bottomed chair and my only partner a pitcher of ice water. As the introducer was saying the usual compliments about me, you can bet I felt all the old weakness in the knees, that w.k. hollow feeling in the pit of the stomach.

### *Tapering Off on Exercise*

But I said to myself, "It's all right, that funny sensation in the stomach, if it stays right there. But if it once gets above there and gets a clutch on my throat, good night, I'm gone!"

So, deliberately, I called on the old will power, got myself under control and—well, just as I somehow got through the three months' grind in the training for Jeff, I got through that hour and a half which was just as hard.

But now there's the question of exercise for the man of sixty, and, while we're about it, we might as well include the man over forty-five. Here, too, the principle of moderation fits in; and even at thirty-eight—sooner, if the doctor says so—a man should begin to taper off. You never would enter an eighteen-year-old horse, or a twelve or a ten year old, no matter what his pedigree and courage, in a race for three-year-olds. Yet how often you have heard of men dropping on the golf course, and not from lightning from the skies, either. It's another sort of lightning from within, brought on by playing thirty-six holes, being too long in the hot sun or starting out right after a hearty meal.

A man of middle-age had better stick, as a rule, to at most eighteen holes, and should choose the cool of the morning or the late afternoon for playing. Also he should eat sparingly before he starts and not take too much of any sort of drink, soft or alcoholic. Tennis is all right for a couple of sets, if you do not dash too madly about the courts in the broiling sun; and bowling—say, for an hour in the evening, in the alleys or, in the Scotch way, on the green. I myself am fond of handball and would like nothing better than an hour at singles. Instead, though I do, they say, look like a man of forty-two, I try a half hour at doubles, where there's another man to do half the work.

Above almost all other forms of sport, I would recommend walking. From my window I sometimes watch the crowd out for a Sunday afternoon, and you can tell the character of each from his gait. One will mope along, head down, hands behind his back, wondering how he's going to meet that note or pay off the old mortgage. Another hitches along uncertainly, milling over his business, though he hasn't any note to meet; he, too, never gets away from

(Continued on Page 169)


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*Style!*
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(Continued from Page 165)

business or himself. The next, maybe a fat man, strolls along for a few feet, then leans up against a tree, giving a new house the once-over; in his afternoon out he'll cover just about five blocks. Then, once in a while, I see a fellow—sometimes a pretty old man, too—taking the road, not the sidewalk, hands swinging, chest out, head up and bowling along at a pretty brisk clip. He's the one who's going to get his lungs strengthened, his circulation renovated and all the cobwebs and worries blown away by God's fresh air.

That's the sort of walk I like to take, with my dog, perhaps, or a good companion. It's fine for a man, especially since, after fifty, running isn't good even for a man with a normal heart.

So unless the doctors have told you really to take care of that heart, try some of any or all those sports mentioned here—whatever you like best. Going to the ball game is lots of fun; but don't always sit on the bleachers; get in the game, even if it's only mowing the lawn or watering the flowers; which, by the way, can be lots of sport, particularly if you own your own home.

And as for doctors, I wouldn't worry about them too much. Still, I would be overhauled by a good one once a year. A man of the age we are discussing is apt to spring a little leak here and there. Like an old house, he is strong and sturdy and well built, maybe, but beginning to crack. All he needs is a little puttying, a little patching up; then, with reasonable care and the right mental attitude, he is good for many a year.

In some ways you can, too, forestall the doctor. I remember, for instance, reading ten years ago about the refusal of Clemenceau and Sarah Bernhardt to eat red meat.

"A good idea," I said to my wife; "let's try it. We'll beat the doctor to it before he tells us to stop." I was only forty-nine then, but ever since we have cut out that item from our menu, and I'm positive we feel better for it, and just as strong. But it's worth calling in a doctor once a year for those little leaks and cracks, which are not dangerous in themselves, but might prove so if not attended to in time.

And see what moderation did for those two grand old people, for this avoidance of red beef was only one little instance of their following a general principle. Clemenceau didn't need any red meat to say, "We'll fight to the last quarter hour"; and he saved his country; and like Johnny Walker—in a much more useful way, though—he's still going strong. And Madame Bernhardt, at seventy-eight with a leg amputated, could stand on the stage, supported by a table and still prove herself the greatest actress in the world. She was not a grand old woman but a great old girl.

### Temperate Methuselahs

In spite of all stories to the contrary, I don't think you'll find the really great leaders overindulging in anything except sometimes, perhaps, in work, which too is bad. You may recall some that led for a while, like Daniel Webster, who could pour licker in as fast as his words poured out. But I'm inclined to think Ole Dan was greater with the gift of gab than he was at real statesmanship, though I don't know so much about that.

Roosevelt, a clean liver, as all those closest to him know, had one bad habit—he overexerted himself when he was getting along, though it was in a good cause. If he had slowed up a trifle, he might have been fighting yet; a little slower fight, perhaps, but a wise one and one that would have been mighty effective too. But of this you may be sure—that the ones who last in the race, like the two old people we've just spoken of, or Gladstone, and Foch, who is seventy-five and who is very abstemious in eating and drinking—all have followed the principle of moderation and clean living. They took care of their bodies, though they were ready enough to sacrifice them when the need came.

It follows everywhere in life just as it does in the ring. Only a few months ago I saw a fighter taking whisky straight three days before a fight. He wins pretty consistently, but he won't long. That's one game he can't beat in the end. Some day, probably, he'll snap off when he least expects it. A touch of pneumonia or the flu, and he's gone. Then, too, he is an exception, as are all the old fellows whose names you now may throw up at me—the ones, you know, who drink three quarts and chew six pounds of tobacco a day at the ripe old age of a hundred and four. Well, maybe they do; and then again, maybe they don't. The newspapers say a lot of things. And gosh! Look at what they might have done with such vitality if they hadn't dissipated! Methuselah would have been out of the running as far as the Twentieth Century Express is, now that the aeroplane is making its records. I know I can't afford to take the risks; and the chances are that you can't, either.

### The Danger of Dignity

That young fighting marine, Gene Tunney, keeps fit. That's why he'll go far or much farther than he could otherwise do. Then there's Muldoon, a great specimen of a young-old man, who always practices what he preaches up at that rest farm of his; and George Haven Putnam, the publisher, who can dictate a hundred letters in the morning, play tennis in the afternoon and make a long speech that night; Hobart Bosworth, who, with one lung gone twenty years ago, made himself into a new man; and Emma Calvé, and Victor Maurel, the great barytone, who used to box with me just for the fun of it and to keep himself fit. They took care of themselves. And don't fool yourself into believing those stories about celebrities on the stage—that So-and-So is drunk all the time, and so on. You won't find my friend Douglas Fairbanks, for instance, doing that. A man may get to the top through sheer talent, but he won't stay there unless he takes pretty good care of himself.

It is interesting to note how many of the persons just mentioned are foreign-born, all of them with but one exception. I didn't just deliberately go abroad for my examples, but picked them out at random among my friends. I wonder if there isn't a lesson in that for us Americans. We live at too fast a pace. "Zip" and "pep" are our slogans, rarely "moderation."

And speaking of friends, I know so many who aren't taking care of themselves—fine fellows sometimes too. There's one everywhere beloved, the sweetest and squarest of men, one of the most gifted too. Still rather young, he was fast drinking himself out, getting fat and logy, his fine brain dulled by too much liquor and wrong eating and too little exercise. Only a few months ago he changed, and I'm sure he'll follow through, for he's one that should stay where he belongs—at the top.

And it isn't only in the professions that care and moderation count; in business they bring big dividends. And there are certain temptations that assail the business men more perhaps than those on the stage. Actors need to take exercise; have to look more or less slender; they fence and dance. But a man can direct a large corporation with another under his belt almost as big. Now at forty a man should begin to lighten his exercise a little, but that doesn't mean that he should leave it off altogether; or that he should go home nights and Sundays, stick his feet in slippers, then read how active other men are in the baseball columns. Then there's the type of man who used to belong to a club, and swim, box, play medicine ball and lark around with the boys. Suddenly he grows successful and too dignified for his old companions. He shuts himself up, has an army of buffers around him, grows fat or stale and bilious.

He can't go it as hard as he used to, of course; but an hour a day at some exercise fitted for his age, at the gym or out-of-doors, would make him a lot less dignified and a whole lot more worth while. And if that exercise can be taken with jolly companions, there's that much more benefit. Even though they do say a man grows fat from laughing, fun can cut down the corporation almost as much as exercise. But then you aren't just sitting in a seat, after ten courses, laughing at Will Rogers or Harold Lloyd. You're being active, too, while you're getting your fun.

In all this there is one thing to be noted that should be very encouraging to the average man—he has really a better chance for long life and physical fitness than the man who has been champion and busted all the records. Famous athletes often overindulge in sport, become muscle-bound, or have hearts too enlarged to stand the inactivity of work they later take up at the office. Frequently they drop off at fifty, when other men who were weaklings in their boyhood, but who since have taken good care of themselves, are walking erect at seventy. I know one old fellow who never overindulged and who tried out a bicycle—a high one, at that—at ninety-eight. He lived to tell the story—and that isn't a trick one out of some newspaper, either.

And now to tackle another of man's enemies, perhaps the most deadly of all—worry, which is nothing more than fear, discounted at the bank of death in advance. It will do no good to follow all the other simple rules, if one worries continually. That slows up, cripples, hamstrings a man; and in the end can utterly destroy him.

The reason why a man worries is that he looks at his problems in the wrong way. He doesn't worry when everything is going right, when sales are good and he is cutting coupons; but just let one year's business drop fifty dollars behind his banner year and he begins to fret, worry whether he isn't going back or beginning to fail. And once set in the habit, the seriousness of the danger doesn't make any difference; you worry over a mouse in the kitchen, a flea in your bed, as much as over a roaring lion loose in the circus.

### Vanquishing Worry

The habit must be conquered, and it can be—by determining on your attitude just as a man decides the method with which he will meet another man's style of boxing, and it is simple. With your first worry, get in the habit of saying to yourself, "This really can't matter so much." And it's true. For look at it this way: "I have lost that sale? There's another customer round the corner."

"I dropped that money? Well, I'm in a hole, just like in a pinochle game. It'll be fun getting out; and there's more money loose—more to be made."

"I've made a mistake? I'll make an achievement to match."

"I've made a fool of myself? I'll make a wise man yet."

You won't be kidding yourself. For lose what you may, it won't equal the blessings life has shown you, unless you're an ungrateful pup. And when it's your own fault, all the white chalk isn't used up in the pool rooms or on brokers' blackboards; there's enough left over to make white marks to offset all the black and satisfy Saint Peter.

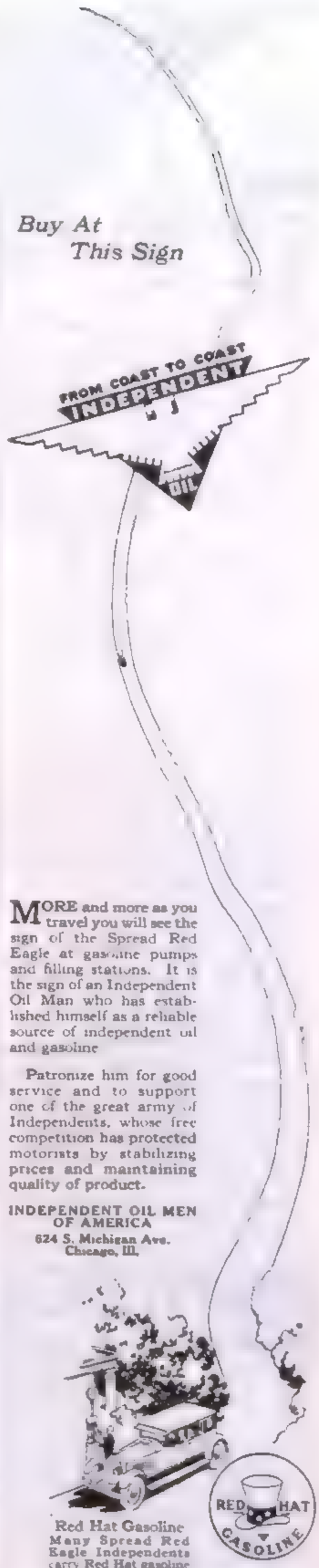
Worst of all, though, is the worry in advance over things that haven't happened.

"Now supposing I do that," you say to yourself; "make that miscue and ruin my chances."

Well, at worst, there's a sporting chance you won't, isn't there? And there are other chances left when that one's gone, aren't there? Besides, it's a ten-to-one bet that if you mill things over too much, you'll hypnotize yourself into doing them.

If you don't worry and do keep your mind clear, you can be sure of one thing—that whatever you do, you'll make a good showing; and it's the average that counts.

I wish we could always remember that, for the average counts in bank balances as well as in baseball, and in a man's life record and his happiness too. You read the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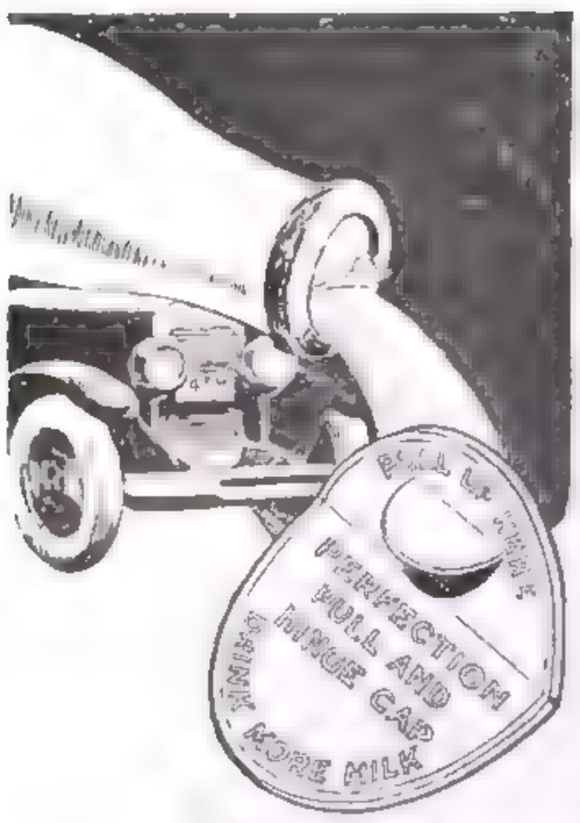


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**DRINK MORE MILK**

box scores sometimes. Well, you don't always look at the E. column for errors; usually you notice most the P.O.'s for putouts, the A.'s for assists and the H.'s for hits. Can't we take it for granted that the official scorer in the big game is taking note of those too?

And if we can only get in that attitude—of realizing how long life is, how much longer the one we're all headed for, how much chance there is for happy days when we're in the midst of gloomy ones, and how many chances we have to make up for past mistakes, why, what can any boot really matter? And time heals our worst sorrows. I never thought I could get over my mother's death, she meant so much to me. But the years have softened the shock, and now she is a beautiful and living memory.

Oh, as I say, I could, if I let myself, worry still. I haven't become perfect by any means in this art of self-control which I'm preaching so chestily and which is a sort of hobby or specialty of mine. We have put what little cash we have left, after wasting a lot in our youth, into a four-family apartment house, and I find myself beginning to worry when a tenant's nephew begins to bark the cherry tree and mark up the walls with coal—foolish little things like that.

Then, like all actors, I get in arguments with booking offices and start to lose my temper. But almost always the old habit of control gets the upper hand, and I smile just as I did one day in Paris when a cable came. And that cable told me I had just dropped fifty-two thousand dollars in the panic in Wall Street.

### *No Room for Grouches and Glooms*

"Now," I said to myself, "is the time to show a little practicing of that stuff you've been preaching." And actually I managed it, broke into the room where my wife was examining folders of the Riviera, for which we were planning to start in the morning.

"Put those up," I said, laughing, as if I had the best news in the world to tell her; "we're going home."

"W-w-why, Jim," she replied, "you said we could go to Nice."

"Not now," I replied. "Home's a much better place. Yes, my dear, we're going to take the little old steamer home."

She wouldn't be satisfied until I had shown her the cable, which I had to do, and of course there were tears. But strangely enough, I didn't feel like crying. I had actually hypnotized myself into feeling light-hearted. Try it; it's a good recipe, better than any for mixing Bronxes or Manhattans. It will help a lot, too, if you try to see the funny side of things.

When I first started out on the stage I was considerable of a ham, and I was worrying about this one day when I happened to stop before a poster of our show, then playing in an Ohio town. Two natives were looking at it, and apparently, though they knew me in the picture, they didn't recognize me as I stood behind them.

"Yep, that's him," said the first.

"What does he do in the show?" the other put in.

"Oh, he just talks about himself."

"How's the show?" the second then inquired.

"Oh," said the other, "the show's pretty good. Corbett doesn't hurt it much."

At once away flew all the little blues.

And even in the midst of tragedies funny things happen. When I was getting knocked out by Jim Jeffries someone called out—it was a tragic moment for those who liked me or who had bet on me, and you could hear that voice in the silence of the arena—well, he announced—and I was pretty busy, mind you:

"Mr. Corbett wanted on the telephone!"

And they come up all the time. Only this morning I was driving in New York and I turned in out of the traffic in front of the Lambs Club without putting out my hand. There was an angry taxi driver behind me, one of those fellows you know, and I could hear his brakes grind. I realized I was guilty and in for a bawling out, so when he got out of the jam and came by I suddenly grew quite busy, locking my car and jiggling the throttle and things. He leaned his head out, and happening to recognize me, yelled in disgust, "Hell! I thought you knew how to use your hands!"

How anyone can be a grouch or a gloom hound in a world like that, I can't see.

But there's one more habit I've just got to touch on before we close. It isn't exactly worrying when things are going wrong with your business, but it's almost as bad—getting so fond of your business that you take it home with you. Planning things out, going over the next day's work, may be all right in a pinch or now and then, but you won't find yourself fresh next morning if you do it continually. Besides, you'll grow old all too soon. And you owe it to your friends and your family to leave some hours free, to laugh in and play in.

### *When Old Age Is Youth Plus*

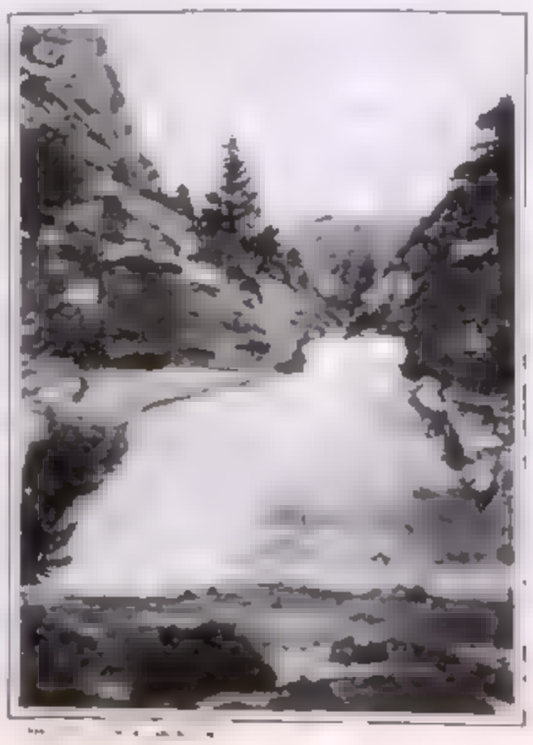
You've noticed, perhaps, how if you have any trouble with your starter and keep it too long down, you drain your batteries. Well, a man who constantly lugs his business with him is fiddling with his starter too much: he's draining his batteries; and he won't have much juice left when he really wants to start his run.

My old friend Andrew Mack, the Irish comedian, who lives near me in Bayside, says he leaves his business cares at the station each night, in the smoker, and takes them up next morning just where he left them. It's a good trick for any man, even if he's not enjoying such a long run as Andrew is now in Abie's Irish Rose.

All these are ways of keeping the spirit of youth and keeping off old age. I don't mean actual years and birthdays, but a sour old age that is discontented because it can't do all the things it used to do, and spends its time envying the younger ones. Why not change that complexion ad a little, to read, "Don't envy youth; have it"?

For that matter—and it stands repeating—you have more than youth. The storms, the uncertainties of those days are past. You have more calm, more wisdom, and, if you live wholesomely, a deeper content. And think of the thousand and one activities you can indulge in! Your business, for instance, grows more interesting each day, if you've cultivated an interest in life; and the chances are, it's a lot more secure. Then there are your special hobbies; and you can take exercise of the right sort, have lots of fun taking it, and eat well and sleep soundly. For don't let anyone fool you. With right living and a good conscience, a man at sixty can lie easier in his bed than many a young fellow.

Youth is apt to be feverish. I know I used to be pretty restless—had to be up and doing every minute, playing cards, billiards or tennis—just couldn't sit still. Now I am active enough, but I can enjoy the finer things of life more. My home and the trees and the flowers were never so attractive, nor hours with old friends quite so sweet. It's strange how much stock we take in these things as we get along. I've tried to figure it out, and I don't think it's because we're desperately trying to clinch and hold onto them before we're knocked out and the final gong sounds. It's because we're wiser, are nearer the real heart of things.



To get nearest, I think we should always keep in touch with children. There was a group of little fellows—the gang, they used to call themselves—who once hung around our yard.

I used to fool around with them, play baseball now and then, and they couldn't do enough for me. I didn't even need to clean my car. They'd insist on doing it and would polish it until it shone.

One night I came home about five o'clock and was told by the lady of the house to hurry and wash up for dinner. I was surprised, for usually we didn't have it until six, and I had forgotten it was my birthday. But I remembered it when I opened the dining-room door. There, around a table with a cake and all the candles, were the gang. And you can bet we fell to; and it wasn't Tom and Jack and Mr. Corbett: but Tom and Jack and Jim. Those boys are gone now, grown up and married, and one or two have since died. I miss them: but there are other young faces to take their place.

Which reminds me—I spent, the other night, the sort of evening I like best, though I still enjoy to the full a show, a round of cards or a game of billiards. It was at a friend's house; we had dinner by windows through which we could smell the flowers. Then, by candlelight, we smoked and talked—of travel in other countries, well-known people we had met, and funny incidents that had happened in our various lives.

After coffee, the children came down to say good night and begged for a story. Instead of one, I guess I must have told them fifty. And my wife afterward remarked that though I had been for years on the stage, never had I talked so well. I know that never did I have an audience that so inspired me as those three little ones squatting there on the floor. Just to look into their faces, hear their childish questions, their laughter, made me feel that life was well worth while.

### *Life Is Sweet at Sixty*

Then, their good nights said, we had music. Now I don't know one note from another and love the old-fashioned things best. And we had them—The Blue Danube, Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, and Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming. Sounds sort of sentimental and funny for an ex-pugilist, doesn't it? But no, it isn't funny. I was happy enough just listening and saying never a word.

Then we took a walk on the lawn under the stars. It was a clear night and I thought to myself it was strange I hadn't noticed 'em much when I was young. I still don't know much about them—how far they are away, I mean, and how long the light takes to reach Long Island. Like the child in the old rimes, I just wonder.

I used to like to take watches apart. Well, up there are works you just can't take apart and put together again, and there are more than eighteen jewels, in the bargain.

No, I don't use to think much about such things, but I do now. And when you do stop to think, how can you fear death? When it comes it will probably be a lot sweeter than life—what comes after it, I mean, and God knows that life's never been so sweet to me as it is now.

Tomorrow I'll get up and do a man's work, but I'll be a boy too. Reasonable living and a fresh interest in life—child, youth and mature man, all in one; that's the secret.

Yes, sir, life is never so sweet as when a man's sixty.

*The New Sonora 5-Tube Radio. The Sonora radio set is made separately as above; is included in the new Sonora Radio Highboy or can be installed in the new Phonograph Highboys and Consoles. 5-tube circuit—three standardized tuning dials—exceptionally low operating cost. Price, $90. Shown here resting on the Sonora Table Console Speaker—a graceful cabinet containing the Sonora All-Wood Speaker and space for batteries. Console Speaker Price, $50.*

*The New Sonora Radio Highboy—a complete radio unit combining the Sonora All-Wood Radio Speaker, the Sonora 5-tube radio set and space for batteries, in a rare Renaissance period cabinet. Price $200. Without set, $120. Attractive phonograph Highboys with space for Radio Sets—the Plymouth at $175, and the Hampden at $225—Radio installed $100 more*

*The Sonora Radio Speaker with all-wood tone chamber—no mechanical noise—no harsh overtones. Equipped with cord and plug for attachment to any radio set. No extra batteries needed.*

*De Luxe Model—$30*
*Standard Model—$20*

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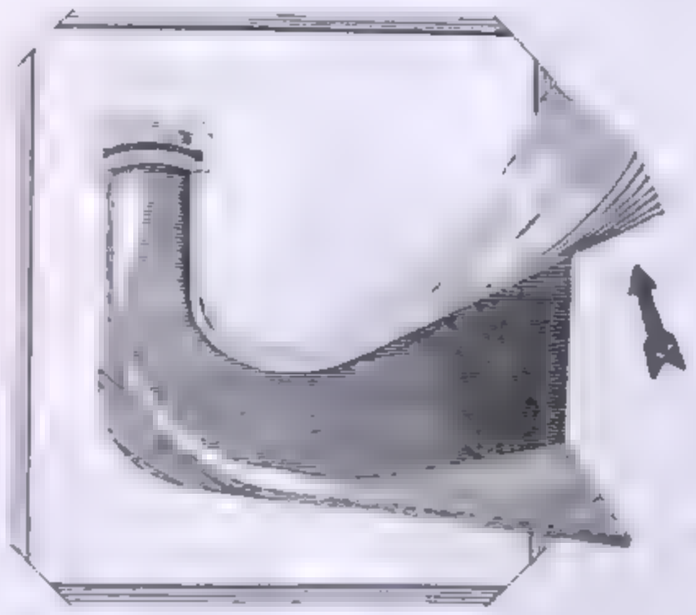

*The Secret of Sonora Tone. A cross section of the tone chamber or "horn" which is part of every Sonora instrument. This tone chamber frees radio and phonograph from all mechanical noise. In it many plies of wafer-thin seasoned wood are laid at cross grain to each other neutralizing vibration and eliminating harsh overtones.*

*Other Highboys with complete phonographs, too.* And Sonora makes these superb Highboys, combined with a complete phonograph—each one equipped with the Sonora All-Wood Speaker and ample space for the Sonora Radio Set.

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Wear Wright's Health Underwear and keep warm—no matter what the temperature outside, no matter how sudden the change in weather. The patented loop-stitch with which it is knitted increases twofold the highly absorbent wool of which it is made. Wool is also a non-conductor of heat. The bitter winter weather can't get at *you*. Your natural body warmth can't get out, either. When your body is both warm and dry, you don't chill. You don't weaken your system and take cold.

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# A BILL PAYABLE

(Continued from Page 23)

"Can't tell for sure till it's tried," said Adam. "Own any stock in the logging road?"

"I put in two hundred and fifty."

"What's it worth?"

"I'd call it worth about a brass pants button."

"Huh. Give you a dollar for it, Kitteridge, and promise to divide with you even anything I can sell it for over 'n' above that."

"What's the joke?"

"Ain't any joke," said Adam. "Is it a deal?"

"Anything I get is so much to the good. I'll just ride with you."

"Get the stock," said Adam. He paused. "And," he added, "forget the trade. May be some lawing. You're hired."

Kitteridge smiled. "What lawin'?" he asked.

"When it comes and if it comes I'll tell you," said Adam.

From that afternoon the village watched Adam as it watched the other members of the finance committee. The war was on, as everybody knew it must be sooner or later. It was a welcome subject for conversation. Bets might have been made, but no one seemed willing to hazard good money on Adam. He had gotten himself a sudden reputation for smartness. That was an asset. Now it looked as if he had made a fool of himself, as if he had allowed the enemy to bamboozle him unmercifully. If he failed he would look ridiculous, the laugh would be on him—and he would revert to his old position of uselessness as the town loafer.

But, closely as the town watched Adam, it saw nothing. He did not go near the woodworking company in an effort to collect the notes; he held no interviews with Quigley; he did not go to the city to discuss with the First National Bank the mortgage it held on the plant. He did nothing but walk about, sit in the bank, drive into the country once or twice—and whittle.

A week passed and he had taken no step; to all appearances he had surrendered, lain down under fire. Damaris Ware, who had taken to keeping an eye on him of late, could not force herself to this belief. Ever since the day he had told her he was not ready to know her yet he had intrigued her, and it became a point of honor with her to show him she was as smart as he. But, if he were doing anything, she could see no sign of it. She encountered him in the post office.

"Don't forget you promised to go out to the lake with us," she said.

"Changed my mind," said Adam.

"Why?"

"Looked wise to change it."

"After you got yourself elected on the finance committee you told me you were ready to know me—whatever that meant."

"Changed my mind on that too."

"Why?"

"Discovered I wasn't ready—yet."

"When you get ready," she said coldly, "you may find I'm not ready to have you. I don't generally beg young men to be my guests."

"That's for you to say," said Adam.

"I can't understand you," she said irritably.

"Some day you will," said Adam.

"And when will that be?"

"Can't say," said Adam.

She regarded him frowningly. "People are laughing at you," she said.

"Laughing loud?" he asked.

"Just snickering. They say you were only a flash in the pan. They say you aren't even making a fight."

"What do you say?" Adam asked.

"I ——" She hesitated. What did she say? She could not make herself believe Adam Kidder would take a thrashing without putting up his fists. There was something about him, personality, an emanation, which instructed her to be cautious before she arrived at a conclusion. "I," she said after an interval, "think you're up to something. I know you're up to something."

"Know it, do you?"

"Yes, and I'm going to find out what it is."

"Smart girl," said Adam, as if to himself. "You and I would make a great team."

"What's that?" She was surprised almost off her balance. This came close to being a declaration of sorts, and even very secretly she had not thought of Adam in that way. At least she had never admitted to herself that she had.

"If I get me a business," said Adam, "you'd make a good partner."

"Oh," said Damaris.

"Afternoon," said Adam.

Next day Westminster laughed aloud at Adam. It had leaked out that he was buying up the stock of the logging railroad. Information as to the prices he paid was not obtainable, but the town knew that anybody who paid anything at all for it was out of his mind. Acquaintances jeered him as he strolled down Main Street.

"Hey, Adam, just been lookin' for you. Got a dead hoss I want to sell you!"

"Say, can I do you up a dozen post holes? Fust class condition."

"Better keep away from New York. They'll sell you Brooklyn Bridge."

The town humorists did their best, but Adam made no retort. He seemed not to hear.

One individual in Westminster, and one alone, did not laugh. That was Damaris Ware. One glimpse she had had of Adam's methods of arriving at a destination, and now she nodded her head. Adam was up to something, and the more oblique his approach, the more certain his success. But what did he have in mind? She would have given her summer's allowance to know, to be able to step up to the young man and tell him exactly what he had in mind.

Two days later, news passed around town to be caught up and laughed at and joked about *ad nauseam*.

"Adam Kidder's bought up the hull doggone loggin' road. Hear tell he's goin' to elect himself president and all the rest of the officers."

This was more or less of a fact. At any rate Adam had acquired practically all of the stock in that ramshackle concern, some by purchase, some by what amounted to gift, some, as in the case of Lawyer Kitteridge, on promise to share his profits if any. And the officers and directors, such as they were, had resigned. Adam was president of a railroad.

"Calc'late you'll be goin' into conference with them Vanderbilts and Chancey de Pew and Jim Hill and them," Editor Raddle called to him.

"Us railroad presidents," said Adam gravely, "have to stick together."

But it was Eli Ware who brought him down to earth. "That note of the woodworking company falls due in jest a week. What you calc'late to do?"

"Don't look like anything to do—but send it to protest," said Adam.

"You hain't makin' much of a fist at savin' the bank's money, be ye?"

"I figured I'd step down to the mill today and see if anything can be done."

"Huh. Steppin' and seein'. . . . This case demands more'n that."

"Maybe you're right," said Adam. "Everybody's right once in a lifetime."

He did go down to the mill and was admitted to the private office where the treasurer of the company assured him with a straight face that every effort was being made to meet the note, but that a further renewal of three months would be necessary.

"Three months more, eh? And what if the First National comes down with that mortgage you gave?"

"We'll hope it doesn't."

"Um. Couldn't pay, say, five thousand now?"

"Absolutely impossible."

"Wouldn't want to call up Mr. Quigley and ask him about it?"

"It would be useless. We'll do the best we can. If you push us at this time I can't say what will happen."

"Couldn't persuade Mr. Quigley to come on as indorser?"

The treasurer smiled. "Indorsing notes is one of two things Mr. Quigley never will do."

"I suppose the other one is chopping off his own leg with an ax."

"Something like it," said the treasurer.

"I want to be fair," said Adam. "You sure you can't do anything when the note falls due?"

"Positive," said the treasurer.

"That makes it kind of bad," said Adam. "Well, good afternoon."

He walked from the mill to the little shack which was the office of his railroad and there conferred with his engineers and firemen briefly. Next day the town laughed louder than ever, for Adam commenced to experience some of the griefs which come to a railroad magnate; his train crews went out on strike.

Not a train ran into the woods that day, nor the next, nor the next. The mill called up, to be answered by Adam in person.

"Say," an irate voice said, "what's the matter with logs, anyhow? Not a trainload in three days."

"We've got a strike on our hands," said Adam mildly.

"Well, you better get it off. There isn't more than three days' supply in the yard. If you make us shut down something'll drop."

"I hope we can get things settled up right away," said Adam.

At the end of the fourth day Mr. Quigley himself used the telephone.

"What's this foolishness about a strike?" he demanded.

"Does seem kind of ridiculous," said Adam.

"Well, you get those trains running tomorrow. Put on other engine crews. I'll send you some men."

"Don't know that I could have that. Might lead to violence. The strikers aren't in a good temper."

"Nonsense. You run those trains tomorrow." And he hung up the receiver.

But next day the strike continued. Adam's arguments seemed to have no effect upon his men; they remained obdurate. Quigley called again.

"Who's this speaking?" he demanded.

"Adam Kidder."

"And who are you? I don't know you."

"We're not as well acquainted as we might be," said Adam.

"Where's Jones?" Jones was the old head of the concern.

"Resigned," said Adam. "Maybe you didn't hear, but I've bought this railroad."

"You have! And got it into this mess! Do you know the trouble we have to start down if it doesn't get logs tomorrow?"

"Heard 'em say so," said Adam. "But seems as if it ought to get a strike on."

"I'm sending down four men in the morning to take out those engines," said Mr. Quigley.

"Better keep 'em at home," said Adam.

"What's that?"

"Keep 'em at home," Adam repeated. "This is my railroad. I own it. When I want some of your men I'll ask for them."

"And when I want those trains run, I'll run them," said Quigley.

"Then," said Adam, "take your coats off before you start, and put rosin on your knuckles."

"Young man, what are you up to anyhow?"

"Running a railroad," said Adam, "and I don't need any outside help."

"If that mill shuts down you'll be liable for damages."

(Continued on Page 179

Here and there one still finds the old English Chop House, with its ancient cockney waiters, its pickled beets and onion soup, its Southdown chops and three-inch steaks and savory rarebits

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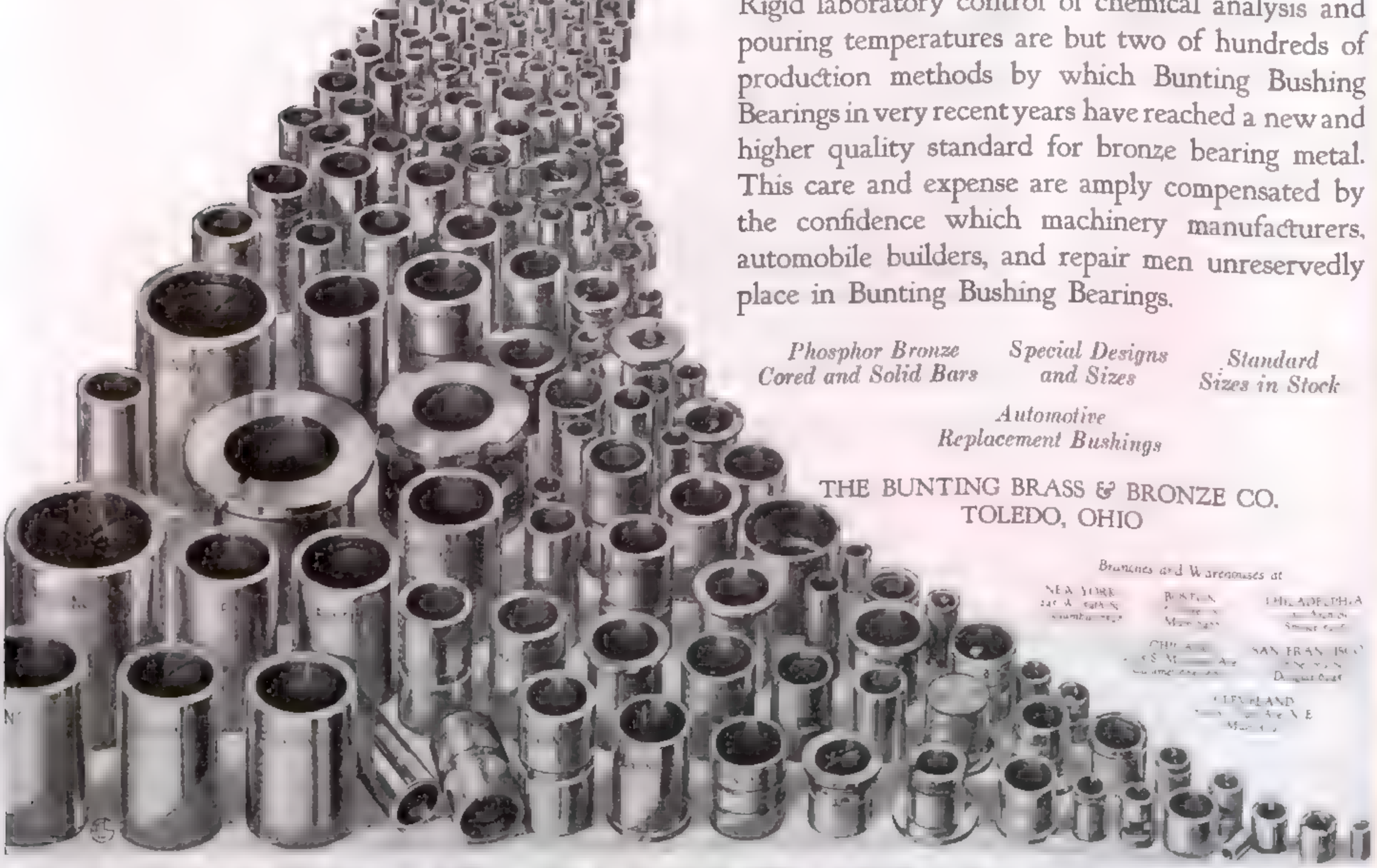

# BUNTING

PHOSPHOR BRONZE

# BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

Continued from Page 174

"Somethin' in the contract about strikes, boycotts, act of God and the national enemy, isn't there?"

There was, for Mr. Quigley had put it there for his own purposes. Adam heard a savage, strangled sound at the other end of the wire.

Then, "I'm coming to see you."

"Nothing to see me about. When the strike's settled I'll run trains."

"And meanwhile," said Quigley, "my logs are rotting in the woods. Don't you know enough about timber to know that it's got to be got out? You've got to haul four million feet in the next couple of weeks."

"Maybe you better start teaming them out. I can't promise anything."

"Teaming! If you've any brains you know we can't team logs out at this time of the year. Never get a load to the road."

"Too bad," said Adam. "I guess you'll just have to wait then."

And still the town laughed at Adam, harder than it had laughed before. His strike was exquisitely funny. But Damaris Ware did not laugh; she chuckled, and it was a chuckle of relief. Adam was up to something. Now, if she could just guess what it was her satisfaction would be complete. She went to Lawyer Kitteridge.

"What's Adam Kidder up to with his railroad?" she asked.

"Seems like he's got himself into a mess," Kitteridge said ruefully, for he had a sneaking fondness for the young man. "If he doesn't look out he'll get into trouble."

"How?"

"Damages. They'll be suing him."

"Who will?"

"The mill and Quigley. This is apt to give Adam a black eye he'll never get over."

"Oh," said Damaris thoughtfully. "He's damaging the mill and Mr. Quigley, eh?"

"The mill's shut down for want of timber, and the season's about where Quigley's logs 'll start to doze."

"Now," said Damaris, "isn't that too bad?" But her manner was not that of a girl bowed down by grief. On the contrary, one might have supposed from her dancing eyes that she was elated.

She went out and walked with the deliberate purpose of meeting Adam Kidder. Presently she saw him emerge from the bank and turn toward the railroad. She intercepted him.

"How much," she demanded, "will you give me to keep quiet?"

He peered at her a moment, then his eyes twinkled and he wagged his head.

"Smart," he said. "Smarter than a steel trap."

"I guessed it," she crowed.

"Been kind of disappointed if you hadn't," he said. "Um. Calc'late to talk about it?"

"Not for the world."

He nodded. "Afternoon," he said abruptly, but his brusqueness did not offend her. She rather liked it.

Adam found Mr. Quigley waiting for him in the office.

"I've been looking for you for two days," said that gentleman.

"So I heard tell."

"Then why didn't you come where I could find you?"

"Nothing I wanted to see you about," said Adam.

"You'd better see me and see me quick. I've stood enough of this nonsense. Tomorrow trains run into the woods."

"Don't seem likely," said Adam.

"Why not?"

"Strike," said Adam.

"I've offered to send you men."

"Can't use 'em," said Adam.

"Why can't you use them?"

"Walk with me a piece and I'll show you," Adam said, and stepped out upon the narrow track. A half mile brought them to the river and to the big trestle reaching across high on its log supports. Adam walked aside into the bushes and pointed. Mr. Quigley saw a wire running along the ground

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Strikers," said Adam.

"Strikers! What have they to do with it?"

"Goes down to the cribbing and supports of the trestle," Adam said. "Runs from a battery to a lot of dynamite. Those strikers have explosive fixed down there, and if a strike breaker comes in they're going to blow up the bridge."

"Well, you've discovered it, haven't you?"

"Here it is."

"Then trace back the wire and destroy the battery. Remove the explosive."

"I don't calc'late to fool with the stuff. Not I."

"Then let me send some of my men who are used to handling it."

"No."

Quigley snorted. "How much longer do you think I'm going to stand this?"

"Can't say. If they blow up the trestle it'll be all of two months. Can't rebuild it in less."

"And have four million feet rot in the woods'"

"It is kind of bad—and bad on the mill too. They'd have to stay shut down, wouldn't they? And I hear prices have just gone up. Mean a big loss if they can't run."

"I'm glad you realize it," said Quigley savagely.

"You'd lose about fifty thousand, wouldn't you?"

"Every cent of it," said Quigley.

"If the mill shuts down the overhead goes on, doesn't it? Costs a lot to have a mill shut down. Even with the crew laid off it'll cost three-four thousand a month."

"It will," said Mr. Quigley.

"I been kind of studying their output. Let's see. On this raise in prices they ought to be showing a profit of ten thousand a month. They'd lose that too."

"They would," said Mr. Quigley. "So you want to get this thing cleaned up tonight so you can run tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow," said Adam.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Adam, "that this is a permanent strike."

"What?"

"It's going to last forever."

Quigley stared; he could not believe his ears.

"I've a strike on my hands. Neither you nor the mill can claim damages, for the contract specifically sets forth that interference with trains by strikes shall be no cause for action. If you try to step in and run my road the strikers will blow up the trestles. They're in an ugly humor. Then the road can't run. They'll blow up trestles as fast as I can build them."

Quigley was nonplused. There seemed no sense to it at all, and his rage gave place to bewilderment.

"Do I understand you want to have the strike continue?"

"Well, there aren't any witnesses here, so I'll admit I do. It's a permanent strike."

"What do you want? A boost in rates? More money?"

"Let's look ahead," said Adam. "You own a lot of timber. The only way you can get out economically—or at all—is over my road. I can keep the mill from ever getting another stick. You can't supply it from farmers' woodlots, you know. And I own this road, lock, stock and barrel. You're bottled and the cork's in, Mr. Quigley."

"What d'ye mean? What's the idea? What are you holding me up for?"

"Not holding you up. I'm a collection agency, Mr. Quigley. The bank loaned your mill thirty-five thousand dollars. Then, in violation of decent business methods, you slapped on a mortgage of seventy-fifty thousand, making our note worthless. It was crooked, Mr. Quigley. It was crooked on purpose."

Quigley's teeth bit into his lips and his fists were clenched, but he was wordless.

"So," said Adam, "the strike continues until the bank gets its money!"

"You—you ——"

"Calling names don't help," said Adam. "And the note isn't all. Folks in this town invested in your mill. You intend to gouge them out of their investment. When that mortgage is foreclosed you will bid the plant in—and everybody else will be out. You'll have a fine plant and equipment paid for out of other folks' money. We got to have that twenty-five thousand dollars back."

"I'll see you ——"

"Suits me," said Adam phlegmatically. "But I'll break you, Quigley. This is a start. This will hurt, but it won't finish you. But I'll keep after you until you've dropped your last penny. You get your chance now to do a reasonably decent thing. Pay up the note, pay back the folks—and we'll call it a day."

"Not by a jugful."

Adam shrugged and took out his watch.

"You've got five minutes to make up your mind. At the end of that time if you haven't promised to write your check for the amount—and if you can write it and make it good—why, I'm afraid the strikers will blow up this trestle. Half a minute gone ——"

Quigley used language; he stamped, he pleaded, but to it all Adam only lifted his shoulders.

"But," said Quigley, "suppose I do what you say—you'll still have this railroad to hold over my head. Any time you want to you can blackmail me for something else."

"True," said Adam. "Four minutes."

Quigley bit his lips, then, explosively, the words came, "You win—but on condition you sell me this logging road."

"That's reasonable," said Adam. "I'll sell."

"How much?"

"One hundred cents on the dollar. What was paid into it."

Mr. Quigley sighed. He wilted, was deflated. "Let's get it over with," he said. "But, young man, don't think I'm going to forget this."

"Got a check book?" asked Adam.

"Yes."

"Then we'll walk to the bank."

In twenty minutes the two sat at the table in the committee room, where Mr. Quigley signed three checks, one to the bank, one to Adam as trustee for the villagers, and one to Adam himself for the railroad.

"How's your account here, Mr. Quigley? Just a minute till I see if these are covered."

"They are," Quigley said. "I deposited money from the sale of some West Branch timberland yesterday."

"And here," said Adam, "is the stock of the railroad, signed in blank. Good afternoon, Mr. Quigley."

Mr. Quigley went out heavily; Adam attended to the transfer of money from Quigley's account as called for by the checks, and then quietly left the bank—himself the richer by eighteen thousand dollars for the transaction. His little patrimony of a couple of thousand was growing. He was satisfied. In Westminster a man with twenty thousand dollars was far from negligible.

He walked up the hill upon whose slope stood Eli Ware's home. Eli was invisible, but Damaris sat on the stoop. Adam paused. He walked up to the steps. Damaris looked up.

"Father's not home," she said.

"Didn't stop to see Eli."

"Then why did you stop?"

"First call I ever made on a girl," said Adam. "Never was ready before. Ready now."

Damaris' eyes gleamed. "Then you—you've done it! You've collected the money!"

"It's in the bank," said Adam, "along with considerable of my own. Well, I got to be going along."

"This isn't much of a call," Damaris said, her eyes twinkling.

"Better'n none," said Adam over his shoulder.

And Damaris giggled.

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# FLORA AND FAUNA

(Continued from Page 7)

Yet there was truth in it. As she told him, he remembered who she was—the orphan daughter of that fantastic Western millionaire, Ezra Dunn, who had died when she was a child. He had lived before the time of success stories and Rotary Clubs; he made millions, and yet had time for vices, race horses, undisciplined charities and extravagant spending. Money-making, as he made it, was an amusing diversion. When he died, he left his child to the care of his sister, Flora's Aunt Emma. Charles, listening to the girl, remembered something his mother had said at the dinner table a few nights back about bewildered Westerners on an Eastern shore. His mind clicked.

"Has my mother called on you?" he asked.

"Is she Mrs. Henry Moore? She was darling to me. But Aunt Emma did most of the talking." Aunt Emma was in New York for the day, shopping. "She doesn't like the tapestries in the upper hall, so she's gone in to buy some new ones. She won't wait to let things grow on her. She rushes right out to buy new ones. That's why we've always moved. We lived in fifteen houses in ten years, I do believe. Not counting all my schools. But I hope we'll stay here."

"Aren't you of age?" he asked.

"Next June," she said.

"Don't you move," said Charles succinctly. "This is the place for you."

"It's beginning to agree with the dogs," she admitted seriously. "Have another cake"

Then Aunt Emma paraded in and the tea party became a field of strategy rather than a field of play. Aunt Emma, who was the widow of Mr. Adam B. Barton, the big baking-soda manufacturer, was one of the most smartly dressed women on the Atlantic Seaboard. She met life, which had so often tricked her, with a poker face; so she hid her amazement at man-hating Flora behind the tea urn, talking happily with Charles Moore. She knew the young man; she knew who his mother had been and what his future was. Not such a lot of money, but the right background.

"How do you do?" she said to him carelessly, as if young men were so thick around her that she positively stumbled over them. Yet she made him feel his own individual charm. She admitted that she liked the country and the house. It was hard in America to get a house of the right size. Most of the available ones were too large. She alluded to some of the houses they had had abroad.

"You've lived around a lot"

She blamed it all on Flora's education, yet he remembered other girls who were educated without such peregrinations. Charles understood Aunt Emma before she had talked a quarter of an hour. She had money and ambition, but her imagination was not subtle for her prodigious schemes. She would not wait patiently for a ripe social harvest; she wanted everything to bloom in the early spring of her campaigns. When it didn't, she angrily sold the house, declared she couldn't stand Biarritz, Southampton, Watch Hill—whatever place it happened to be—and on she would move. On this hectic course, through the years, she had dragged with her the serious, bewildered child.

"I'm glad to see you here, Mr. Moore," Aunt Emma said, as he left. "And I hope you'll come again. My little Flora sees too many dogs"

"Don't you like men?" he said to Flora, as she walked across the terrace with him when he was leaving.

"I never have known any. I suppose Aunt Emma has been saying I'm too interested in dogs. She's always telling people that. Why can't I be let alone? I've got the very finest dogs, and I couldn't collect the very finest men. I'd have to take my chances with those who offered themselves. It doesn't seem so interesting to me. I wish you'd make Aunt Emma understand."

"I'll try to," he said, like a perfect idiot, as he took her little square hand in his. "I'll be back again." He wanted to save this crazy girl—from a future he could only vaguely define.

He discovered within the next few days that that exquisite, capricious lady, his mother, was giving a garden party.

"Did you ask the Dunns?" he inquired.

"I believe I did. I asked everyone. Why?"

"Curiosity." He made her a face. "She'd trim any garden—Miss Dunn."

"They say she's queer," said his mother, delightedly, as women are over one another's frailties. "They say she is dog mad, and never goes out."

"Does anyone ask her?"

"My dear, they've been here only a year, and half of that time they've been abroad. None of the girls know her. She was educated in all the wrong capitals of Europe."

"She's damned pretty," said Charles hotly. "And she's got none of these foolish finishing-school mannerisms."

Mrs. Moore cocked her expressive eyes. She had seen Charles through a great many passions, and she was not worried now.

"I'll be nice to her, Charles darling. Why not telephone her and urge her to come? She may be party-shy."

"That's an idea. Will you be nice to her?"

"I'll positively gush over her. Perhaps I had better bark at her."

"Don't be a cat."

But he wandered idly out of the room, and almost directly made for the telephone. Flora was expected to be home shortly, so he took his car and rode over the seven miles to her place.

It was a heavenly early July afternoon, and he found Mrs. Barton in sheer filmy white, lying in a long chair on the terrace. Flora had gone down to the kennels; one of the dogs was sick.

"They're just like children, those dogs, Mr. Moore," she said. "If they haven't one thing, they have another. As far as I can see, they're her life. She gets them born, she feeds them and she trains them, and then she doesn't rest until they've won all the international awards."

"Just like a mother."

"Much worse. Mothers want to have a good time on the side, or more money to build a nice house in a better neighborhood, something for themselves; but not Flora. She wants all the dog advantages for her dogs. She cried her eyes out when one of her spaniels didn't get a royal blue at Stockholm last winter."

"Good night! Does she go farthest north for those dogs?"

"My dear, she showed last winter at Rome and then traipsed up to Stockholm."

"She needs a doggy husband."

Mrs. Barton made an indescribable face, as if Flora's necessities could not be catalogued. And then Flora walked in, looking a little dirty. She had spilled something on the front of her exquisite dress and her chiffon stockings were torn. Yet she seemed glad to see Charles.

Over tea, Charles pressed her about the garden party. Flora went a little pale and Aunt Emma bristled.

"You talk to her, Mr. Moore," she said. "I've given up."

There had been an immense scene about the garden party. Flora had said—imagine, Mr. Moore—that she simply couldn't go, after Mrs. Moore had called and been so charming. But Flora had made an appointment with Doctor Winn, the vet, to look over thirteen sets of dogs' teeth on the garden-party afternoon and she simply couldn't break it. It wouldn't be professional.

"But, my dear girl," said Charles, "my mother would be awfully put out if she knew you had passed her up for a dog doctor. Anyway, I bet five dollars Winn and his wife are going too. She asked everyone!"

"I can't break it," she said fiercely. "Anyway, I'd rather not go—except for you and your mother. Parties frighten me."

"There, you see!" said Aunt Emma. "The girl is queer."

"All the more reason for going. I'll never leave your side," said Charles.

"You promise?" she asked. "You don't frighten me. But I can't imagine your talking about me or sizing me up the way other young people do."

"You leave it to me," said Charles. "I'll help you to see how the other half lives."

"The next time you come up," said Flora grandly, with the air of giving him a great treat, "I'm going to show you the dogs."

The garden party was a success. The nicest people came, and if dubs and bores were also there, eating enormously, staring stupidly, they were obscured by the gayer, noisier guests. Mrs. Moore's garden was at the apex of perfection. The lupins, as everyone said, were lovely, the dahlias utterly darling, and the flagrant blue of the delphiniums too delicious for words, as Miss Edith Tiverton, the president of the Perennial Garden group, gushingly put it. The wife of a visiting bishop dropped a plate of raspberry mousse in a bed of marigolds, so great was her ecstasy.

Flora was late. Charles had eaten three ices and borne with patience a lecture on the Fascisti by a man who had never been to Italy, when he saw her coming with her aunt. Flora looked frail and delicate beside that woman, beside the husky youth on her other side, whom Charles knew as Oats Sherrill, a young man who lived to raise sheep dogs.

"The devil!" thought Charles, suspecting this community of tastes.

"How perfectly lovely!" shouted Aunt Emma. "How charming everything is!"

"Great day," said Sherrill. "Great old day."

"Right," said Charles, giving him a hand. He turned to Flora. "So you came. The party becomes a success. Thousands of people feel new life rushing through their veins. Come and speak to mother."

"How lovely she looks!" cried Aunt Emma. "How perfectly charming!"

His mother, standing against a vine-covered wall, met Mrs. Barton's intense exclamations with a protective gushing return. But as Mrs. Moore's eyes fell on Flora, her manner changed. She leaned over the girl with a delicious tenderness.

"Flora Dunn!" she said. "How are all your nice dogs? My son told me how wonderful you were with them." Charles shivered at this lie. "You must come to see me soon."

She held the girl's hand while she talked; and Flora, saying little, looked up into Mrs. Moore's face with the trustful curiosity of a kitten. Eventually Charles detached Flora and led her to a table in a secluded corner of the terrace. He summoned a maid, who kept coming back with plates of this, that and the other thing.

"Rush up the mousse and cakes, and two charlotte russes, Hilda," he ordered.

"Is this a garden party?" said Flora, arranging her plates. "It looks like a lunch."

"Oh, we have to feed these people. So many come for the food. You can look at the flowers later."

"I don't know a rose from a peony. But I think they're all sweet," she admitted. "Does your mother plan all this?"

"My mother is a frightfully clever woman. She knows a good thing when she sees it. She liked you."

Flora's eyes—her reflective, considering eyes—opened.

"Do you really think so?" She wore a creamy embroidered frock, which made her

Continued on Page 185

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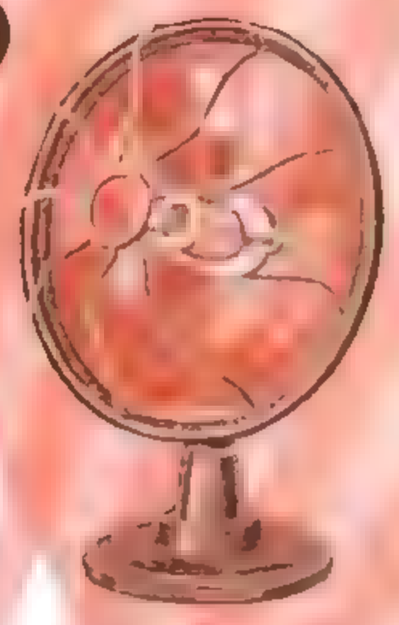

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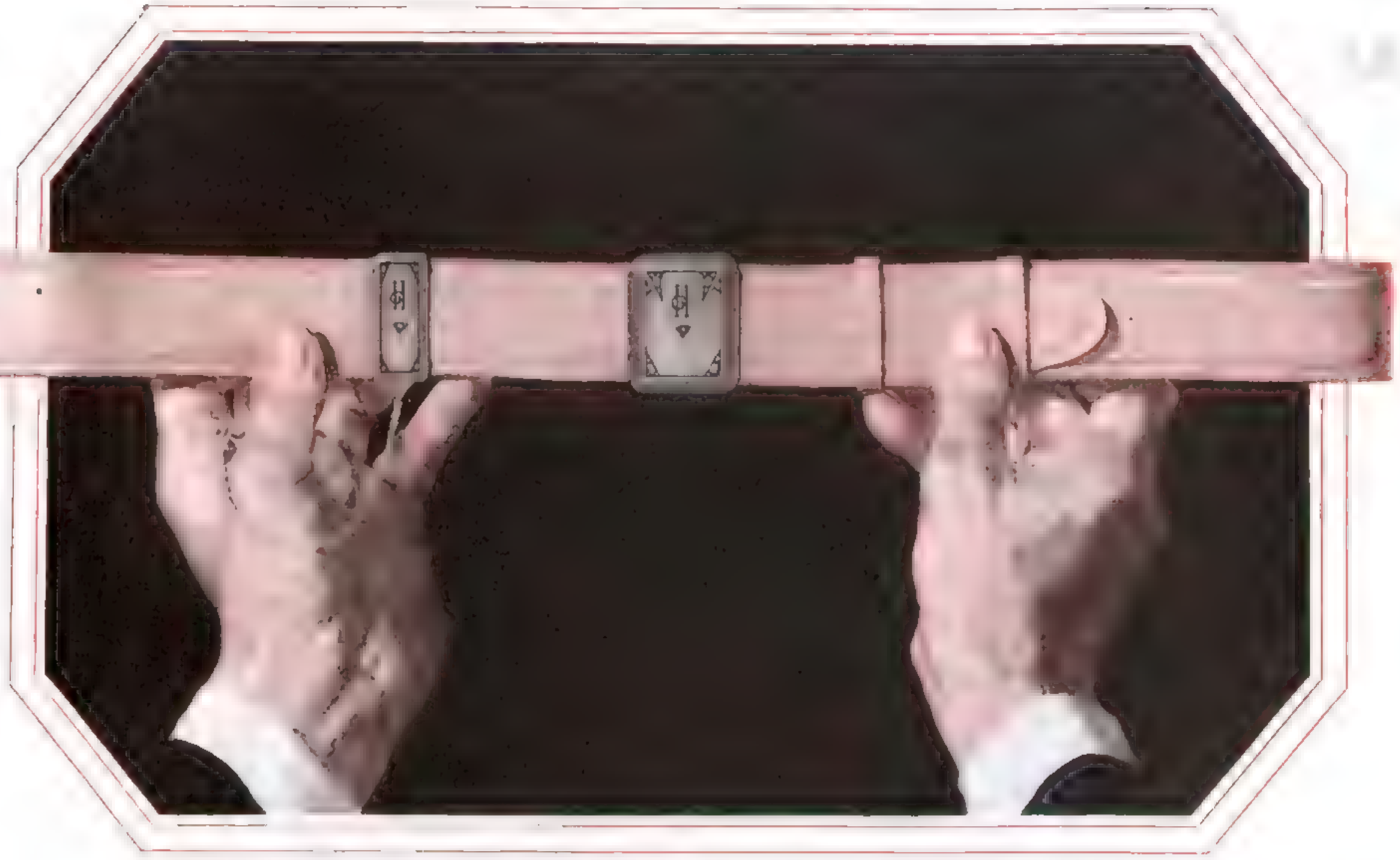

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# HICKOK

## BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

(Continued from Page 180)

skin very fair and her red hair golden. "Isn't she known for her taste in flowers?" Flora ignored the tribute. "I'd like to know your mother. But I haven't anything to offer her."

"You have your youth."

"That is a detriment." She shoved her floppy Parisian hat around on her head until she had it tilted at a comfortable angle over one eye. "Youth is a bore to intelligent people," she went on, "unless they like to boss, as Aunt Emma does."

"All parents are slave drivers," commented Charles.

"Do you know, Mr. Moore," she blurted out, "I have never had a friend?"

"What?" gasped Charles. "You? You favored one?"

"Oh, I mean a real friend. . . . Isn't this mousse divine?" She held a spoonful in the air, admired it and slid it in her mouth. "You know what school friends amount to—your dearest, sweetest friends! Then they go back to Cincinnati or Denver, and come out and marry and have babies and play golf and never write another line! It was the same abroad; I have perfectly gorgeous friends in Leipsic and Geneva, but I shan't ever see them again. Even when I went to visit them, Aunt Emma would come along."

"You don't think much of your aunt, do you?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"Oh, a good woman, but too bossy. She is so sure that her idea of the right thing is the right thing. She'd rather be smart than save her soul."

"Why not marry and be free?"

"Never!"

"Ridiculous! In no time at all, you will marry."

She stared at him, with an expression of weighing his words, as if what he said was important—an adorable wifely mannerism.

"I know better," she said. "Some men might want to marry me for my money, but I should not want to marry them. I have an ideal, and when I find him, he will probably never look at me, or be already married to a stout, plain woman with four children."

"Steal him from her."

"I'm too timid. Anyway, I don't like men."

"Don't you like me?" he asked boldly.

"I like to talk to you. You don't seem awfully uppish, like most men."

"Be careful, I'm dangerous. A woman never marries an ideal; she marries someone who's been hanging around, to whom she confides secrets, and whom, suddenly, some dark moonlit night, she can't bear to let slip to some other woman."

"That's not romance. That's habit."

"It's marriage," pronounced Charles. At which stirring moment, Mrs. Charles Balderidge, of the County Dog Show committee, stalked down upon them to ask Miss Dunn's advice about posters. Charles could have killed this intruder, but she was only one of a series. There came a senile old man who kept cocker spaniels; later, as they walked in the rose garden, a young man who had tried to buy a beagle Schnitzer in Poland told Flora a tale of woe about customs.

How absorbed, how alive she became as she listened and advised! She was so much less somber, so much more confident.

"You really like these dogs?" said Charles, in a moment between conferences.

"They are my life," she said, "the darlings!"

He almost gave her up then. But later he danced with her—she danced divinely.

"Are you going to the Watsons' Saturday night?" he asked her.

"I am supposed to go to Long Branch with some dogs."

Charles groaned, "Oh, my gosh, you can't go on this way!" How could he tell her that if she were not seen at the Watsons' ball, she might just as well not be seen at all? She was not impressed.

"Those funny-looking people?" she said. "I can't afford not to show my sheep dogs. They're too good."

Aunt Emma was signaling from across the room. It was time to go home.

He telephoned her before the dance, but she had gone to Seabright. He telephoned a week later, and still she was not home. He became immersed in plans for a concrete garage in the Bronx—the Motor Home Complete—and for several days he forgot her. His boss gave him stupid things to do, yet some of the stupid things were not so stupid.

One hot afternoon, going home in the train, he sat with his head buried in a book. Someone sat down beside him, and looking up, he met the eyes of Flora. Gosh, how he had missed her!

She was carrying a big book, a small bag and a box of candy. She had been to Buffalo, Rochester, Allenhurst, Philadelphia and Providence, and her hat was slightly on the back of her head, as if she had been running all the time.

"I've seen the most sumptuous kennels in Rochester. I'm going to rebuild mine at once. I've got to have more room."

"You don't say!" said Charles sympathetically. "Family getting larger?"

"Two hundred, of all sorts. The place at Rochester made me ill—it was so lovely."

"When are you going to begin?" "This madness," he wanted to add.

"As soon as I can get an architect." Even as she spoke, excitement seized her. "How silly!" she cried. "I've been wondering where I could get an architect, and here's one beside me! You've simply got to make the plans. The man in Rochester said he'd be glad to help. Please, Charles Moore!" She was pulling his sleeve.

Charles was irritated. Was the head which he had filled with Norman houses, Gothic arches, old Roman baths, to be wasted on a mad girl's dream of dog kennels?

"My dear Miss Dunn ——" he began.

"Oh, come, you know you can do it," she said encouragingly. "The Rochester man will help."

"Look here," he shouted, "I do my own drawings!"

"You will do them then?" she said gleefully.

"I'm not the head of the firm. I'll have to ask Mr. Scammel. You'd better see Scammel yourself."

"Will you take me," she said—"tomorrow?"

"I don't know whether the firm will touch it," he said loftily.

"It's not an ordinary dog kennel."

"I know, I know. The dog home beautiful. The doggies' palace. I'll ask Mr. Scammel. Then if he wants to see you ——"

She let it go at that, and opened her book, a tome lately translated from the German on the diseases of the beagle Schnitzer. She read Charles excerpts and he wondered at himself for enjoying the sound of her voice

The great Scammel, the next day, roared with laughter. Years ago he had designed a series of warehouses for old Ezra Dunn; the eccentricities of that man had enthralled him. Moreover, Scammel had an eye to business.

"Some day, Moore, this child will be building herself a home; why shouldn't you have the fun of designing it?"

Charles assented. Already he couldn't bear to picture Flora in a home that he hadn't built for her. Therefore, Saturday found him following her around her estate. Her plans for her dogs were worthy of a man's effort. They involved the destruction of a coach house, the erection of a main building, an estate office, a dog hospital, kennels, runs, and a new house for keepers. Trees, sheds, hedges and shrubbery were to be torn down, moved, replanted.

Charles found it hard to listen, to jot down suggestions, because Flora was so entrancing to watch. She wore an old fawn-colored riding habit and no hat; her red hair shone in the sun; her serious eyes measured, considered, estimated; her crisp voice issued orders.

Charles moved in a daze of ignorance. How far ought a sheep dog to run? What relation did a dog's head have to the size of its doors and windows? Which dogs could be together and which would meet to fight? Yet Flora's competency was comforting.

"Make your plans and I'll correct them," she said. "What I want is a scheme and costs. Please make it awfully good, won't you, Mr. Moore? Good for a lifetime."

"I object to that," said Charles. They sat at last in the library, where a servant had brought cool drinks. "I object to your building your life around dogs."

"Why not?" said Flora. "Aren't dogs as sensible as bridge or horses or making one's own underwear?"

"Don't be a ninny," said Charles, passing her the chocolate cake. "Have your dogs, enjoy them; but don't institutionalize them, don't become their slave."

"Most women are slaves of something."

"Slaves of men, of children; but not of mere animals."

"Don't say 'mere animals,'" she said crossly. "You have no idea ——"

He set down his glass and pointed his finger at her.

"I know what you're going to say," he said warmly—"dogs are better than people. They're not. They're all right in their place, lying on the rugs, licking the hands, loping across the lawn. But they're no substitute for life." Flora stared at him, amazed; never had anyone sermonized her before. "Your dogs," he went on fiercely, "are your defense; you are afraid of life."

To his immense awe, he saw her lip tremble.

"But what do you think I should do?" she quavered.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't know people. Aunt Emma says I like the wrong ones. So I avoid them all. Oh, Mr. Moore, you don't know what it is to be the way I am!"

"I wish I did," he said enviously.

"I am so alone," she burst out. "The only relatives we have are some people out West whom Aunt Emma cuts. I never meant to cut them, but I've always been dragged here and there. That's what Aunt Emma calls ——" She stopped suddenly and looked at him questioningly. She liked him, she felt safe with him, but why should she hand over to him these feelings she had choked within her? Would he not run out to tell all the smart young women of the countryside the inside story of Flora Dunn and how she hated her aunt? Besides, men hated women who talked about themselves. "I'm finished," she said lamely. "There's no reason why I should bore you."

"There is," he said. "I like you. I want you to be happy. Why won't you go with me to the Averys' ball Saturday night?"

She shook her head—"Oh, no."

"You're asked, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, but who cares whether I come or not?"

"I do."

She shook her head emphatically.

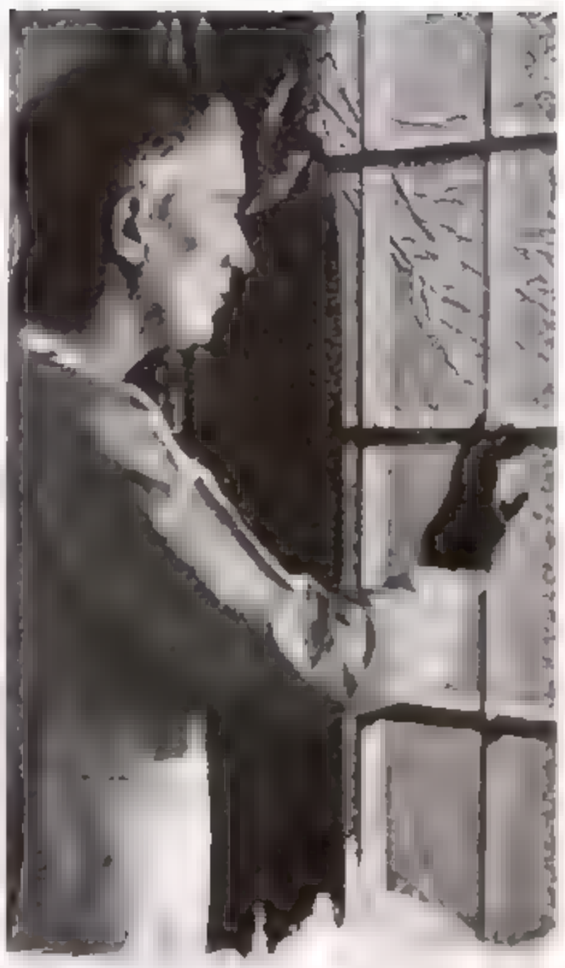
"You feel sorry for me now."

"Oh, rot! You're coming with me. The dance was invented for girls like you. I meant it. People think it's queer that you don't go."

"You don't understand," she said. For years she had been waiting for an ear into which to pour her troubles; it was strange that the ear should be a young man's, who would be bored and go away, but something within her had welled and broken, and she could not stop talking. "You must understand. I've always been pushed by Aunt Emma, where I wasn't wanted, and I felt it, and drew back, and then she was angry and dragged me somewhere else. You must have heard about my coming out in New York?" He shook his head.

"I've been abroad for three years."

"It was awful," she said. "Awful! I couldn't sleep for days afterward. Aunt Emma hired people to help her and they misled her. She invited people she hardly knew, people she had met at hotels, crossing on steamers, all the girls I had ever gone to school with. She hired a press agent. She rented a house. She did everything on

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the grand scale, and yet she didn't worry when I told her that Mrs. Hicks' girls were coming out the same night and that the Johnsons were having a big ball. You know what that meant—the Hicks girls. Well, the big night came, and at eleven o'clock there were about twenty couples dancing around the ballroom—all the wrong people. About midnight a mob of people crashed in and almost immediately went away. They saw me, I suppose, dancing around with some unknown boys—and Aunt Emma braving it out with some fat women she'd met at Biarritz. When I went into the dressing room to powder my nose, I heard some girls laughing. 'Let's get out of this washout,' said one. 'Money will not win all,' said another. I was asked to some dances after that, but I never went. I can't make Aunt Emma understand. But you see, don't you? You see why I prefer dogs?"

"I do," he said solemnly, a little chokily. "You're quite right. The nasty vultures!" He wanted to put his arms around her, but instinct told him that a romantic gesture was not enough. "But you must go out now," he commanded. "It's different here in the country. People are kinder, and you won't need anything to swing it but yourself. You'll be thought distant, snobbish, if you don't. Listen, why don't you go to the Averys' with us? I'll get my mother to ask you to dinner first."

"I couldn't—after having told you. Leave me to my dogs. Why, aren't they my career?"

"No man ever leaves a girl like you to her career."

In the end he won her over. His mother was astonished when he told her the story, but she had liked Flora Dunn, and something within her warmed to the idea of giving beauty its due. She telephoned twenty nice people to come to dinner, and Flora, at the party, felt herself beginning a colorful adventure. If this was pleasure, it was worth suffering for. Strangely enough, her pleasure was accentuated whenever she encountered Charles' eyes or whenever his arms held her in a dance. She liked best of all the release his presence gave her tongue.

"Good night, my dear audience," she said, when he left her. It came over him as a happy portent, that all through the evening she had not mentioned a dog.

Yet the dog was the constant theme of her days, and inevitably of his as well. One of the junior partners came out to superintend the making of the plans, but after they had been executed, the job was turned over to Charles. He lived in the neighborhood, and he seemed, according to the junior partner, to have an extraordinary flair for rural work. He saw Flora almost daily.

Late one August afternoon, he drove over to Covers Mills from his train. Flora had been away showing dogs at a Rhode Island show and he was impatient to see her. As he rang, Mrs. Barton herself crossed the hall.

"Charles, my dear," she said desperately, "thank God you've come! Perhaps you can do something."

"What's the matter?" he gasped.

"Nothing essentially calamitous. But to Flora ——" She raised her hands as if words were useless symbols. "Three of the Circassian sheep dogs have died. Took sick on the way back from Providence and died an hour ago. Flora had raised them from birth. She's in the library, crying."

The flags of the world went at half mast, the birds stopped singing. Flora was crying. He turned down the hall and burst into the library. There she crouched in a big chair, sobbing still.

"Oh-ah-oh!" she cried, looking at Charles. And for answer, Charles reached down and swept her into his arms.

"Don't cry, my darling, don't cry." If against his principles she was crying for lost dogs, he forgave her. She continued to cry in his arms until she noticed where she was.

"Is this pity or affection?" she moaned, pulling away.

"This is love," said Charles, holding her. "Don't you know it when you see it?"

"I've never seen it before. Oh, Charles darling," she cried, "it was so tragic to see them dying!"

"What was that you called me?" said Charles, turning her face up.

"'Darling,'" she mouned, and he kissed her blithely on the lips.

"We are now engaged," he announced. "Let us forget the dogs for bigger things."

"Oh, Charles darling, how can you be so heartless?" she sobbed. But he found it very easy; and so, in a few minutes, did she

The engagement caused a great stir. The New York papers carried photographs of Flora and her dogs, and reprinted the tale of her father. Mrs. Barton relished the detail with which the papers told just who Charles' people were.

Mrs. Moore, who faced all phenomena with superb calm, said to her husband, "She's a darling to look at, and who would sniff at money?"

Mrs. Barton, true to her type, wanted to sail to Paris to buy a trousseau. But Charles opposed her.

"No, she can't go, Mrs. Barton," he said. "I want her here. She's got thousands of clothes already."

"You're right, Charles darling," said Flora. "I need to learn to buy my own clothes."

Aunt Emma shivered. She had dressed Flora for ten years, and she dreaded the horrible sight of Flora self dressed.

"I feel sorry for you, Charles," she said darkly.

But Charles needed no sympathy. Flora was an enchanting companion, ecstatic with happiness; she was radiant, vivid, gay. He wanted to have her all to himself Now there were constant interruptions. They would be seated at tea and in would prance seven or eight dogs, let loose for an hour's recreation. Flora would embrace them all.

"Look, Charles, isn't he a duck? Did you ever see such markings? Do you see that nose? Isn't it perfect? When old Marcus saw that dog, he said, 'Lady, pardon me, lady, but I must congratulate you,' as if I were its mother. Wasn't that a scream, Charles?" Finally Flora would chase the dogs out. "There, there, dogs, beat it," she would say. "Your father's too tired." She would sit down solicitously, waiting for his next word, with that awe-struck Griselda manner.

"Promise," he would say, "that you will never talk baby talk to those dogs."

"I promise," she would swear

One night he went over to supervise the installation of an old English door in the head keeper's cottage, and found Flora in the library engaged with her private stud book. Semper Fidelis Second, the daughter of Triumphant Crescent Queen, by Warlike Woking Hyana, had given birth to five puppies, and Flora was setting these big facts down.

"In a moment, Charles darling," she sang out. "I must get this down straight."

When she had scratched and blotted, she jumped up and hugged him.

"Wonderful news for you."

"No! What?"

"Aunt Emma is dining at your mother's and you are to stay here. The cook is wearing herself out, cooking dinner."

Charles was properly rapt. At half past seven, Flora waltzed into the dining room in one of her best gowns and dragged him into the vast top-heavy dining room. They ate through to the fish, holding each other's hands. Then the butler came in, looking like an undertaker's agent.

"Beg pardon, miss," he said. "Henderson has rung up from the kennels, to ask if you will come down. He says it is most urgent."

An expression of abject terror came over Flora's face.

"Oh, Charles darling," she gasped, "it's Semper Fidelis! She was running a fever this afternoon."

"But your dinner," said Charles, crumpling his napkin. "Can't you finish your dinner?"

(Continued on Page 188)

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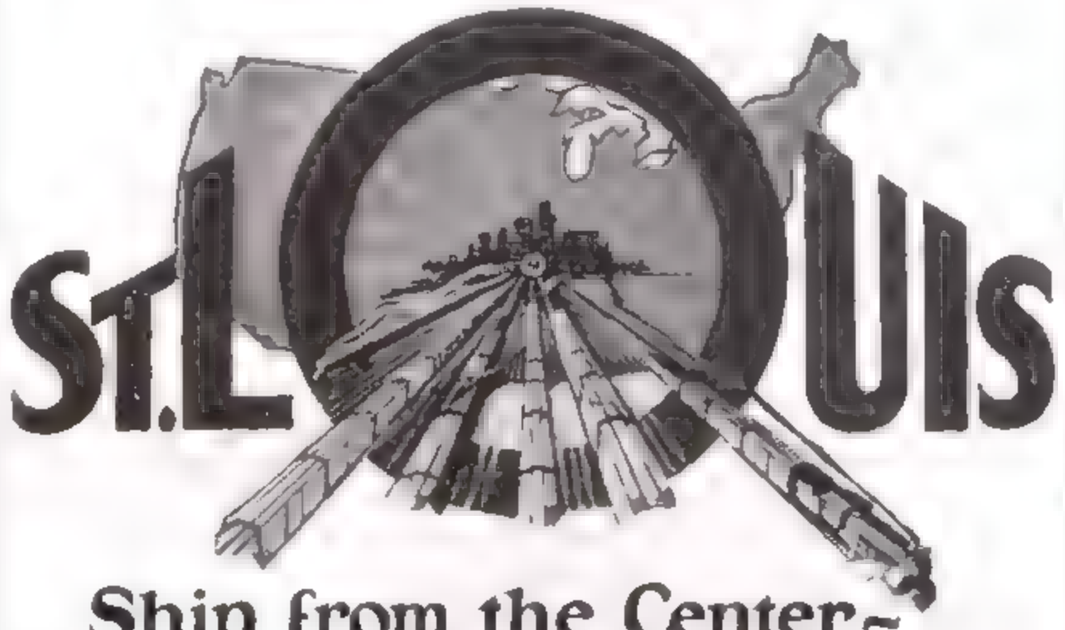


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*(Continued from Page 186)*

"I couldn't eat," cried the mad girl. "Prize dogs die so easily."

She was leaving, her eyes on Charles; would he come, or go on eating sole *soufflé à la dieppoise*, while a thousand-dollar dog died from the after effects of childbirth?

Charles, nonplused, took one last mouthful and followed. He sat for two hours in the coach house.

Flora showed admirable efficiency; she knew where to turn in the dog medical books, and she gave orders like a surgeon in a war hospital. But Charles regretted his lost evening. Later, having saved a mother's life, Flora sat in the dining room finishing her supper.

"Are you always going on like this?" asked Charles mildly. "I wish I were poor and you were poor, so that I could forbid you these hobbies."

Flora speared a piece of duck and waved it inelegantly at Charles.

"Darling, there isn't a flawless woman in the world. If I didn't go in for these dogs, I might be dragging you out to jazz all night, or to play bridge for large stakes, or I might be loony over birds and flowers. Can't you leave well enough alone?"

"But you wouldn't be rushing from dinner to find birds' nests."

"I might."

"Oh, don't be so silly," he said crossly. He felt mistreated, but short of actual violence, he didn't know what to do. He couldn't possibly kill two hundred dogs.

Their wedding was to take place in late October at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Woods, Covers Mills; and Mrs. Barton, like a landed proprietress, was importing a bishop and a canon and a vested choir. Flora wanted to be married, but she didn't give one tinker's dam about the wedding.

"I'd like a parson to come here in a flivver and say, 'How about you two getting married? One dollar is all it'll cost.'"

Obediently, she had clothes fitted and hats made. But she was much more excited about the Middle Atlantic Kennels show, scheduled for the first week in October, than she was about the paraphernalia of the wedding. The kennel beautiful, too, was almost finished. Dog fanciers came to marvel; magazines photographed the Tudor cottage; a Chicago magnate wired Charles, "Can you duplicate dog home Miss Dunn any price?" His confreres joked him about the canine Renaissance. He hated to open a magazine, to read of Flora's dogs or see Flora herself, chic, confident, leading beagle Schnitzers on a leash.

The Philadelphia show was to take place on a Saturday, and Flora and Charles were going down for the week-end. Charles was amazed at the magnitude of the expedition. Dogs were leaving for Philadelphia all that week, as trains leave the Grand Central on schedule time.

"You remind me of a train switcher, Flora," he said.

"But, Charles darling," she expostulated, "it's important. They must be rested before the show."

Some dogs went by motortrucks; others traveled by private baggage car. Expenses would run into thousands. Charles felt himself swallowed by a hobby he didn't believe in. He despaired ever of getting Flora's attention.

"Charles darling," Flora called eternally, "will you see to those crates?" "Charles darling, have they put in Mischief's biscuits?" "Charles darling, run up to the house and ask them for a hot-water bag." Worse, Flora wanted to spend part of the honeymoon showing her beagle Schnitzers at the International Royal Nordic Exhibit at Copenhagen.

The big blow fell Friday night, when he drove over before dinner. She met him on the steps, white-faced, tense.

"The most frightful thing, Charles darling!" she cried.

Charles envisaged burning kennels, a plague among the dogs, as he kissed her. Perhaps his hard young arms around her made her sure that he would fill the gap.

"What's the matter?"

"Robinson has come down with mumps and there's no one to go with the beagle Schnitzers. Charles darling, I'll have to go myself."

The spectacle of Flora, guarding four huge dogs in a baggage car, was ludicrous.

"You can't, silly."

"But who will? Someone must."

"Where's old Haskell?"

"Gone—yesterday. There's no one left with any sense at all." Charles offered himself. "Oh, Charles darling, would you mind? I'll give you written instructions."

He found himself rushing home, feeling like a fool, to get a bag. Flora was to go down in the sleeper that same night. He started at nine, to ride into New York with the dogs. Flora kissed him fervently in the darkness, and her slender arms, tight around his body, erased his irritation. For a long time he remembered Flora, not as the passionate dog fancier, but as a soft warm thing pressed against his heart. It was as if she fed his fancy while she cheated him of herself.

The four beagle Schnitzers were chained to the sides of the car and in two baskets sat two costly spaniels. The chauffeur was a youth named Bill who wanted to be a professional aviator, and who put his dreams into his driving.

"Look at me," he moaned to Charles, "driving these here dawgs to New Yawk! There's nothin' in this for me."

There was nothing in it for Charles, but he was only a fiancé! Meanwhile the dogs barked, howled, bayed, down through Westchester to the Bronx.

"Oh, shut up!" the chauffeur bawled, while Charles lit cigarette after cigarette.

They rode through a thunderstorm; they skidded dangerously.

"Them dawgs will sure be dizzy," laughed the aviator, as they straightened out after a curve.

"I'm dizzy myself," said Charles.

In the first fringes of the Bronx, Charles needed cigarettes. Taking a look at the spaniels, which had preserved a ladylike silence, he hopped down.

"Keep your eye peeled," he yelled at Bill, who was peering into the radiator.

When he returned, he had to plow his way through a crowd. His back to the radiator, Bill stood gesticulating to a policeman.

"If he says that, he's a dirty liar. Here was I, standin' here, like this, and he come along ——"

"He hoid me, and yet he walked right out—the dumb-bell," said Bill's assailant.

"Your name, please," said the policeman, approaching Charles.

It was past eleven, and the train left at 12:30. Arrested, the dogs might catch a mortal sickness in the police station; now, certainly, there was a good chance they might miss their train.

"The thing to do," said Charles, "is to give each other our names and addresses and consult lawyers. Bill, if Miss Dunn wants to sue, you can go to court as chief witness. Come on, let's get out of this." The policeman and the taxicab driver agreed. "You leave it to me, Bill. Miss Dunn will sue for damages."

Bill, reassured, climbed in, and they drove on. The dogs barked more to show their relief. When they drew up at the Pennsylvania Station and started to undo the curtains, Charles swore. The flaps had been ripped open and the spaniels, Mary Stuart Brockton and Brockton Burleigh Cleopatra, whom Flora had bought in London for five hundred pounds sterling, had been removed.

Charles looked nervously about; Flora might come darting down to the baggage car, to kiss the dogs good night before getting into her berth. But she was not in sight. Why should the theft of two dogs terrify a practicing architect? He unchained the four beagle Schnitzers and, aided by porters, passers-by, trainmen and loafers, hauled the unwilling dogs to the baggage car.

The beagle Schnitzers, not having gone to the World War, had not been disciplined

by military entrainment. Crowds gathered, suggested and jeered as the dogs barked and plunged, took fancies for remote passages, distant doors, Subway entrances, tried to leap over news stands, to bite passing spinsters. Charles thanked his Maker, once he had them chained in the baggage car, with a burly baggageman standing over them.

"Thim is fierce-lookin' animals to spend the night with," he said.

Bill departed, taking the truck back to Westchester.

"Don't mention those spaniels," said Charles. "Leave it all to me."

"Right!" said Bill. "An' pleasant dreams."

There would be no dreams and nothing pleasant. The baggageman, Sam, had slammed the doors and was sorting out his checks. The dogs sat in a row, gazing amiably about. The train started, rushed through the tunnel, out into the Jersey meadows, stopped at Manhattan Transfer, and then was off, charging through the night. It was raining, and on the station platforms the lights were gleaming blobs. Sam was a thin sardonic man, with a twisted mouth and a melancholy tongue. He talked with relish of bandits, crime waves, the queer things women sent by express.

"There was a woman come here one day with a glass of jelly in tissue paper, and would I take it to Trenton? I did, like a damn big fool. I put it there on that shelf —— Say, do thim dogs ever git hungry?"

Charles shuddered. Flora had written food rules on a large piece of expensive stationery. He read:

"Cocker spaniels—every three hours, beginning at one—milk and biscuit mashed." Well, that could be checked off. The beagle Schnitzers were to be given prepared biscuit and boiled water and chopped carrots. Flora had packed a basket; he remembered the look of anxiety on her face as she put in a can of boiled water. He remembered more—he had left the basket in the truck!

"Good night! What an ass!" he groaned. Sam was all sympathy.

"Say, buddy, it ain't goin' to hoit thim dawgs to live for a while like I do. When we git into Trenton we stop ten minutes, and I always git ham sandwiches for meself. I'll git a few bits of the bone for the dawgs, and a fine bucket of South Jersey water."

What could one do? The beagle Schnitzers were champing, moaning, growling. They must be nourished; yet was it safe to fill a million-dollar stomach with twenty-five-cent food?

When they pulled into Trenton, Sam hurried Charles out of the car, pointing to a lunch room whose lights glared on the street level. Sam meanwhile begged a pail of water from the station master.

"We could get biled water from the injun," he said, "but wot's the use?"

Charles returned in six miraculous minutes, drenched by the rain, to find Sam exercising the four beagle Schnitzers on the platform with the air of a mother showing off her young. Around him stood trainmen, newsboys, several Trentonians, who made varied comments. Sam was lecturing upon beagle Schnitzers.

"Yeah," he was saying, "look at them ears, the way they bend back."

"What did you do this for?" yelled Charles.

"Only a little change, buddy."

The crowd brightened up; perhaps there might be a row.

"It's worth half your life to get them into the car. Who's going to be responsible if they fall down between the wheels?" The crowd offered its help.

"Stand back!" roared Sam. "Thim dawgs is sinsitive. Now, old fellows," he cooed and called insinuatingly; but the dogs stood adamant, on the damp pavement, the rain sloshing down their stubborn heads, lifted against the sullen night. Sam pushed, hauled and cajoled. Finally a giant brakeman came along and lifted one of them in to Charles, who tied it, growling and struggling; then another. The two others pulled against their leashes, which were becoming dangerously slippery.

"Now, now, nice doggies," said Sam. The station agent's cat, a lank lady named Toots, chose that moment to emerge from a lair behind a baggage truck. The beagle Schnitzers took one glance, and the old Nordic latent in their dog-show decadent souls pulsed into life. They seized the bit in their mouths and fled—after Toots—into the outer darkness. Somewhere, in the puddles of the Trenton railroad yards, they cavorted after that cat.

It was impossible to do anything. Charles thrust a card, a ten-dollar bill and an offer of a reward into the station agent's hands.

"Not that I personally give one damn," he thought. "But Flora ——"

He climbed back into the car, contemplating his last two orphans of the storm, who were munching ham sandwiches, and shrugged his shoulders. He was a practicing architect and not a dog attendant. Flora would be frightfully angry, but Flora must get a sense of proportion. He was wet to the skin and had barked his shins, climbing into the car.

"Say, buddy, you lie down and take a nap," said Sam. "I swear I won't touch thim dawgs ag'in."

Charles curled up on a pile of blankets belonging to Sam, and shivering, slept. He dreamed that he was riding to the hunt, in the pouring rain; he rode all over Germany, Austria and into the Balkans, and finally he found himself alone in the chase, in at the death. The fox faced him and became a beagle Schnitzer that asked him for boiled water, and then suddenly Flora appeared in a brakeman's suit, asking him for the dogs' tickets.

"Their tickets, their tickets! Give me their tickets!" she shrieked, and he shrieked back, soundlessly, agonizedly.

He sat up in the car, and it was broad daylight. Sam was handing out boxes and barrels and what not, and a tall man in a cap was checking up lists.

"If he ever wakes up, git his ticket," said the man. Charles produced them.

"Where are those damn dogs?" he asked. "Don't tell me ——"

Sam chuckled. "You had a fine sleep, buddy. Here we are in Baltimore. And thim beasts slept too. There they are, asleep now."

There they lay on their blankets. As Sam approached them, Imperial Bystander opened her left eye, stared moodily at Sam, and then let the lid droop down, as if she had not the strength to close it tight. "I am in no mood to care," that eye said. And her brother, Royal Bystander Leo, was in quite as dreary a dream. His head slunk forward, his ears flopped flat, with none of his pristine energy. They were dogs pushed before their time into senility, into passive resistance, into Nirvana. A sword of suspicion shot through Charles' fearful mind.

"These dogs are sick!" he yelled.

Sam was sure they weren't—almost suspiciously sure. He had given them nothing to eat but a couple of sandwiches and some water. But he admitted, later, giving them a few pickles, and another brakeman had leaped in at Philadelphia and offered them something. He was not sure but that it might have been hot dogs.

"Oh, my hat!" moaned Charles. Now and then the dogs held their heads between their paws and moaned.

"Just a sick headache," said Sam comfortingly. "When do these dogs show?"

"This afternoon."

"Gee!" said Sam, sensing the seriousness of the international crisis. "Whose dogs are these, anyway?" Charles gave a sickly smile.

"My best girl's."

"Oh, you poor galoot, you!" said Sam. And at that moment, Flora, crisp, smart and utterly bewitching, appeared at the door.

"And how are all my poor darlings?" she cried, including Charles.

(Continued on Page 192)


# A Tip— from Roger W. Babson

TAKE seven steps in a straight line of thought with Mr. Babson! And you will have settled a business problem that has probably bothered you a long time. The following excerpt from a letter written by this distinguished economist simplifies the whole proposition.

".....Automatic Sprinkler equipments can be obtained on an insurance premium savings plan which allows their immediate cost to be spread over a period of years. This renders large initial cash investment on the part of the purchaser unnecessary. The situation as explained by the Sprinkler Companies is as follows, and I agree therewith:

1 Insurance premium payments are an unescapable annual expense. On such payments depends to a very large extent the stability of the whole credit structure of business.

2 The installation of Automatic Sprinklers immediately reduces this annual payment 50% to 90%, depending on various considerations of hazard, location, etc.

3 Without the protection of Automatic Sprinklers this possible saving cannot be made, or, in other words, a useless waste goes on continuously.

4 The plan referred to contemplates the gradual building up of a tangible property asset out of this unescapable insurance expense.

5 The plan further provides for accomplishing this desirable result without disturbing working capital position. In fact, it improves that position by making the property a better credit risk, as is evidenced by the fact that Dun's Reports always ask if a plant is sprinklered.

6 The plan secures the same immunity from fire, effective immediately, that would result from a cash purchase of a sprinkler equipment.

7 The plan secures the same reduction in premiums—a permanent cut in overhead expense—that would result from a cash purchase of a sprinkler equipment."

THROUGH the Grinnell Sprinkler Savings Purchase Company this plan is made effective to our customers. The broad plan outlined by Mr. Babson is subject to several modifications to suit the working capital and insurance savings position as they exist in individual cases. Write today for a carbon copy of Mr. Babson's remarkable letter in which he clarifies, in a new and vital way, the relation between fire insurance and fire protection.

This letter is particularly interesting to insurance agents and brokers who can utilize it with their clients to show them how to make their properties fire safe at little or no expense. Write for your copy today. Just mail the coupon.

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AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

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Please send me one carbon copy of Roger Babson's discussion, and information about the Grinnell Sprinkler Savings Payment Plan.

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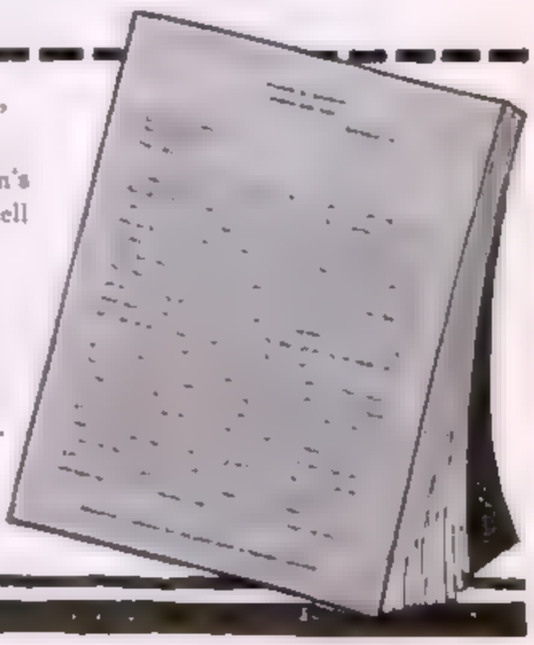

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MODEL B-36

Five tubes—199's or 201 A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Floor cabinet of choice mahogany woods with rich, two-tone brown finish. Enclosed Federal Speaker. Space for batteries. Without accessories $250

## Thousands hear the lifelike tone demonstration of the new *Ortho-sonic* principle

For many years before the advent of *home radio*, Federal telephone engineers dealt in problems of wire telephony. Thus they entered radio (*wireless* telephony) with a long "head start" in experience and in skill. The outstanding power, range, selectivity and tone for which Federal Radio Receiving Sets have always been noted, is conclusive evidence of this intimate experience.

Now comes another Federal achievement—a decisive stride forward. It is the ORTHO-SONIC principle of tone production—a new standard of lifelike radio entertainment, *radio reality*.

MAKE THIS ORTHO-SONIC TONE TEST

You look to radio for good entertainment—beautiful organ, piano, violin, orchestra or vocal music. You want to get the far distant station, if necessary. You want to cut out the other close-by stations. These things are, of course, easily done with Federal's unusual range and selectivity.

But, in addition, you *must have fidelity of tone.* You want to feel that the organ is in the room—or the orchestra, or the singer. Then make this Ortho-sonic Tone Test. We believe your decision to own a Federal will be made on the spot.

Visit the Federal Retailer. Or have a Federal delivered to your home. Tune in on a station featuring an organ program if possible.

Then "*Listen with Closed Eyes.*" Shut out the machine and the room. Let only your ears judge. Hear the deep round bass notes as they fill the room. Note the richness and majesty of the middle tones—the bird-like clarity of the upper tones. And do not forget that organ music is one of the hardest tests of radio receiving. The low tones are considered especially difficult to bring in. Once you experience a Federal Ortho-sonic performance

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ORTHO—SONIC

Federal RADIO

*reproduction corresponding exactly to the natural tones*

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Among critical navy experts, musicians, connoisseurs, Federal radio receiving apparatus has long stood in the topmost rank. None excelled it.

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

There is no radio apparatus "just like" Federal. The Ortho-sonic principle is an exclusive development—discovered and perfected by Federal wireless telephony experts. Your local Federal Retailer will gladly demonstrate. You will know him by the Federal Radio Retailer sign displayed in his window or store. If you do not quickly locate him, write us. We will promptly send his name and address.

BOOKLET, "RADIO REALITY," SENT FREE

"What special experience have you had that fits you to make a better radio than others?" asks the experienced radio user *before he buys.*

We answer in this new booklet, "Radio Reality." Please read it and know *why* Federal experts were first to discover the exclusive Ortho-sonic principle and *why* they were able to perfect it.

Read, too, about the Ortho-sonic Tone Test—the most impressive demonstration of *radio reality* ever made. It is fully described.

And, finally, see the complete line of New Federal Ortho-sonic Receivers pictured in all their modern beauty and described in detail.

Write at once. A copy will be sent to you *free.*

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*(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)*
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

The complete Federal line comprises nine beautiful models—a size and type to meet every radio requirement—from $75 to $[illegible]. In "B" and "C" models space is provided for all batteries—also for current supply devices which operate from most electric light circuits. The seven-tube "C" models are entirely self-contained, require no aerial—may be transported wherever desired.

*MODEL B-20*

Five tubes—199's or 201-A's. Balanced tuned radio frequency. Genuine mahogany cabinet with rich finish. Micrometer tuning controls. Space for batteries. Without accessories . . . . . $100

ORTHO—SONIC

Federal
RADIO

*MODEL [illegible]*
*large illustrated*
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# An exquisite little player piano—designed for use in restricted space

NOW you can have a Wurlitzer player piano that will fit into any niche of your home. It's amazingly compact, this Studio Player—only one inch over four feet high. Wonderfully light, too—easily moved from room to room.

***Beautiful in design***

And in spite of its diminutive size it is a beautifully designed, substantially built instrument of faultless taste and unquestioned superiority. It has the full 88 note scale, with clear, true, mellow tones and fine, full volume.

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*Sold by Wurlitzer dealers everywhere*

WURLITZER

Studio Player

PIANOS · ORGANS · HARPS · MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS


*(Continued from Page 189)*

For days Charles remembered the agony of that moment. He had leaped out upon the platform, and passers-by, even hardened railroad men who care not for appearances, had wondered who the dirty thug was making up to that nice rich girl.

"They're sick," he began frantically.

"They're sick? Who? Why?"

"I don't know. From something they ate, I guess."

"But their food was all prepared. Wasn't it all right?"

"It may have been. I didn't see it. You see"—he had to tell her—"I left that food in the car. Unless perhaps it was stolen when they stole the spaniels."

"What?" shrieked Flora. "Stole the spaniels?"

"Right there in the city. It isn't safe to stop a second on a street corner." He held his head for a moment, to collect his thoughts and steady himself. A thousand devils of pain made his head ache.

"But, Charles, what shall I do?" sobbed Flora. "Think of those darling spaniels!"

"Think of your darling Charles—asleep all night in that dirty car. Gosh, my head aches!"

"They cost five hundred pounds," she went on.

"The beagle Schnitzers cost more," he said crazily. The girl didn't care that he had a headache. He felt light-headed; he must be getting a cold, a nasty summer cold.

"Let me in to see them," she said. "No, for the four, I paid less—altogether."

"Well, you can sell these two at a profit. Because there are two less beagle Schnitzers alive now, I bet a dollar, running wild on the railroad tracks ——"

She gave a little scream; perhaps she could see the shivers of cold darting up and down his spine.

"You didn't let them run away?" Her voice was angry. She was clutching his sleeve, shaking him.

"I couldn't help it," he said piteously; "that brakeman let them out."

"Oh, Charles darling, how could you be so stupid?"

"But I wasn't stupid."

"I thought I could trust you," she moaned. All her life Flora had made plans, given orders and delegated responsibilities; few persons failed her. Now Charles, her beloved, had done this to her.

"What has this to do with trust?" he shouted. "I'm an architect, not a dog keeper. I like you all the better, Flora, for having lost a few dogs." She paled.

"Perhaps you had better not take any chances," she said evenly, "for I shall certainly take care not to lose any more." And she stuck in his pocket, with the clumsiness of a child, her engagement ring. Aghast, he stared at her. Then Oats Sherrill, the big dog breeder, came along, in new tweeds, clean and cool.

"Come over here, Oats," she said, "and help me with these dogs. Charles isn't feeling very well."

Charles found himself stalking down the platform, fingering a ring in his pocket. He must get on a train and go home. Better, he might get a room in a hotel and die there. He was sure he was going to die. He would show her. He wanted a bed and sleep, and an ice bag on his pounding head.

He got all these things, for days and nights, weeks and weeks. He adventured in a world which at moments he knew to be unreal, but which muffled him from the world outside him. Sometimes his mother was in the room, bathing his forehead, holding his hand. Flora danced through his delirium, a contrary figure, for close as she came to him, she kept her face turned away. He opened his eyes, from this unreal discontent to the certain pain of reality. His mother sat beside the bed.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"Don't move or speak," she said. "You're much better." He had had bronchitis and pneumonia, and as soon as he was strong, they were taking him home. He looked around the room, wondering where Flora was, and then he remembered. He shut his eyes, and his mother, a wise woman, went away from him. She had found the ring in his pocket when she came down to the hotel, and she had had one abrupt painful talk with Flora in New York. Flora had wept, said it was all a horrible mistake.

"That's that," Mrs. Moore said to her husband. "They'll have to work it out for themselves." But the engagement was publicly broken, and Charles lay silent, tight-lipped, listless, wondering when he would be strong enough to go to work again. Somehow Mrs. Moore did not dare mention Flora to him. She waited for him to ask for her. But he never did. He was a stubborn boy.

It was early November when Charles found himself home, convalescing with the speed of youth. Within a few days he lay in a long chair on the terrace, in the sun. It was pleasant and indolent to lie there, looking out on the lawns, the rusty trees and the blighted frost-ravaged garden. But when he began to walk about, he grew restless. He wanted to go back to work, to stay in New York, where the thousand million faces would blot out the only thing he could think of now in the country. Flora was irrevocably gone. Of course, she had never asked for him or they would have told him. He never could forget her in this country; every road, every hedge, every hill reminded him of a road or a hedge or a hill he had seen with her. He told his mother that he would take a flat in town with some man for the winter.

"I think you're wise," she said. "You'll meet more people. It is so dull here evenings."

Mrs. Moore was filled with insatiable curiosity, which she was clever enough to conceal. What had those two foolish children quarreled about? How could that red-haired little vixen throw over her darling Charles? Never before had Charles gone so far as to be publicly engaged; she resented the gossips of the county, who would be saying, "He got what he deserved." Yet she could not stay angry at Flora. There was something pathetic, vulnerable, in the position of that child, with only her preposterous wealth and her chain of prize dogs to offset her isolation. Certainly that awful Mrs. Barton could never assuage a lonely heart.

A week or so later, when she came back from a morning's shopping in the village, she walked out into the garden, to find Charles. He had regained his old impatience, as if he were well at last. The newspaper she held in her hand carried a bomb which might mend him or break him.

He ambled forward to kiss her. He was a darling, thought Mrs. Moore. Why couldn't she have it all out with him, she who had known him twenty-eight years? Here she was, his mother, giving him back without a word to this ill-tempered chit.

"Here's the paper, Charles, and you'd better get a coat. It's not too warm." She wandered away into her garden.

Charles' eyes fell upon it the minute he opened the paper. There was a photograph of Flora—all head, hair blurry, but unmistakably Flora—with the headline over it: Heiress Sells Dogs to Live Abroad.

This news bomb to the dog world was reported with due recognition of its significance. It was as if Galli-Curci had given up singing. Charles quivered with anger as he read on. She had sold her estate and kennels to Mr. Richard Wamsleigh Sherrill, son and heir of the late Michael Sherrill, the head of the old Arizona copper ring, who would no doubt accede to the place lately occupied by Miss Dunn in the dog-breeding world, for personal reasons, she intending to pass the next few years abroad.

Charles tore the paper in half and threw it on the ground. Of all consummate folly! No doubt she had sold the house at a loss; it irritated him to think of Oats Sherrill, the stupid oaf, lording it over the kennels he and Flora had built. What a silly fool she was! For three months she had not made a

decision without consulting him; and here she was, hardly her own mistress for a month, doing this crazy, inconceivable thing.

Going to live abroad? Why? How? When?

Perhaps for the reason that he was going to New York—to forget. He knew he could stop her. How dare she forget? His mother, from the library window, saw him heading for the garage, and telephoned down that on no account was he to drive himself. But Charles shot furiously out of the back driveway. He wanted to make this trip alone.

Flora, when he came, sat in a big chair looking at a big book on Georgian architecture. She felt worse daily; she knew the day after her return, when she had put the prize-bedecked dogs back in their kennels, that Charles was more to her than any dog. She avoided the kennels; she refused to explain her broken engagement to Mrs. Barton; she refused to go out. When she read in the newspaper that Charles had pneumonia in Baltimore panic seized her. With a maid she went down to Philadelphia and took rooms in a hotel, where she waited. Should she go to see him or should she not? No; she had jilted him; she had treated him badly; she must take the consequences. If he died it was on her head. He had decided that he wanted another type of woman, a more feminine woman—she cried over this, because why wasn't it feminine to love dogs?

When Charles' recovery was certain she came home and sat forlorn, day after day, waiting. The decision to sell the house came to her suddenly, when she realized what it was to live in this beloved countryside with tragedy in her heart. She bullied her lawyers into selling the house, and she was only waiting now for Mrs. Barton to regain her equilibrium in order to sail. Mrs. Barton wept and pleaded; she wanted to stay. But Flora was mute and miserable and bereft.

For days she sat in the library reading books she couldn't possibly understand, which set her mind free to think of Charles. She was thinking hard, sunk in despair, when Charles stalked through the door with his conquering cross young face, looking like Mussolini in a bad mood.

"You darned little idiot," he roared at her, "whatever do you mean?"

She shrank back, terrified. Was he going to kill her or kiss her? His face was working; he couldn't speak. She began to cry.

"Oh, Charles darling," she sobbed, "I wanted you to come back so!"

The big reconciliation scene lasted more than an hour, so that Mrs. Barton, who had seen Charles' car tearing up the drive, began to worry. Perhaps they had slain each other, perhaps they had eloped through the French windows. Flora had an awful temper, and was stubborn; perhaps Charles had lost his temper too. Yet it would not hurt Flora, the stubborn little mule, to be beaten. Mrs. Barton was wondering how the scandal could be kept from the press, when she heard laughter in the drawing-room—young, noisy laughter. It was weeks since she had heard laughter in this stricken house.

"Praise be to God," she whispered as she descended the stairs. She wished she had a cannon to fire off or an American flag to raise. From the distant kennels came the sad sound of barking, abandoned dogs.

Flora refused to go abroad on a honeymoon, because she wished to build a home.

"How about kennels?" asked Charles nervously as he sketched a hazy plan.

"No kennels," she said severely. "Not now."

"But, darling, you mustn't make this supreme sacrifice."

"Let me make it while I can."

Charles, who knew that moods lasted with no woman, let her have her way. They were married, with what Mrs. Barton considered vulgar haste, in the village church, with no imported clergymen and no attendants. The presents, however, were magnificent and impressive. The most significant of all, which Flora wept over and kept for days in a basket in her bedroom, was a gift from the groom which never got into the newspapers—a pair of baby beagle Schnitzers.

Flora has them yet, although each year, against all persuasion, she sells their descendants. She cannot have so many dogs around, she says, climbing all over the baby carriage.

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# If your shirts don't fit

HERE are a few pointers to stick in your memory:

A "size 15" neckband measures 15 inches from the middle of one front buttonhole to the front end of the other. Wilson Brothers neckbands and collars have done practically all their shrinking before you get them. The neckbands are made with a special fabric that does not need starching and so do not soon develop saw-tooth edges.

You should know also your proper sleeve length. On our shirts, "34" means that the sleeve will measure 34 inches after two washings, and will remain at that length.

Wilson Brothers Shirts are comfortably roomy at the chest, but are tapered and cut three inches snugger at the waist and tails; also, the arm-holes are large and the yokes are correct—very important niceties of fit and comfort. Short shirts creep out above the belt. Wilson Brothers Shirts are full length.

SHIRT of smartly printed Shasta cloth, with collar to match. Like all Wilson Brothers Shirts it is cut with extra width across chest for comfort, its stitches are doubly fine for wear. It has a starchless neckband which never has sharp edges to cut into your neck. Ask your haberdasher to point out to you its other exclusive merits. Wilson Brothers Shirts range in price from $2.00 to $10.00

AN OUTSTANDING success in men's underwear is the Chalet Rib Union Suit, exclusive with Wilson Brothers. It comes in varied fabrics, weights and colors. The prices range from $3.50 to $6.00 Ask your underwear salesman what "Trunk 64" means. He will tell you it is the measurement that stands for comfort. Have him show you a suit of Wilson Brothers Underwear and note its good points of elasticity, reinforcements, flat seams and correct cut. Then buy a suit with the correct "trunk" measurement and know what real underwear comfort is

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BROTHERS
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# it will be your own fault

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Fine sewing helps strength and trim appearance. On Wilson Brothers Shirts you will find probably 33% to 50% more stitches to the inch than on some of the shirts in your bureau drawer.

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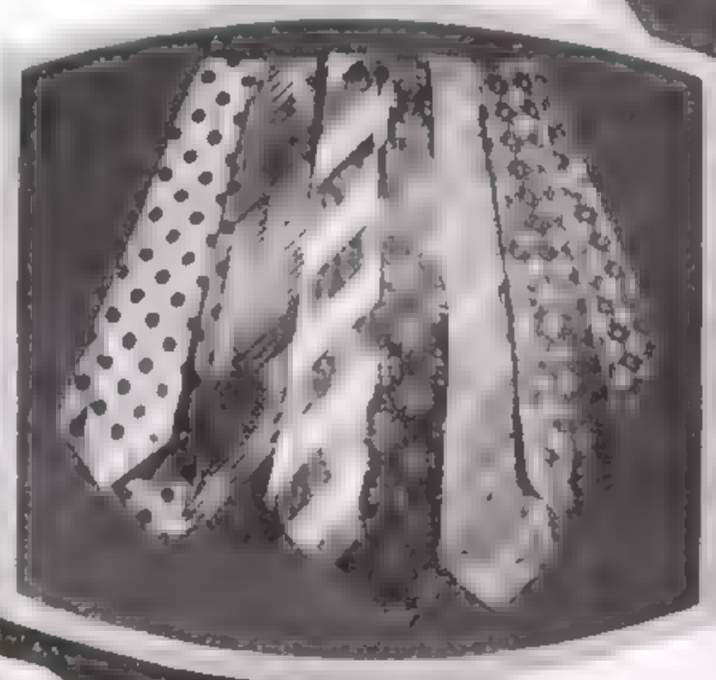
To put on Wilson Brothers Shirts is to put off most of your shirt troubles, and all Wilson Brothers Haberdashery is built with the same studious care for service and comfort at reasonable price.

*Wilson Bro's* CHICAGO
NEW YORK — PARIS
FACTORIES AT SOUTH BEND INDIANA



BASKET-WEAVES are newest in cravats, other smart ties are made of figured or diagonal striped silk. The chaps who drop into the Racquet Club for lunch are wearing just such neckwear. They are the sort of chaps who appreciate Wilson Brothers Cravats, for they know that, like all Wilson Brothers Haberdashery, they are smart, well made—in fact, just right. Prices from $1.00 to $5.00.

THE NEWEST hose are in fancy Jacquard figures, plaids, cross and vertical stripes in wool, silk and wool and lisle mixtures. The cleverest stocking knitters in the world make Wilson Brothers Hosiery—the smartest designers give them up-to-the-hour correctness—the best dressed men wear them. Prices from $1.00 to $5.00 per pair

SCOTCH CASHMERE and Repp silk squares are among the smartest mufflers of the season. Do you know the difference between a faillé and a Repp muffler? Ask your haberdasher to show you Wilson Brothers Mufflers in the smartest new fabrics at from $2.00 to $20.00. You should see how smart as well as how well made mufflers can be

MEN'S handkerchiefs these days are hand-blocked and have hand-rolled hems. Some of the more beautiful have French cut-out initials. There is no breast pocket too Bond Street for Wilson Brothers Handkerchiefs. And all tastes can be satisfied with their variety as all pockets can be pleased with their prices, from 50 cents to $4.00 each

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Name_____

Address_____

# I WANT TO BE A LADY

(Continued from Page 5)

and shoulders. The string, however, gave finally; and tearing off the paper covering, Judy emitted a little cry, a coo of unsuppressed delight. Disclosed within the paper were her two purchases—one pink, plaited, silky; the other, more bulky, something wrapped separately in white tissue.

She had just snatched up the two when a sudden and alarming crash burst all at once in the room. It was the alarm clock again, it seemed. Reawakening, the clock once more had exploded; and dropping the things in her hands, for an instant she stared at it. Then, her air all at once determined, she laid swift hands on the timepiece.

One window was near the bureau. It was the one looking out on Pinto and the railroad junction; and her look more than ever venomous, she had raised the sash halfway when all at once she paused. The dawn's dim glow disclosed vaguely a length of Pinto's main street; and along this a figure shambled, scuffling through the dew-incrusted dust. It was a man's figure, the man's shoulders hunched, his coat collar turned up to his ears, and his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets. "Huh!" said Judy briefly. It was only for a moment, however, that her glance lingered on the slouching, seedy shape. The fellow was merely that town loafer, Rand Farlow, from up the road; and as he turned a corner of the freight shed and passed on out of view, Judy hitched the window sash a little higher. The next instant she hurled the alarm clock through the opening.

The clock struck with a crash, a shriek emitted from its bowels as its mainspring and intricate mechanism dissolved; and closing the window, she turned back toward the bed and the things she'd laid out on it. Then, her air absorbed and the light in her eyes ecstatic, Judy Caswell donned the plaited pink silk matinée and the mules she'd brought back the night before from Lattimer.

II

DAWN; another day! It was the blighting certainty of it that clanged like a gong through the mind, rousing it anew; another day to be faced down and endured. Up the road in the nester's deserted shack where he made his home, Rand Farlow roused himself in his disordered, broken-down bed and stared foggily at the pinking east. He still was dressed. Hours before, when he'd flung himself on that blowzy couch, the formality of undressing had not occurred to him. Lying there, he'd stared up in the dark at the blotched, broken ceiling. The ceiling, though, wasn't what Rand Farlow had been seeing.

At midnight or past, Sim Fessenden had begun to put out the lights in the one-table resort known as the Palace Pool Parlor. Sim, an erstwhile desert rat from down Mohave way, was the pool room's proprietor; and the night's two final patrons, a pair of crapulous freight hands, having lurched out shouting and singing, Sim blew out the lamp illuminating the rickety, cigar-burned, baize-topped pool table. "Hey, you, bo," he said at the same time, "beat it!"

This he'd directed toward a chair tilted against the wall at the back; but Sim had been forced to repeat the order twice ere Rand Farlow heaved himself reluctantly to his feet. "Look, Sim, see how I'm shaking," he appealed; "slip me just one, won't you, before you close up?" Sim, in reply, jerked a thumb toward the door. "Mosey, you hear!" he directed succinctly.

Outside, though, the shambling figure did not turn eastward up the road toward the shack he called home. The night wind grew raw; and as the pool-room door slammed shut behind him he huddled momentarily against the building, shuddering as a gust searched through his threadbare attire. Then his eyes turned toward the junction sheds, where a light still burned in the operator's office; and thrusting up his coat collar to his ears, he lurched across the street. A moment later he tapped at the glass of the lighted window.

The operator looked up from the key, scowling frankly once he'd identified the man outside; and clinging to the window frame the scarecrow figure shook again, for a moment coughing desperately. "Anything yet?" he asked. Evidently it was not the first time this night that he had put the query; for before the question was more than half spoken the operator crustily shook his head, then turned back to the key. The dispatcher at Snowshoe was on the wire; second Sixty-two was due at any moment, too; and the operator had neither the leisure nor the inclination to waste time on any hobo. "If anything comes for me," Rand Farlow began; then the words dwindled on his lips. Shaken by another fit of coughing, he turned away and went gagging and lurching up the platform.

"If anything comes ——"

The night was calm, silent and austere. In a coulee over back behind the town a prowling coyote raised its voice, an age-long melancholy and woe resounding in its wailing babble. Then, as if awed by the majestic solemnity and solitude of the sleeping night, the creature's shrill and dreary lament ended abruptly in a shallow yap. Once more silence fell; and Rand Farlow shuddered.

Bright starlight lit the night. Over at the north, revealed dimly in the spectral gleam, the tips of the Cathedral Hills reared their jagged outline, the spire of Painted Horse thrust upward like a fang; and toward this for a moment his eyes drifted doggedly. Once he had ridden out that way, heading for a ranch that lay under the mountain's towering shoulder; and both the time and the place he vividly recalled. Frankly, he was not likely to forget either, the day especially. It was the day, in fact, when he'd first set foot in Pinto; and though two years had gone since then, Rand Farlow had shied clear of that place, the ranch. The one visit had sufficed, it looked.

Two years. Two eternities, rather! That, at any rate, had seemed to him the measure of the interval. It was a day, though, again in the spring when he'd set out up the trail. The night before, late on in the dark, a transcontinental express had dropped him off at this hole, this jumping-off place they called Pinto; and out on the platform, once he'd rubbed the light of the Pullman out of his eyes and stared about him in the gloom, he had laughed aloud, the laugh a cackle. "Anyone here who knows Roscoe Harbison?" he'd asked of a group of idlers down to watch the train come in. By then the train had gone again; and as he asked the question Farlow had been conscious of a momentary pause, its silence vaguely pointed. He was conscious, too, that in the dark the idlers glanced at one another, then shifted their eyes back at him. After that a figure in leather pants, spurred boots and a wide-brimmed, rowdy soft hat edged out of the knot toward him. "Wot you want o' Mr. Harbison, friend?" a guarded voice inquired.

Rand Farlow had laughed briefly. "He's my uncle," he replied.

The knot of men again stirred, this time more sharply. They stared at the stranger, their eyes curious; and waiting for a moment, Farlow made his wants known. "Is there a livery here?" he'd inquired, adding, "I'd like to drive out to the ranch tonight."

Another pause. During it the man in the leather pants had stared at him mutely. Then, without vouchsafing a reply, he'd swung about, striding off with jingling spurs.

An instant later Farlow's ears had caught the scurry of a pony's feet scampering away in the dark; and bewildered, he'd turned back to the others. Didn't any of them know his uncle? Weren't some of his uncle's men about town possibly? "Thatta there fellah was one," came the unexpected reply, the speaker jerking a thumb toward the departed rider. "Hit was Harbison's horse wrangler you was a-talkin' to." Indignantly Farlow had inquired, "Do you mean he rode off and left me?"

So it had seemed.

He did not go out to the ranch that night. Grudgingly, it appeared, their bearing still indifferent, the station idlers told him there was no livery in the town—nor a hotel either, for that matter. Up the street, he learned at length, was a Mrs. Castro, who occasionally took in roomers; and weighted down with the heavy sole-leather bag he bore, Farlow stumbled in the dark toward the place. Nor did Mrs. Castro's reception prove more enthusiastic. Her air queer, too, once she'd learned the lodger's identity, she showed him to a room; and when she had left him in it and closed the door, departing, Farlow looked about him and laughed again. A chair, a grubby washstand, a decrepit bureau and a not too particular bed with a sagging spring furnished the room; and in the midst of this stood the night's lodger, his smart tweeds, his smart hand bag and his own manifest air of smartness crying a contrast and, along with that, a protest. It was destined, though, that before many months its one-time tenant would look back on that night's lodging with regret, not to call it yearning.

That night, his first in Pinto, Farlow had not gone to bed. Nor in the morning had he gone out early to the ranch, as he had planned. After looking about him a long moment in the gleam of the room's greasy and flickering lamp, he had set the leather traveling bag gingerly on the bureau top. Farlow hadn't unpacked it though. Fumbling in its depths he drew out of its handsome silver-mounted traveling appurtenances a large, thick-girthed, eloquently heavy flask. Then, drawing up a chair near the lamp, Farlow poured himself out a nightcap.

Subsequently, the interval elapsing brief, he poured himself out another. He was a young man, it appeared, say thirty or thereabout, with a stalwart, upstanding figure and features remarkable chiefly for a look of pleasant good nature. True, it will of course be understood that this was two years back, the night in question; and since then there had been a variety of changes in both Farlow's air and looks. However, having poured himself out a second nightcap, it was not long ere he poured himself out a third. Each time, too, that he brewed himself a new draft, Farlow glanced at himself in the bureau's blistered glass and nodded smilingly at his image. "Here's hell to you," he said aloud.

The toast, so to speak, was spoken with measured deliberateness, convincing in spite of the speaker's air of light urbanity. "To hell with you; to hell with them too," he uttered. However, as it's been said, it was not in the morning, but well on toward the following afternoon, that Mrs. Castro's transient lodger set out on the trail to Cayuse. Noon passed, one o'clock struck and two was impending ere Mrs. Castro, in fact, heard any sound from the room upstairs. Then, at two or thereabout, when she was debating whether to send down the street for Val Johnstone, the justice of the peace and deputy marshal, a step sounded on the stair and the lodger appeared

Smilingly he apologized. He had overslept, it appeared; and washed and neatly brushed now he begged Mrs. Castro not to concern herself with getting him any breakfast. To her own astonishment, perhaps seduced by the stranger's boyish yet graceful apologies, she found herself wildly proffering to cook both eggs and coffee. But no, her guest would not have it. Could his hostess tell him where in Pinto he could find a conveyance to bear him to his uncle's ranch?

(Continued on Page 198)

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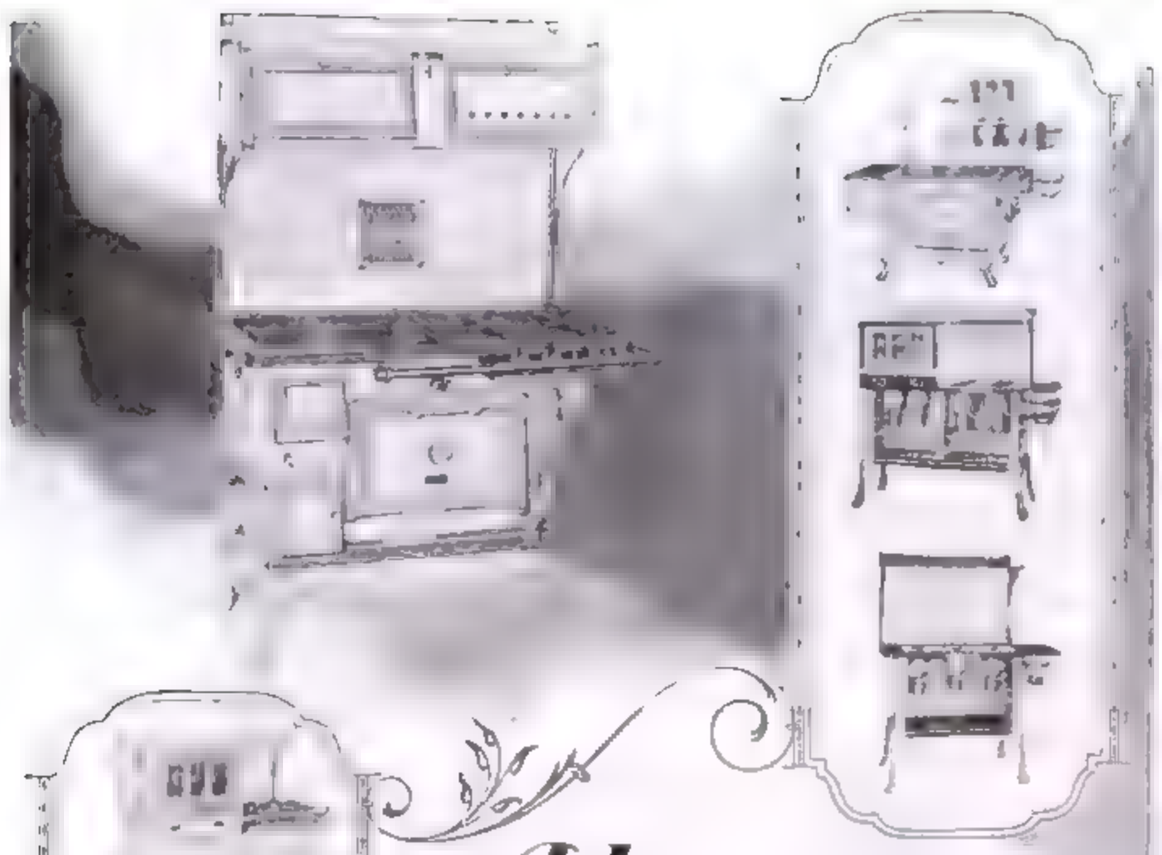

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Pinto, it appeared, boasted nothing of that nature. However, down at the Palace, the pool room, Sim Fessenden kept a pony he sometimes rented out; and thanking Mrs. Castro, at the same time saying he would send in from the ranch for his things, the lodger for the night departed. At the pool room, though, his first concern was not the hiring of the pony. Shaking slightly as if with a sudden chill, he glanced across the counter behind which stood Sim. "Got anything?" he inquired of him.

Sim had. Sim, too, after a quick glance at the shaking figure, seemed to divine what was the nature of the "anything" of which the stranger stood in need. A moment later, anyway, a glass and bottle were set out on the counter; and seizing the two, Sim's new patron poured for himself a stirrup cup.

A plash of liquor fell to the bar as Rand Farlow raised the glass. His hand shook afresh as he put the glass to his lips and drained it. Then a violent convulsion seized him, so that his figure shook, the potent draft racking him from head to foot; but the spasm, that vital tremor, passing, he smiled across the bar at Sim. "Have one yourself," he invited.

Coals to Newcastle! Sim, in fact, must have known the source of the ardent staple he hawked, for discreetly he declined.

"I'll take a seegar," said Sim.

"Yes, that would be safer," his patron nodded.

A few minutes later, astride Sim's fleabitten, moldy gray, Rand Farlow set out on the trail to Cayuse.

It seems best now to hasten on with this. That, perhaps, is because of the tragic if grotesque consequences to be reckoned as springing from this one day's adventure. True, it may not be that these were to be attributed solely to that day, for it was a long road that had brought this fanciful, whimsical traveler journeying to its end on Cayuse. And the end, rather than that, was, better speaking, a beginning. One way or the other, though, inconsequentially the figure on the fleabitten gray rode on singing blithely.

Nature in that part of the Western wild is lavish with its seasons. If winter storms, it rages with a devastating savagery, the blast deadly and its snows engulfing; summer, by contrast, going to the other extreme, the midday sun torrid and blistering. So, too, spring plays its part—a rôle of benevolence, its air balmy and resilient. Thus, on the afternoon when Farlow rode the trail to Cayuse, all life seemed to thrill responsively to its touch.

Rabbits sported by the way. About their burrowed cities the sluglike prairie dogs cavorted. Overhead, far in the blue, a war eagle wheeled, indolently carving circles in the void. Then a lark sang somewhere; and the rider on Sim Fessenden's mangy gray reëchoed it with a rondel:

*"I love a lassie,*
*A bonny, bonny lassie;*
*She's as pure as the lilies in the dell ——"*

The song, this one ditty, at any rate, got no further though. Faltering, it ended abruptly, as it were, on a single word; when for a mile or more the rider rode on silent, his brow contorted, a frown disfiguring his face and eyes. Then, with a shrug and his eye all at once derisive, the figure in tweeds clapped heel to the pony's flanks and cantered on, his voice like his look, irreverent.

*"Won't you wait just a while, Misto Hangman,*
*Won't you wait just a little while?*
*I thinks I sees my own true love,*
*And she's come many a mile!"*

Distance misleads on the trail to Cayuse, especially on days when the skies shine blue. In that clear air, in fact, from Pinto the hills loom so near the eye that one might think he could reach out and throw a stone to them. Not so, however. It's twenty-one miles out there to the ranch gateway, the nearest gap in the wire; and thus the shadows were lengthening and dusk already was creeping among the box cañons and the coulees ere the ranch buildings drew near. His air grave now, the pony's rider glanced about him curiously.

Back East, Farlow had heard tales of the screaming solitude to which his uncle had removed himself; and he would have reason to remember his first glimpse of it. He was not prepared, though, for its appearance. The westering sun, hanging low, gleamed upon the hills; and the ranch and all its surroundings stood out at the instant, glorified by the evening's thousand changing tones, its primitive beauty inspiring. What struck the eye most, however, was its serenity; so that even Farlow felt hushed and awed.

A low rise ran up toward the bank of the stream; and on its crest stood the main building of the ranch, a low and rambling lime-washed log structure with a set of elk antlers fastened over its door. Smoke curled from its stone chimney; and beyond was another spacious building of the same build, the bunk house; while farther on was a variety of other smaller buildings, a large railed pen, the horse corral, taking up a section of the flat open ground farther on. All at the moment seemed deserted, yet the visitor was not misled by that. A half hour before, chancing to glance ahead of him along the plain, he had seen a pony with a rider astride it standing silhouetted on a distant rise. Wheeling abruptly, the pony had gone scuttling at full tilt toward the ranch; and Farlow knew then that his coming was expected, not to call it watched. However, though at the moment the place looked deserted, it was only momentary. Over its surroundings, too, seemed to hover an air of pregnant happening. Then, as the rider cantered nearer, he was aware all at once of a stir, a commotion.

Its source was the horse corral. A cloud of dust yellow in the waning sun hung above it; and beneath the pall seemed to be emitted a series of intermittent outbursts like explosions. Shrill cries punctured the air; on the railings of the tall fence a half dozen men clung like apes, each shouting to the others. Then for an instant the dust cloud parted, and in the center of the confusion Farlow beheld what seemingly was its cause—a horse.

The creature, an upstanding range pony with a buckskin coat, flowing mane and switching tail, stood near the center of the paddock, its spine arched and its feet set stubbornly. Girthed to its back was a high-pommeled cow saddle; while around its neck, its hocks and one foreleg were stretched ropes, lariats. A man in chaps and spurred boots strained at the end of each of the ropes; and the line from the animal's neck was further tautened about a snubbing post set in the center of the corral. Dodging actively about in the dust, a fourth man was striving to get close to the saddled buckskin, his effort aimed obviously to uncinch the girths and drag the saddle from the pony's back. Farlow, though, had caught but a glimpse of this when the door of the ranch house opened. In the doorway stood the ranch owner, Roscoe Harbison.

With a wave of the hand Farlow cried out gayly, "Hullo, Uncle Ross!"

One ascribes usually to the West a native vigor, ruggedness; but this was not so with the figure standing at the door. Harbison, the proprietor of the Cayuse outfit, was neither big nor rugged. The contrary, he was a frail, stoop-shouldered man with delicate, sensitive features, and manifestly a city type. Downtown in New York, Boston or Philadelphia one sees a countless horde of such figures swarming in the streets, or if you peep into the warrens of the office buildings you may behold them hovering crook-backed over desks or huddled down in pivot chairs. Slight as was the figure in the doorway, though, there was something ominous in its momentary appearance. Bareheaded, clad in a rough, well-worn suit, the elbows threadbare and the trousers bagging, Harbison seemed at the instant to fill the opening in which he stood.

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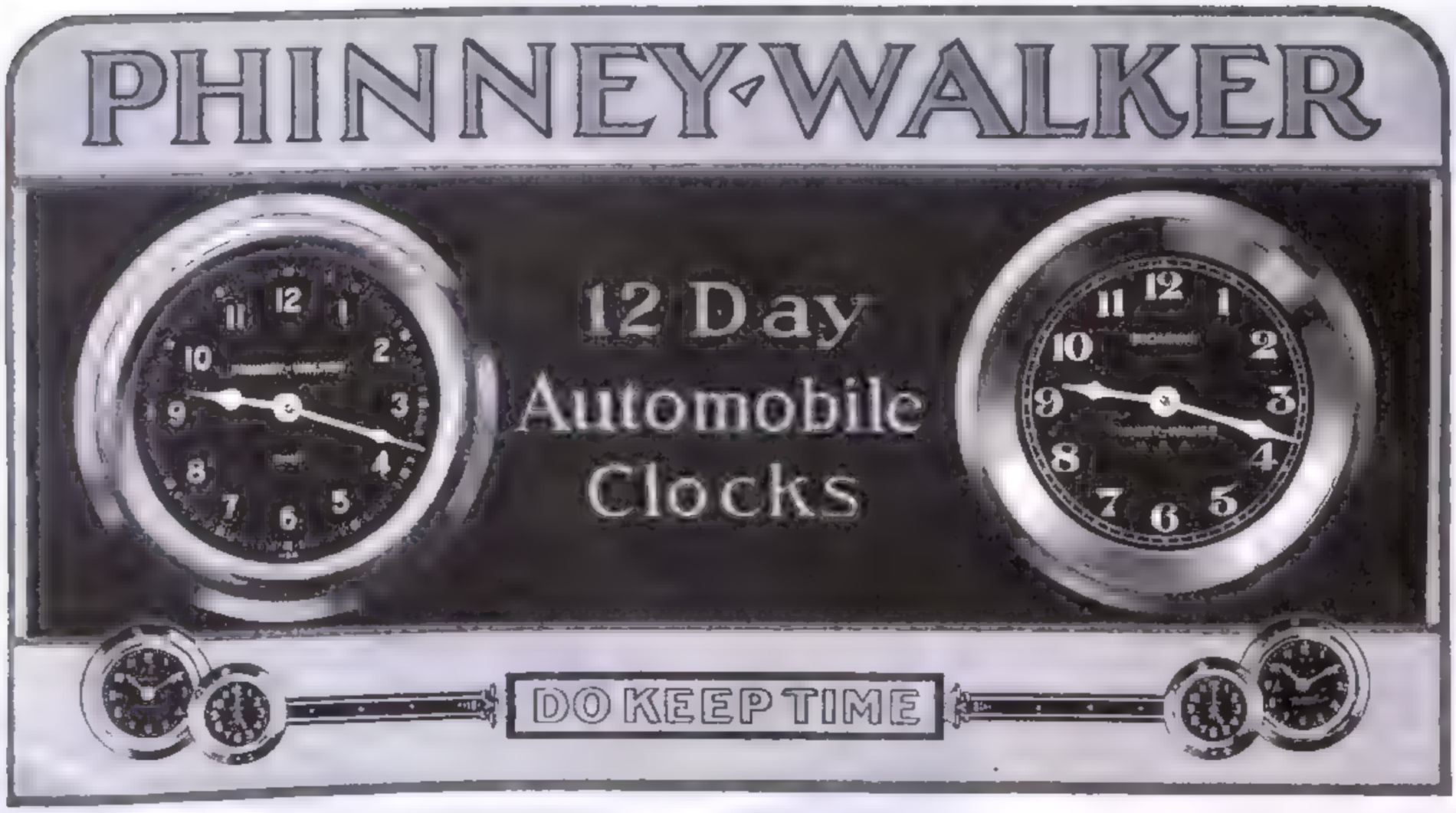


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(Continued from Page 198)

He did not reply to the visitor's greeting. Instead, his mouth set, he watched silently while the figure in tweeds scrambled down from the saddle. Then, as his nephew came toward him, the bridle reins drooped over one arm, the pony following him and one hand already extended, Harbison stiffened rigidly.

"What do you want?" he inquired.

His voice was sharp. At its note the smiling figure stopped momentarily. For a moment, too, the gay smile on Farlow's face flickered. Then, the smile recovered instantly, Farlow stretched out his hand again.

"Well, I'd like to shake hands, for one thing," he replied; "for another I'd like to talk to you. That's fair enough, isn't it?" he inquired pleasantly.

His uncle did not move in the doorway. "You can't come in here," he said.

His nephew started. Then almost instantly he seemed to regain his aplomb. "Oh, very well," he replied.

Nonchalantly, as if undisturbed, he withdrew his hand and thrust both it and its fellow into his breeches pockets. He was again grinning. Meanwhile the figure in the doorway spoke briefly. "You or any of your breed," said Harbison, "shan't set foot inside this house. Is that clear to you?" he barked.

"Quite," his nephew replied.

"Very well, then," returned Harbison; "there's the gate, and nothing more is to be said. Good day and—good-by."

"Just a moment," said his nephew.

Harbison, in fact, already had turned as if to step inside and shut the door, when he stopped. His nephew, both hands still in his pockets, was still gazing at him nonchalantly, not to call it quizzically. "Before you chuck me out, Uncle Ross," he grinned, "perhaps you'd better hear the news. Shall I let you have it?"

"Well?" said Harbison.

"It's about me; my mother, too," drawled his nephew, and the ranch owner's face darkened sardonically.

"That woman!" he remarked.

Farlow gave a little tinkle of a laugh. "Yes; you hate her, I know. Not that I blame you though. Mother has her little ways, of course; and I've learned how she chucked you years ago, taking dad, my father, in your place. Quite a mistake, wasn't it?—a mistake, anyway, on mother's part. Quite so, yes; seeing that you had all the money, not father, as mother was led to think. But let's not talk of that," said Farlow; and he was going on when the figure in the doorway moved abruptly. The color, too, had gone out of his face; and filled evidently with the stress of a vital, growing passion, Harbison was quivering. "What's that?" he said, his voice cracking.

Farlow gave an aimless shrug. "I'm merely telling you," he drawled; "you got sacked, and you chucked your name and everything and came out here. Well," the ranchman's amiable nephew added leisurely, "that's what struck my fancy, why I came out here to see you."

"Did you?" sneered Harbison.

"Oh, yes," his nephew lightly replied.

He had not seemed to heed the ranchman's sneer. He still was grinning; but as he spoke again his voice caught for an instant, the line of his lips twitching too. "The fact is," he laughed, "I've been kicked out too. Mother has washed her hands of me; and so has my precious sister, Madge. They kicked me out, you know, gave me the boot; so I came to see you, as I say."

The man in the doorway listened closely. He had not moved, nor had his aspect altered. Then he spoke, his voice, like his look, unaltered. "You could have saved yourself the trouble," said Harbison—whatever was his name.

His nephew started. The laugh now went out of his eyes and he stared at his uncle momentarily. "Look here, d'you understand?" he said. "I'm down and out, penniless. I want a job from you—work, a chance to get on my feet. I can ride, and I'll do anything—clean your stables, if you like, wait on your hands, anything. I'm headed for the dregs if you don't give me a hand. Is that clear to you? Now, are you going to help me or not?"

"No," said Harbison.

"You won't!" cried Farlow.

His uncle said "No" again. He raised his hand as he spoke, stilling the hot outburst that leaped from the figure in tweeds. "Listen to what I say," the ranch owner barked. "I'll give you money, give you what you need to get away; but you can't stay here. I won't have you, any of your blood, where I am or anywhere near by. You and your sort have only bred trouble in my life; and today I've had another sign of it. I heard you were coming here—one of my men fell afoul of you last night at the railroad; and today I sent another man, my head boss, to warn you to keep clear of me. The message cost me my man; it probably will cost the man his life. In his hurry, anyway, he picked a horse he didn't know, and the horse turned out to be mean, an outlaw, a killer. The man's dying, and—well, that's enough for me," said the ranch owner; but he got no further. Just at that instant a commotion, a fresh uproar, burst out from the direction of the horse corral.

"What's that!" cried Harbison, starting.

The shouts and the yells launched themselves vociferously on the quiet. Then, through the babel one shrill yell pierced articulately. "Ride him, Jude," it screamed, "ride him!" Springing from the doorway at the sound, Harbison darted off, ignoring the man he left behind; and wondering, Farlow threw the pony's reins to the ground and followed. As he hove in view of the paddock he gaped at the sight revealed to him.

The light was waning thinly. Clearly enough, however, it revealed the corral and the dust cloud hovering over it. Now the dust was thick and enveloping; but as Farlow stared, it parted momentarily, when through the haze he caught sight afresh of the buckskin horse, the killer. Free of the ropes about its hocks and foreleg, free, too, of the lariat that had anchored it to the snubbing post, the maddened creature was flinging itself to and fro, a spectacle of frenzied rage and viciousness. On the fence top, clinging to the rail, a crowd of equally frenzied men shouted and screamed in concert; yet it was neither they nor the horse itself that caught and held Farlow's startled eye. There was a rider on the horse, a tall, lithe, lean shape clad in chaps and roweled boots; and as the buckskin strove by every artifice to fling the figure from its back, the rider rained down on its neck, its head and its face a storm of blows from a rawhide quirt. "Ride him!" screamed the men upon the fence. "Ride him, you!"

Farlow gaped as it dawned on him the rider was a woman, a girl.

The buckskin, plunging and sunfishing around the paddock, reared in the effort to fling itself backward and crush the shape upon it. A fresh rain of blows descended on its poll. This time, though, the rider had reversed the rawhide whip; and it was the loaded butt that caught the animal between the ears. Lurching forward, it hurled itself against the fence; but the rider was on the watch, too, for that. The spurs drove deep, roweling it along the flanks; and once more both she and the horse were out in the open. Her hat had gone now. Her hair, too, flung from its fastenings, had uncoiled and was streaming down in two broad ropes, and in the bland, staring twilight they shone like cables of bronze. "Ride him, Jude!" the men strung along the fence top shrilled. The rider rode it, too, her face white and set, her figure tossing like a sapling as her mount flung itself to and fro, the quirt lashing its head and neck with steady venom. Then all at once a cry came from her.

"The gate!" cried the rider.

For a moment no one seemed to understand; and she cried it again, her white face savage. At this, the men on the fence seemed to catch her meaning; and a fresh storm of shouts arose, the shouts protesting. "Open it, you hear!" she shouted, and again struck savagely at the rearing horse. Mumbling and undecided, a couple of the men shambled down from the fence top and dropped the bars. The next instant, in a flurry of hoofs and heaving quarters, the buckskin pitched and tossed a course out into the open, its rider still plying it with the rawhide. Foam-flecked and raging, it tore away toward the hills.

In a group, the ranch hands tumbled down from the fence and streamed out at the gate. Near at hand a line of ponies stood, their bridles flung across a bar before the bunk house; and scrambling into the saddles, all but two or three tore away in pursuit. Harbison had disappeared, but by now Farlow seemed to have forgotten him. In the failing light he watched the buckskin go careening across the open, the swaying figure still upon its back.

A shoulder of the foothills reached out into the plain, its sagebrush slope pitching upward abruptly; and dragging at the bridle with one hand and the other still lacing the buckskin with the quirt, she dragged the horse's head around. Up the slope charged the animal, and near the crest its frantic pace began to lag. The rider, though, urged it on with spur and rawhide, and at the top she charged down the side slope, only to turn at the bottom and drive the animal upward again. Once it sought to buck and pitch again; but what chance? Its breath spent, its blood-flecked flanks heaving in distress, the horse turned presently and came scuttering back toward the ranch, its rage, like its courage, spent.

Horse and rider drew up alongside the corral. Beaten, the animal stood with drooped head, its air abject. The rider, too, was breathing stertorously, her face white and her breast heaving. Curiously, the savage, sullen fire in her eyes had waned. "Slip me off, Dozey," she directed to one of the men; and quick to understand, the man urged his own mount close to her and slipped an arm about her waist. Swinging out of the saddle then, once she was clear of it she dropped lithely to her feet; and as she did so, Farlow was treated to a fresh surprise. She had, at any rate, no sooner touched the ground than she sank down and put both gloved hands to her face. The next instant her huddled figure was shaken by a storm of tears. "Thar, thar, little gal!" soothed the man who had picked her from the saddle. The girl, though, wept on.

Marveling, Farlow stared.

For more reasons than one, that evening was a moment he was not likely to forget. Who the girl was he had of course no means of knowing; and a fortnight later when he drifted in one night at the junction lunch room his surprise is to be imagined at finding her ensconced behind the counter. Judge, too, of his sensation when he learned that she was the daughter of the man that horse had killed! Now, however, still agape, he was staring at the figure huddled by the corral fence when a hand touched him on the arm.

It was Harbison, his voice, like his face, harsh. "You'll have to be going," said Harbison.

The two stood apart. Beyond them out of earshot the knot of ranch hands were grouped, their interest divided between the girl and the stranger in his outlandish "dude" trappings—riding bags and high tan boots. Farlow looked intently at his uncle. "You mean you're going to turn me out?" he inquired.

"You can't stay here."

"I can't?" echoed Farlow.

He did not raise his voice. The color, though, had left his face, his air of light, inconsequential indifference leaving with it; and if once in his career he ever had looked soberly at life and its consequences, evidently it was now. "You don't understand, I see," he said quietly. "I tell you I have nowhere else to go."

He might have spared himself the words. "I can't help that," the ranch owner responded curtly; and turning on his heel, he headed back toward the ranch house.

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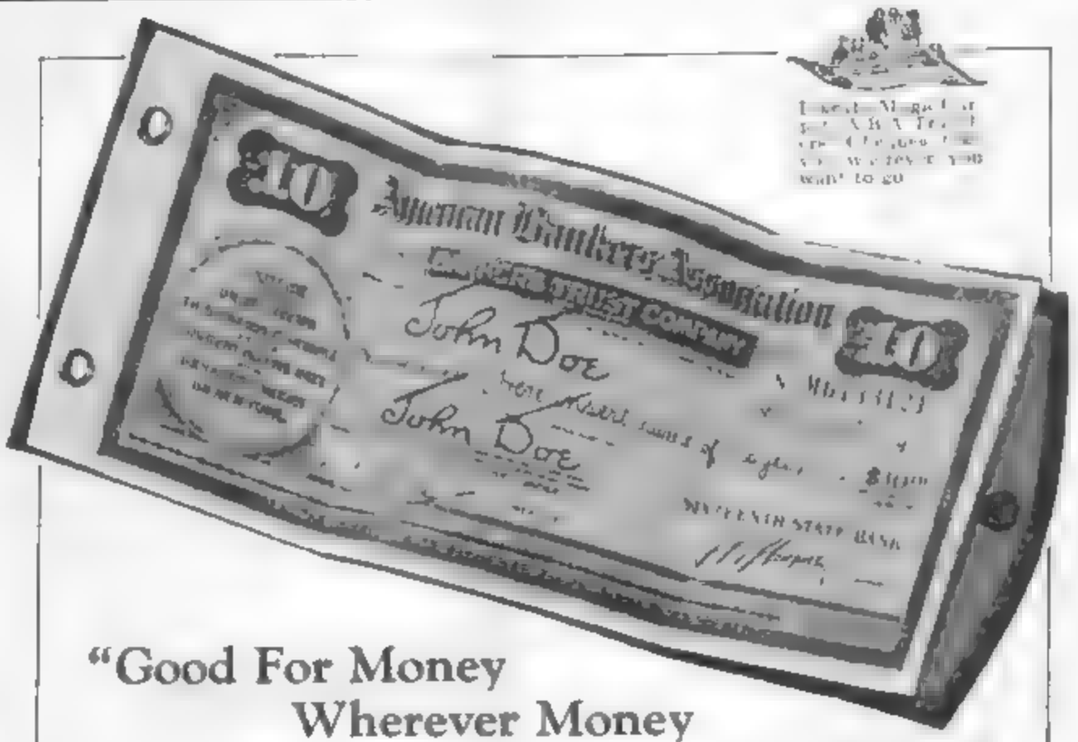


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After a moment Farlow followed.

At the doorway Harbison halted. "If you want money," he began; but Farlow had let him get no further. He still did not raise his voice; its note was level. Yet for all that, what he said did not lack force of determination. "To hell with your money!" he said.

A laugh escaped him. "I came here, down and out, begging you to lend me a hand, a chance to get on my feet again; and you offer me your filthy dollars! What do I want of them? It's a chance for life, for decency. I've asked you for that; and you turn me down. Well, never mind! I was an inconvenience to my mother and sister; to that time-serving, bootlicking waster, her husband too; and when they chucked me out I made them pay for it. Understand? Before I finished with them they wished to God they'd never laid eyes on me. And so will you!" concluded the speaker.

"I wish that already," said his uncle.

"Don't worry!" retorted his nephew. "I haven't begun yet!"

He was already in the saddle as he spoke. The pony, startled, leaped from its tracks as the rider drove spurs into its flanks. Farlow did not look behind as he galloped on, or had he done so he might have wondered. In the doorway the ranch owner gazed after him, his face clouded and his mouth working curiously. Once it looked as if he meant to cry out after the departing visitor; yet as the words reached his lips something seemed to check them, and he turned and disappeared within.

So much for that. One need hardly dwell, either, on the events subsequent to that day out on the Cayuse. It's enough to say night already had dropped over Pinto when Sim Fessenden's fleabitten gray clattered up to the front of the Palace Pool Parlor. Inside was the usual evening assemblage of cowmen, freighters and train hands; and as the figure in tweeds tripped in, the crowd looked up curiously.

"Hullo, friends!" Farlow greeted cheerily. "Have one on me."

They had one, then another. Subsequently, say about midnight, a noise out front caught Mrs. Castro's ear; and donning a flannel wrapper she went down the stairs to investigate. "Oh, it's you, is it?" she remarked to the figure she found outside; and she added curiously, "Didn't you see your uncle out at the ranch?"

The lodger smiled at her. "Isn't the moon tonight lovely?" he replied.

Stumbling past her, he lurched up the stair; and listening, Mrs. Castro heard the lodger fling himself, still dressed, upon the bed.

The next night Mrs. Castro did not see him though. All the night the lamps burned in the Palace Pool Parlor; and at daylight, when a couple of freight hands deposited a mumbling figure on the doorstep, then departed hastily, the landlady decided she would make other arrangements for her room. Then, too, the new biscuit shooter down at the junction lunch room wanted it; and when Mrs. Castro conveyed this to her transient guest, he at once smiled agreeably. "Yes, of course," he acceded, his politeness unvarying; and that afternoon he moved himself and his belongings to another resting place, a room Sim Fessenden had in the loft above the Palace Pool Parlor. Here for six weeks he was lodged, when again he moved, this time without his belongings. Sim retained these; and it was to the nester's deserted shack that his late guest removed himself.

That was, as has been said, two years ago. In the two years, too, Rand Farlow seemed to have made good his threat—or was it his boast? If it was to the dregs, anyway, as he'd proclaimed, that he was heading, he seemed to have reached that goal.

Dawn; another day! Whatever the moment involved, though, the habit of life—life's other habits also are not lightly swept aside; and as the breaking morn flung its first pink bannerets to the sky and there again was light, the shape seated on the rumpled, broken-down couch heaved itself to its feet. Unshorn and unkempt, Farlow stared at himself in the patch of broken mirror tacked against the wall. Then, as if swayed by what he saw to some reminder of former custom and decency, he set a basin on the table and filled it with water from a pail. In this he laved his burning face and neck.

The raw chill of the water, like a heady tonic, seemed still further to shock him into some reminder of his former self; and stirring briskly, he drew out a box from beneath the table. In it were the last of his now battered possessions, among them a brush and comb and a razor. In a dish on the table was also a fragment of soap; and laving himself hurriedly, Farlow attacked the heavy stubble on his face. Patches of grizzled white already streaked the half-grown beard, but he gave no concern to that; and hurrying, he smoothed his face. Afterward Farlow gave his scarecrow attire a moment's hasty attention; but this, in its rowdy disrepair, manifestly would have defied any effort to restore it; and he desisted presently. A moment later, his feet scuffling through the dew-incrusted dust, the battered figure headed down the road toward the railway.

His haste was evident. At 6:25 the transcontinental flyer was due in from the West, the way train from Lattimer arriving just ahead of it; and though the time still wanted almost an hour from that moment, for reasons of his own Farlow hurried. As he rounded the freight shed and hobbled along the platform, he was, in fact, almost running; and inside the station the night operator looked up curiously from his clicking key.

"Anything yet?" asked Farlow.

The operator shook his head; and for a moment another fit of coughing shook the figure on the platform. It was only for a moment though. "Say," he said, "when the train comes in, how long will it take to write out a ticket?"

"Whatcha want to know for?" asked the man.

Farlow's voice cracked momentarily.

"I—I'm going home," he answered.

### III

"TEA is sipped directly from the cup, never from the saucer."

Judy paused momentarily. That edict, the volume's dictum, was, of course, now a familiar, accepted fact; and with the hand that held her hairbrush she momentarily ruffled over the pages. Clad in the pink silk matinée and the mules, she had the book propped up on the bureau while she brushed out her glowing tresses.

It was her morning habit, it seemed. Not only is tea sipped from the cup, never from the saucer, at the tea table, as Judy learned; the napkin is laid daintily on the knee, never tucked in under one's collar. Nor was that all. One must not leave the teaspoon in the cup. Neither must one dip in the tea one's toast or buttered bread. These mandates, it would seem, were inviolable—as fixed, in fact, as the laws of the Medes and Persians; so that to violate even the least at once removed the offender without the pale. But hold! Though minatory in all its counsel, not all the pages were inevitably so threatening and sinister; and as she turned to another chapter Judy's eye all at once leaped responsively. "Hints to Hymen," the chapter was helpfully headed.

Of both the hints and their nature even the least informed could have no doubt after a brief glance at them. "Plain gold bands are *de rigueur*." "Low neck is not good form at the altar." "Hold the eyes lowered while passing up the aisle." "The going-away gown may be what the taste of the wearer dictates." These were, of course, but a few of the many precepts the volume offered valuably; and rapt, her eye running swiftly down the page, Judy had paused in the task of brushing out her braids when all at once she gave a start, then a muffled exclamation. This was due, perhaps, to the line regarding the going-away gown. It seemed, at any rate, to

(Continued on Page 205

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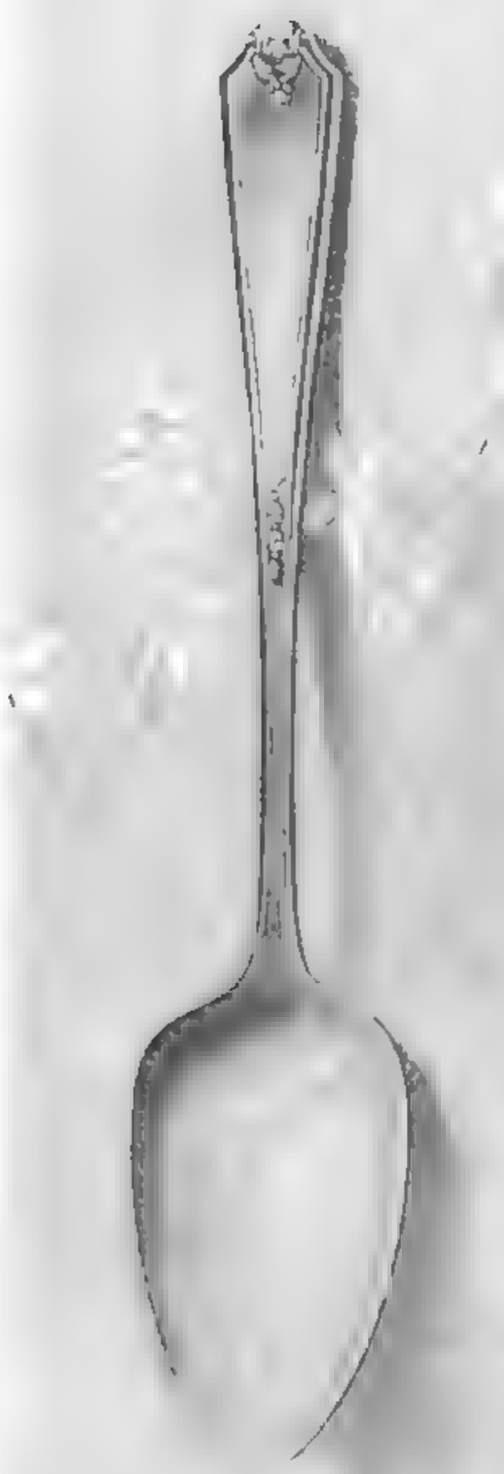
IN THE
*Vanity Fair*
PATTERN



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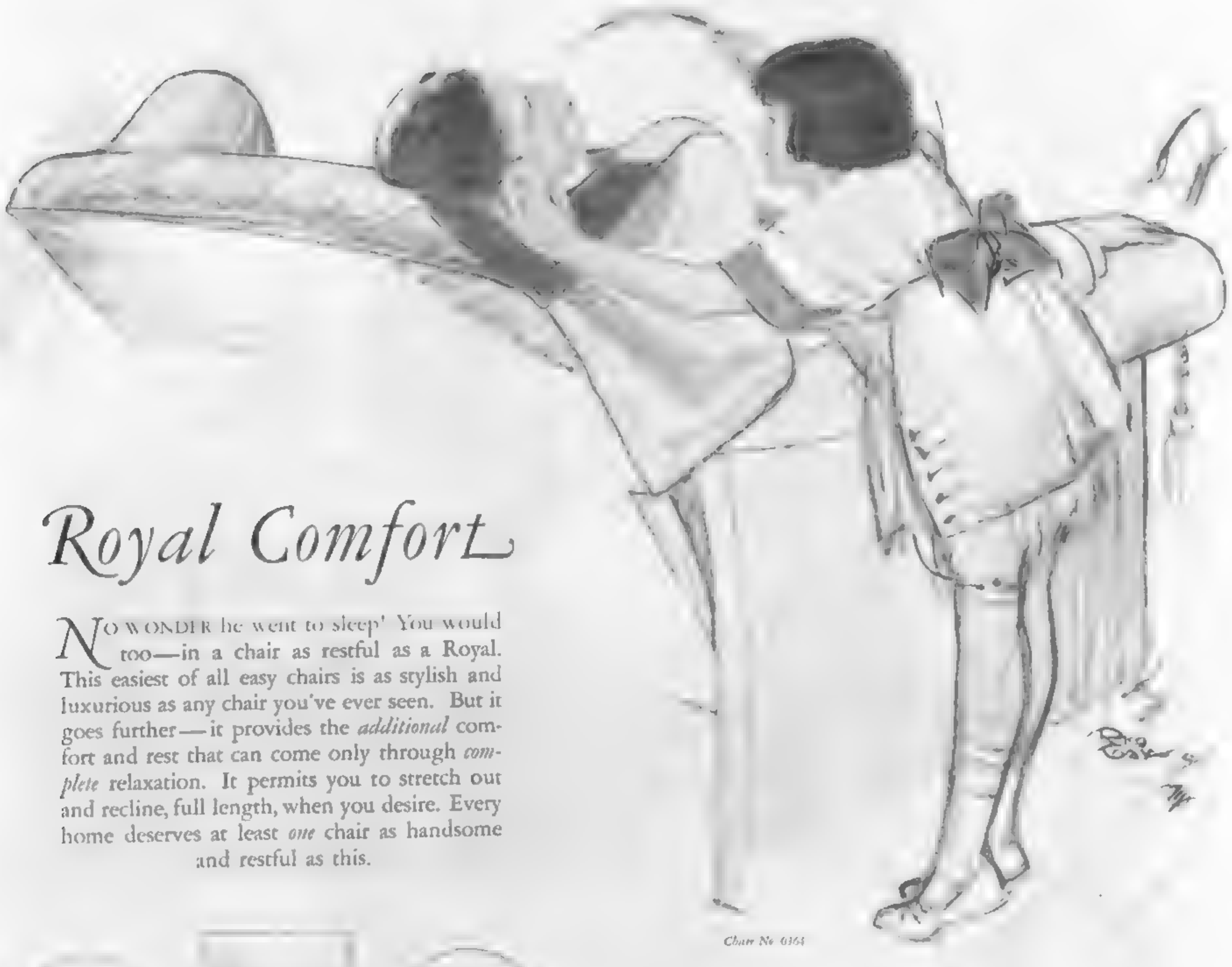

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(Continued from Page 202)

recall within her some thought of the moment, her duties at the junction lunch room as well; and the hairbrush fairly flying now, she smoothed out her gleaming braids, then wrung them into a knot upon her head. Not more than ten minutes later at the most, Judy shoved open the door of the station lunch room.

Fid, the proprietor, already was on hand. Belated, Judy in fact might have prepared herself for some sort of plaint on Mr. Murchison's part; but if aggrieved, Mr. Murchison did not display it. The contrary, a radiant smile dawned on his narrow features and prominent newly shaved chin, the chin blue. "Have a nice time yesterday?" Fid inquired sociably.

"At the funeral?" inquired Judy.

Fid nodded. "They had flowers, I hear, lilies. A feller tells me they came all th' way through from Chi."

"No, just Boise," murmured Judy.

Fid was polishing up the nickel-plated coffee boiler, which already had begun to steam. "Don't worry 'bout bein' late," said Fid. "I 'lowed you'd kind o' lay off this A.M., so I fixed to come around. See the lawyers yet?" he asked.

Though Fid had affably begged her to take it easy, Judy already had her hat and coat off and was busying herself at the counter. "What say, Mr. Murchison?"

Fid repeated his question, adding, "You'll be quittin' here right soon, I expeck, what?"

Judy at the moment was filling a glass jar on the counter with a new batch of crullers, and working on she replied, "Did those pies come through on Number 79 last night—the dried apple?"

Yes, they had come. The answer, however, was not exactly the reply his question had demanded, and he gazed at his assistant momentarily. If he purposed, though, to put the question afresh, Fid had no opportunity to do so. The door of the lunch room at that instant had opened; and his brow all at once ominous, he scrambled to his feet. "Here, you!" Fid called sharply.

A battered figure stood at the door, and the figure Fid at once had identified. "Git!" said he; but instead of following Fid's behest the man shut the door behind him and scuffled toward the counter. As he did so he spoke; and his jaw gallus, Fid perked his head at the fellow, his air as if thunderstruck. "You want wha-a-t?" Fid inquired, drawing it out.

Rand Farlow told him. He had difficulty, it appeared, in speaking; but he mumbled finally a word or two. "Coffee, something to eat," he said; and glancing from Farlow to Judy, Fid cocked an eye derisively. Then, his eye all at once belligerent, the lunch-room proprietor stalked out from behind the counter. "Git!" he said again, his thumb wagging implicit emphasis. "Move along there!" he ordered; and at this instant Judy spoke.

"Sit down, Rand," she said. "Coffee, did you say?"

Fid Murchison gaped. "What's that?" he interrogated.

Judy made no reply, not to Fid, at any rate. "Will you have milk and sugar in it?" she asked.

"Black, please," answered the tattered figure on the stool, adding, "I'll pay you when the train comes in."

"That's no matter," rejoined Judy.

Coffee and doughnuts cost two bits, a quarter, at the Pinto lunch room; and having drawn a cup from the nickel-plated boiler, then set it and the doughnuts before the morning guest, Judy surreptitiously fished a coin out of her change pocket and as secretly dropped it in the till. As she did so, in the adjacent cubby that served the lunch room for a kitchen Fid Murchison felt tentatively at his chin. "Wall, whatta y' know about that, eh?" murmured Fid. He looked, in fact, as if some terrestrial convulsion at that moment had just jolted him and his cosmos out of their orbital round.

Meanwhile, back at the counter Rand Farlow gulped down the black, potent brew steaming in its thick-lipped cup.

He set down the cup when he had finished; and the tall, slim girl behind the counter mutely refilled the cup and passed it back to him. Mutely, Farlow accepted it; and sipping slowly now, his eyes wandered about him. Close at hand a thumbed, dog-eared magazine lay on the glass of the lunch-room cigar case; and conscious of the gray-blue eyes fixed on him from behind the counter, Farlow drew the magazine toward him and awkwardly opened it. From its first page, its frontispiece, a face looked up at him, a woman's, and he was still staring at it when a voice came from behind the counter.

"Good-looking, isn't she?"

After a moment Farlow nodded. "Quite."

He was still gazing at the picture, a portrait. The magazine, it appeared, was one of the news butcher's accustomed "corset covers;" and the face looking out from its page was that of a woman young, handsome, smart, an opera cloak edged with fur drooping from her bare shoulders. "Adelaide Finlay," read the type beneath; while below were a couple of other lines of print, these a brief panegyric on Miss Adelaide Finlay, her status in life and other concerns. "I knew her—once," said Rand Farlow.

There was a pause.

A fly buzzed in the lunch-room window. Back in the cubby a pan clanked as Fid Murchison lurched about. The pause lengthening, Judy took a tasseled-paper fly swatter in her hand and moved upon the fly. Presently the insect met its Waterloo in a corner of the pane; and having finished his second cup, as if reluctant to quit the warmth and comfort of the lunch room, the battered guest fumbled over the pages of the thumbed and dog-eared weekly. He was, in fact, still fumbling among them when a sudden bustle out on the platform awoke him from his reverie.

It seemed to awaken Judy also. The way train from Lattimer, Red Gulch, Quartzite and other stops was drawing in on the spur; and stirring herself, Judy sped to the door and threw it open.

A bell, a wide-mouthed, brazen thing with a clanking clapper, stood on the lunch-room counter; and having seized it as she sped past, she now implanted herself in the doorway, with both hands vigorously wielding the instrument. Its note was at once deafening yet inducing. Already a stream of passengers had poured out of the way train, and hurrying along the platform a variety of them headed toward the lunch room.

Darting within, Judy set down the bell with a final clatter; and giving her apron a readjusting jab, she energetically dabbed at her hair as well, at the same time slipping into place behind the counter. "What's yours?" she was already chanting methodically as the first stool clattered into place before the nickel-plated boiler.

"Tea is sipped from the cup, never from the saucer." It is prescribed, too, that in sipping the tea the spoon shall be removed from the cup. With coffee, though, there may be perhaps a difference. Enough to say, the early morning patrons of the Eating Place seemed more intent on their coffee than on the mere niceties of imbibing it. Nor did each crook out his little finger as he gulped down the steaming brew. "Nice weather we're having," remarked Judy to Mr. Timlake, conductor of the local; and upon his politely replying "You bet!" she was about to remark something else when all at once she paused.

Seating herself at the counter was a woman.

Judy stared. Women, it's true, were occasional early morning patrons at the junction lunch room, but it needed only a glance to see that the newcomer was nowise of the usual type—the wives and other womenfolk of the local cowmen and nesters. No local emporium, indeed, could have contributed the details of the stranger's morning toilet. It could not have been supplied, either, by the most exclusive of the Eastern mail-order houses. Her excitement rising, Judy drank in the details.

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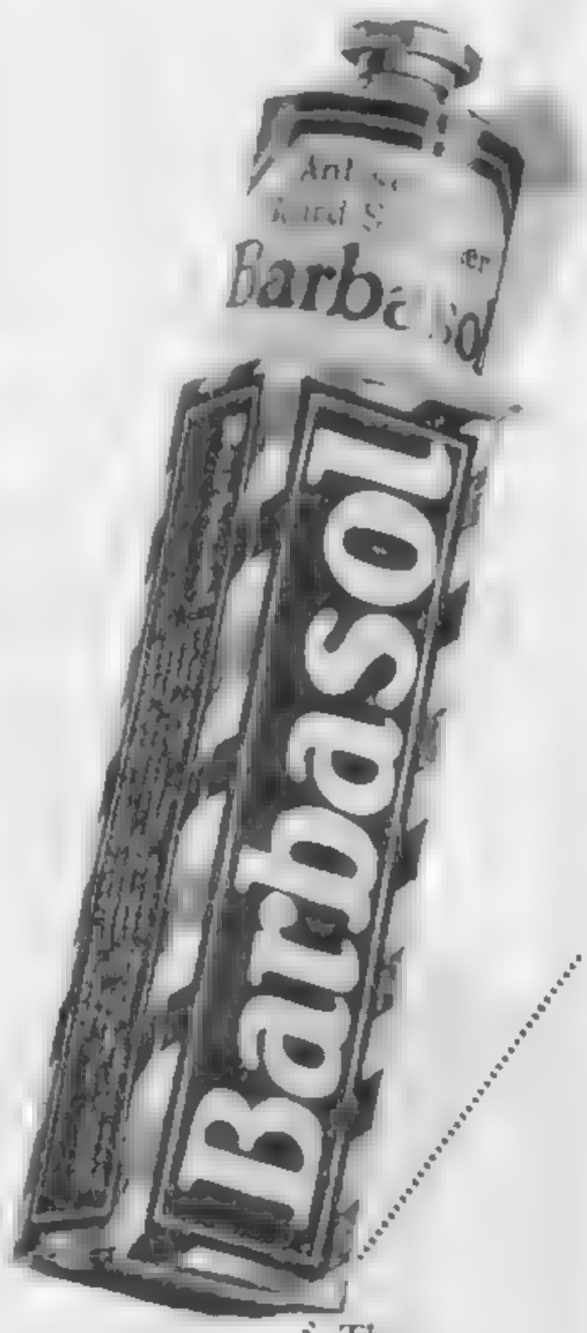


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Again the dictum of that valued volume, the tome on her bureau, stood confirmed. "Let your attire be rich yet modest," it proclaimed. As also it proclaimed, "The woman of the world bears herself with conscious reticence and reserve." And here could be no doubt of it! Reticence, if not reserve, was mirrored on the apparition's face; and with proud haughtiness she spoke, "Coffee, girl."

Hastily Judy drew a cup.

"Eggs," said the vision tersely, "fried."

Judy's heart sank.

There were no eggs. There had been a run on them the night before, and until the local from Lattimer unloaded the morning's freight, guests at the lunch room must do without eggs. "Won't something else do?" Judy asked eagerly.

The regal being momentarily frowned annoyance. "Wotcha got?" she countered.

"Pie," replied Judy, "doughnuts."

"Doughnuts," the personage directed.

Plain print hardly can depict the proud imperiousness of the words. Print, too, would fail to portray the vision's air of chill aloofness. Disdain and aristocratic indifference were its note; and breathless, Judy hung upon every detail of the image's elevated air and manner. Just then, with a thrill almost that of horror, Judy all at once hit the earth.

Seizing a doughnut in her fingers, the haughty deity had plunged it halfway into the steaming coffee! Nor was that all. Throwing back her stately head, and regardless of the look of gaping wonder Judy directed toward her, the vision bit generously into the sopping titbit!

Could it be?

The lunch room for an instant seemed to swirl before Judy's eyes. Was it, in fact, that her cherished handbook, that authority, had proved itself an impudent imposture, a cheat? Or how could it be otherwise when here, as an instance, one of its own exemplars so visibly gave it the lie? True, kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood; and maybe it is by more than mere table manners that one may identify the noble and the great.

But be that so, as Judy watched the dripping doughnut disappear she could not have been more dismayed and wondering had the august vision consuming it climbed all at once upon the lunch counter and cut a buck-and-wing step.

She was still gaping when the door of the lunch room opened and another figure, that of a woman also, entered hurriedly.

White-haired and past middle age, not to say elderly, there was about the newcomer an air of briskness and determination that discounted any feebleness of years. Her eyes bridling and her arched, eaglish nose perked forward, she strode toward the counter. "Simmons!" she said sharply.

Judy gave another start. It was as if she murmured "Huh?" At the name, the personage at the lunch counter had seemed to shrivel.

"Where are my bags, Simmons?" demanded the other. "What have you done with them? Where have you been all this time?"

It was to the haughty image consuming the doughnuts and coffee that this, in fact, was directed; and bolting a final mouthful, the being gagged out a reply. "Please," she stammered; "I'm just having my mornin's coffee, madam. The bags are there by the corner."

In evidence she indicated a little mound of luggage set down by the door; and as the older woman waved the speaker out of her way and herself took the stool vacated, Judy breathed anew. The book, after all, had been right. The trained, *soignée* woman of the world indeed does not dip her doughnut in her coffee; and as she gazed at the other, the older woman, she knew now, beyond peradventure of mistake, that here was true aristocracy, austere and self-certain and unmistakable.

Who could have doubted it? Only such people, after all, may comport themselves with that settled indifference in air and speech that is alone to the manner born. Thus, having disposed of her underling, that impostor, the maid, the newcomer disposed herself on the stool; and in a voice that brooked no contention she spoke:

"Coffee!"

The order was directed at Judy. Frozen, though, Judy seemed neither to heed nor to hear.

In the midst of a rapid, silent inventory of her new guest's attire and turnout—skirt and jacket plain; no jewelry; hat severe, ostrich plumes omitted—she gave another start, her eyes rounding. From the other end of the counter a shabby scarecrow had at that moment emerged; and coming close, he reached out a hand. To Judy's amazement, the hand touched the woman on the arm.

Then, as the woman turned inquiringly, Rand Farlow spoke.

"Did you get my message, mother?" he asked.

Judy caught at her breath. Once more the lunch room seemed to whirl about her. Mother?

There was no reply for a moment. Farlow's mother, as such she seemed to be, stared briefly at the soiled tatterdemalion standing before her. "So it's you, is it?" she remarked presently.

Farlow nodded gravely. "You see it is," he replied.

Yes. Evidently she saw it. Already, in fact, her eye seemed to take in the picture of her son's apparel—that and the pasty, swollen pallor of his face; for her eyes hardened and the lines of her mouth tautened like a wire.

Farlow was looking at her gravely. "You haven't said yet," he inquired slowly, "whether you got the message I sent you."

"Yes, I got it," she replied.

He smiled back at her quietly.

"I'm finished, mother; all in. I'm sorry for all I've done." He dropped his shoulders as he spoke, their drooping ineptitude a sign of his contrition and weariness. "I'd like another chance," he said.

A sardonic gleam lit the thin, straight lips. "A chance to make a fool of me again, perhaps?" inquired his mother.

The lunch room was stilled. The others clustered along the counter had caught an echo of the little byplay, that comic tragedy; and they were listening intently. They now saw the battered figure wince as if struck.

"For God's sake!" said Farlow.

He spoke beneath his breath, his voice a mere murmur; yet had he shouted, what he'd said could not have rung out more eloquently. Equally eloquent was the reply the woman, his mother, made. She had pushed back from the counter and was rising. As she rose she spoke. "You've made your bed—you can lie in it," she was saying when abruptly there was an interruption.

Around from behind the counter a figure in an apron had emerged; and as Farlow caught at his breath, who knows what words of impassioned pleading leaping to his lips, he felt a hand grip him by the arm.

"Here!" a sharp voice said harshly. "If you want to get East, out of this, I mean, I'll fix it for you!"

"What?" stammered Farlow, dazed.

"Just as I say," said Judy. "I've got money."

Money? Eleven a week is hardly entitled to that term; but that this was not exactly what Judy Caswell had in mind was shortly evidenced. Anyway, she had just spoken when the lunch room again thrilled with a little stir.

"Ah!" cried a high-pitched voice.

Leveling a finger at the girl in the gingham apron, Rand Farlow's mother spoke again. "I thought I knew you. I thought there was something about you familiar!" she cried. Then, her tone still more contemptuous, she added, "You're the girl, the waitress, aren't you, to whom Ross Farlow, my brother-in-law, has left all his millions?"

"Yes, ma'm," answered Judy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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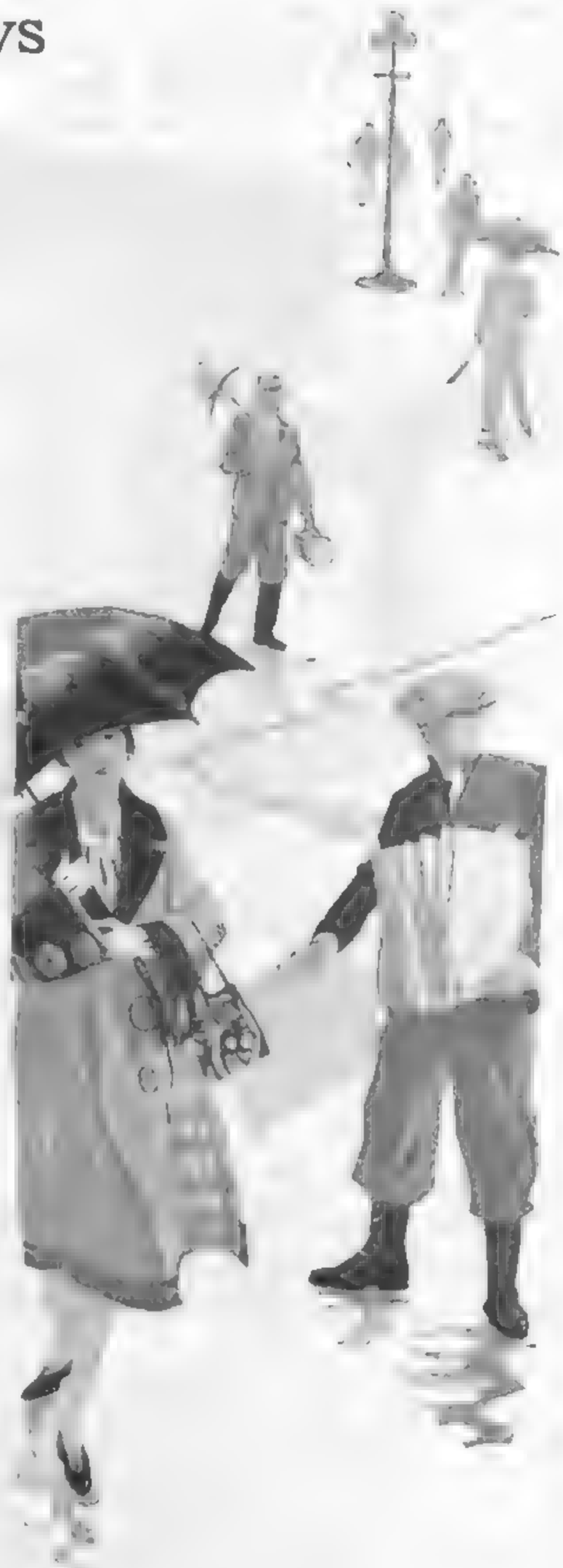

# "BALL-BAND"
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# THE AMERICANIZATION OF BELLEAU WOOD

(Continued from Page 27)

what it meant to face the hail of lead there at close quarters

While the Wood was being cleaned up a lieutenant of Marines -James F. Robertson—captured Bouresches, southeast of the forest, with twenty men. This town is the setting for the much discussed play, What Price Glory. One of its authors, Laurence Stallings, fought at Belleau.

The Marines did the job, but at heavy cost. In and around the Wood the slain were in the proportion of about one to every five wounded, while the usual battle ratio is one killed to every seven or eight wounded. It means that many wounded soldiers remained in the fight until killed by a second or third wound.

To round out this brief summary of the Battle of Belleau Wood it is necessary to place it historically. To begin with, it was the first engugement in the World War fought by Americans in the American fashion under American leadership with American initiative and daring.

In the second place, up to this time "American help" had been merely a phrase. Now it became a bulwark of the Allied cause. With the capture of Belleau Wood and the clearing up of the adjacent country by our men, the Germans turned from offense to defense. French resistance stiffened: the road to Paris was blocked for good, and from then until the Armistice, victory was in the air. Belleau Wood was the Gettysburg of the war of wars.

No wonder Marshal Foch called it "the cradle of victory." By order of General Degoutte, commanding the Sixth French Army, the name of the scene of the fight was changed to Bois de la Brigade des Marines, which means the Wood of the Marine Brigade. Hence the identity of the American Marine is officially fixed on the map of France just as it unofficially reposes in the grateful and admiring remembrance of all who know what he did there.

For many decades Belleau Wood was the property of the Paillet family, who used it as a shooting preserve. Their hunting lodge, which stands near the northern fringe, is a wreck because it was in the direct line of fierce shell fire for weeks. Only the gaping circular walls remain.

### In Memory of Our Dead

Our first solemn duty at Belleau Wood was to the dead. In war the burial squad followed hot on the heels of battle. What is today the beautiful Belleau Cemetery—officially it is known as the Aisne-Marne—was located immediately after the battle. It is at the foot of the knoll from which Belleau Wood stretches southward. No site could be more appropriate because it forms the approach to the spot where many of the troops who rest there fell in battle. Although two thousand bodies that once reposed here have been sent home, 2214 graves remain.

Generals and cooks rest side by side. The star of David indicating the Jewish casualty is neighbor to the cross that crowns the turf over a Christian. Here death is indeed the supreme leveler.

While loving care was bestowed upon Belleau Cemetery, because it is the shrine for many who make annual pilgrimages to the cross-sentineled patches of greensward, little attention was paid to Belleau Wood except for the constant search for missing bodies which continue to be uncovered.

With peace, Belleau Wood remained, of course, the property of the Paillet family. The trenches and machine-gun nests were filling up and becoming overgrown with brush. It meant that the hallmarks of our valor were being obliterated just as the battlefields of the Somme, the Oise, the Marne and the Meuse were yielding to the plowshare and the sickle. Nature is ever the swift and sure restorer. In a few more years Belleau Wood, save for the shell-riven trees, would have become almost like any other French forest in external appearance. Moreover, in that leafy dust was "a richer dust concealed," because the bodies of fifty American soldiers who fell there are still undiscovered.

It was quite by chance that the Wood came into American hands. In 1921 Mrs. James Carroll Frazer, an alert and public-spirited resident of Washington, became interested in the little village of Belleau and its environs. She organized and became president of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association. Its purpose was to rebuild the village in memory of the men who died at Belleau Wood and vicinity. The association also had in view the reconstruction of other devastated towns and the erection of memorials and monuments to the American dead throughout France.

### Saving Belleau From the Tourists

The Marines had distinguished themselves in and around Belleau, and their participation appealed peculiarly to Mrs. Frazer. During the war she had been chairman of the Comforts Committee of the Navy League. Hence the organization of the Memorial Association, with Belleau as its objective. This work was inaugurated with the installation of a water tower and pump for the commune of Belleau as a tribute to the soldiers of Pennsylvania who gave their lives to clear the Wood.

In 1922 Mrs. Frazer was making a visit to Belleau when she heard that the Wood was to be converted into a sort of amusement park. It is easy to understand how and why this scheme was conceived. Belleau Wood lies in the midst of the sightseeing zone. Château-Thierry is not far away. Every day the rubberneck wagons come up from Paris to give tourists a quick view of what was one of the most decisive battle areas of the war. A hotel at Belleau Wood had profitable possibilities.

Mrs. Frazer at once communicated the disturbing news to Major General John A Lejeune, Commandant of the Marine Corps, who shared her apprehension. She decided to do her utmost to save the Wood from desecration and to acquire the historic spot. The purpose of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association was diverted for the moment from village reconstruction to this task. Under Mrs. Frazer's stimulating direction sixteen men and women subscribed $1000 each, which was sufficient to purchase the one hundred and twenty-odd acres fought over by the Marines in those weeks of terrific assault.

Raising the money was the easiest part of the job as events now proved. When Mrs. Frazer sought to consummate the purchase, her agent in Paris discovered that it was impossible for a private alien corporation—the association had been organized as such in the District of Columbia—to buy land in France. The reason was that the French, having had a costly taste of German penetration through this process, had set up the bars after the war. It was then necessary to get a Federal charter, which meant that the association had to be incorporated under an act of Congress. With a Federal charter it could do business with Monsieur Paillet.

Undaunted, Mrs. Frazer set to work to get the charter. No time could have been more inopportune. A filibuster was on; thousands

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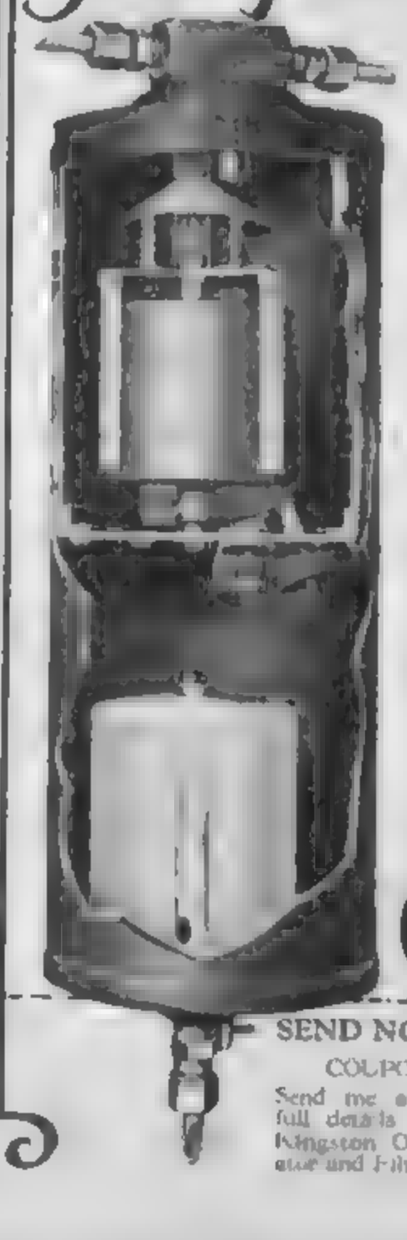

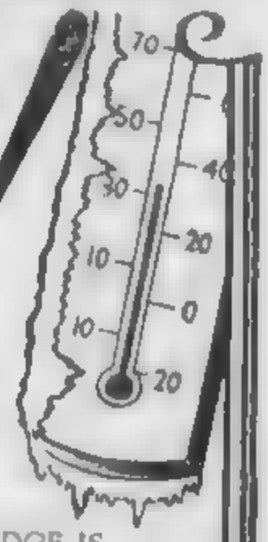

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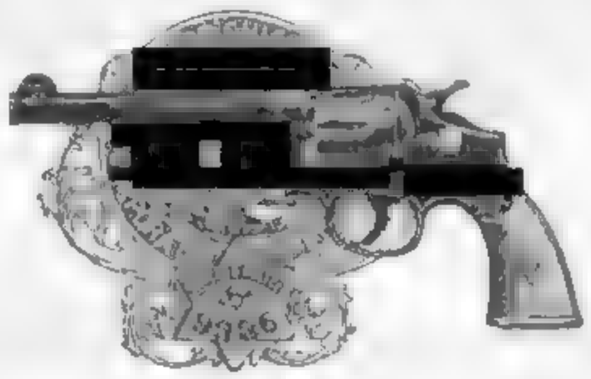

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of bills were up; the session neared its end. Vice President Coolidge, as he then was, became a strong ally; many senators and congressmen rallied to the project, and in the closing hours of Congress the bill was jammed through. On March 3, 1923, the Belleau Wood Memorial Association got a new and Federal lease on life and could go ahead and buy Belleau Wood. This was accomplished in May.

Once the association was in a position to buy Belleau Wood, the French gave every support. Marshal Foch accepted the honorary chairmanship of the French Committee. To a greater degree, perhaps, than any other Frenchman he appreciated the practical kinship of that bit of once embattled wood with the salvation of his country.

Belleau Wood was dedicated as an American memorial on July 22, 1923, with what was perhaps the greatest tribute yet paid to our dead in France. It was one of those Sundays of blue sky and smiling sunshine so rare in the area of the Marne Valley, because rain is the usual fate of most French celebrations. Eminent French and American generals aglitter with decorations mingled with peasants attired in their Sabbath best. High and low met on a common ground of reverence. Particularly appropriate was the presence of a detachment of Marines from the Pittsburgh, flagship of the American fleet in European waters, which included some of the survivors of the battle in the Wood.

*Mrs. James Carroll Fraser, Founder of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association*

The flag-draped speakers' stand stood in a clearing almost in the center of the forest. To the left and right stretched the opened trenches and machine-gun emplacements that had hurled death on our men. In front sat the audience, while troops of French cavalry in steel helmets formed a blue-clad fringe all around.

### *The Cradle of Victory*

Judge Walter V. R. Berry, who is chairman of the French Committee of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association, presided. Peculiar interest attached to the two principal speakers, who were Marshal Foch and Major General Harbord.

In his speech the Generalissimo of the French Armies, who directed the Allied destinies in the closing period of the war, said:

"In order to understand the nature of this ceremony one must recall the anguish which gripped us when we fought here in June, 1918. The violence of the German attack had carried the enemy to Château-Thierry, ninety kilometers from Paris. It was the heart of France which was menaced and it was necessary to bar the road. At that moment we remembered that Generals Pershing and Bliss had said to us: 'We are here to fight and to be killed. Do with us as you will without counting.'"

Then, as if addressing the shades of the departed warriors, he added:

"Glorious dead, you can sleep in peace on this soil which was the cradle of victory. Lafayette in America built the first span of Franco-American friendship; you here have built the second. America shall henceforth be sovereign over this bit of land."

At the conclusion of his remarks came the first of the many incidents that stirred and touched the spectators. The marshal gave a sharp command and the French tricolor, which had floated from the tall pole alongside the speakers' stand, came down while the cavalry band played the Marseillaise. A moment later the Stars and Stripes went fluttering up to the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner.

General Harbord's speech vividly rehearsed the feat of his old brigade in the Wood. Among other things he said:

"It is very appropriate that this shell-torn wood and blood-soaked soil should, with the consent of our great sister republic, pass forever to American ownership. It is too precious in its associations, too hallowed with the haunting memories of that fateful June of five years ago, to be permanently sheltered under any flag, no matter how much beloved, other than our own. Now in the quiet sunshine of a happier summer it has become a tiny American island, surrounded by lovely France. I cannot conceive that in all time to come our country will ever permit the pollution of this consecrated ground by the foot of an invader marching on that Paris which Americans here died to defend."

### *A Mecca*

"Insignificant in area, out of the ordinary track of travel, not specially picturesque, and with no particular traditions in peace or war, this ancient hunting preserve of the Château of Belleau came into the spotlight of history by being at the spearhead of the German thrust for Paris in the last week of May, 1918. For a short period the music of its sonorous name was heard in all Allied lands, and for its brief day it held the headlines throughout the world. The great crises of history pass unheeded by the actors in the drama, and it is not until after the event that the historian can say what particular hour on a crowded day was heavily charged with fate. The accident of place, the chance stroke of a zero hour wrote the name of the Bois de Belleau on the tablets, and with it chronicled the immortal fame of the Marine Brigade and their comrades of the Second Engineers.

"This melancholy spot, with its tangle of wildwood, its giant bowlders, its mangled trees, with here and there the wreckage of war, a helmet, a rusty canteen or, perhaps in some lonely forest aisle the still tangible evidence of deadly hand-to-hand struggle, will for all time be a Mecca for pilgrims from beyond the western ocean. Mothers will consecrate this ground with their tears; fathers with grief tempered with pride will tell the story to their younger generation. Now and then, a veteran for the brief span in which we shall survive, will come here to live again the brave days of that distant June. Here will be raised the altars of patriotism; here will be renewed the vows of sacrifice and consecration to country. Hither will come our countrymen in hours of depression, and even of failure, and take courage from this shrine of great deeds."

The other speakers included Mrs. Frazer, Colonel T. B. Mott, our military attaché in Paris, Vice Admiral Andrews, commanding the American naval forces in European waters, and Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania.

The concluding ceremony was attuned to the high and uplifting spirit of this

(Continued on Page 213)

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(Continued from Page 210)

memorable occasion. A representative of the Bishop of Soissons gave absolution for the unfound dead; the Marines fired three volleys over the mausoleum of their comrades; the bugles sounded taps while French aeroplanes, sweeping low, scattered flowers over the forest. In these circumstances Belleau Wood passed officially, as well as unforgettably, into American keeping

It only remains to present a close-up of Belleau Wood as it is today under American supervision. I made the forty-five mile trip from Paris by motor along part of the Metz-Paris highway that the Marines held with their battered bodies. Few French trips are invested with such dramatic interest. From the Marne—that insignificant stream where twice the fate of France was decided—to the north every square mile is associated with the terror and tragedy of the World War. It was on this road—the spot is now marked by a monument to him—that General Galliéni's soldiers left their hastily commandeered taxicabs on that momentous September night in 1914 when they saved Paris from the first victorious German rush.

Soon you pass Meaux, where the Marine Brigade really got started on the fateful journey to Belleau Wood. Before you realize it you reach the little village of Lucy-le-Bocage, where the troops left the motor-trucks and advanced to glory and death. Within the shadow of a ruined church is the monument to the Second Division.

Not far away flows the stream which gives the valley of Clignon its name. After the war Marshal Foch came here and said to the inhabitants: "From the little river and the valley of Clignon we went on to final victory." I interpolate this because the momentous fight from Soissons to Rheims is always called the Second Battle of the Marne. Geographically this is not correct. You do not touch the Marne until after you top the crests of the hills that look down into Château-Thierry.

Once in Lucy-le-Bocage you are in the zone of our fighting. As you emerge from the town you can see Belleau Wood rising to the right, while across the wheat fields in front one sees the Stars and Stripes floating over Belleau Cemetery. At present, and until the road is constructed from Lucy-le-Bocage into the Wood, the only approach to the place where the Marines fought and died is by way of the cemetery.

### *Where Our Flag Flies in France*

You therefore walk through this precious plot, climb the road that winds around the knoll, skirt the wrecked hunting lodge, and bring up at the entrance to our Valhalla. No matter how hardened you may be to the ravages of war and its consequences, the very sight of this brooding stretch of green stirs the feelings. Immediately you face the old road through the forest from the center of which rises the flagpole where flies our flag. It is the first evidence of American possession.

Accompanied by Mr. W. B. Fitts, the superintendent of the Wood, I walked over every square foot of ground where our men battled. The selection of Mr. Fitts as custodian of this sacred spot was fortunate. A resident of France for many years, and with long experience in American journalism, he brings the necessary sympathy and understanding to his charge.

Belleau Wood is longer than it is wide. This was one reason why we attacked from the south. At the extreme southern edge the Germans dug their first line of trenches. They commanded the open area across which the Marines swept in waves from the direction of Lucy-le-Bocage. That field of death now smiles with plenty. On the day I visited the place it nodded with ripening grain.

The first line of trenches on the south was the outpost of the German defense. Behind it was a second line, which cut the Wood from east to west, while the third and last extended from the northeastern edge in a half circle across the road through the center toward the west. This northeastern section was the strongest of all the positions A company of Marines that made the initial assault on it retired with only eight men. It was not cleaned out until June twenty-fifth, and after the struggle in the Wood had raged for twenty-three days. Our artillery dropped 33,000 shells into it before we made the final charge. If you get the three lines of trenches fixed in your mind you will at once appreciate the fact that there were really two No Man's Lands over which fury reigned.

The German trenches were only part of the enemy defense. For every line of trench there were half a dozen machine-gun nests Historically Belleau Wood will always be known as a battle of machine guns and gunners. No agency for destruction is more terrible than the machine gun, which sprays death unceasingly.

At the mention of the word trench the average person familiar with war conjures up the picture of the kind of excavation so common in the Somme and elsewhere which soldiers occupied for years. These permanent trenches were really underground habitations with wooden walks, parapets and dugouts.

### *All Credit to the Marines*

Not so with the trenches in Belleau Wood. They were what army men call hasty or attack shelters, hurriedly dug in emergency—this applies especially to our own—and therefore shallow. They were not deep enough for a man to stand up in unobserved. This is why they filled up so rapidly. The same was true of the wicked gouges in the ground where the machine guns were placed. Our troops occupied these shallow trenches from June 10 to July 18, being bombarded hourly with gas and shells of every caliber. It was as hazardous to stick to the terrain won at such heavy cost as it was to carry it.

In connection with the filling up of the Belleau trenches, or rather the way that Nature invariably renews herself on fields of battle, are two interesting facts. A pair of deer survived the maelstrom of gas and shell and in the intervening years a considerable family has sprung from them. They nibble herbage on the grass-grown edges of trench and machine-gun nests. When the Marines first went into action, Belleau Wood was like a garden of wild strawberries. These, too, seemed to have withstood the wartime blasts. I saw the parallel to this comeback in the shell holes of the Somme, which flamed with poppies the year following the great British offensive of 1916.

It followed that when we took charge of Belleau Wood in 1923 most of the trenches and machine-gun nests, with the exception of those in that bloody northeast angle where the Germans dug themselves in more deeply than elsewhere, were almost obliterated. Rains had washed silt and earth into them and underbrush had grown up all around. During the past two years, however, the trenches and nests of the first and second lines have been opened up. The third line has not filled much. All this makes it possible to visualize the fighting.

No man can go through Belleau Wood without wondering how it was humanly possible for the Marines to go in and stay in. Every trench—they were built in short sections—had to be taken separately and in a hand-to-hand encounter. Moreover, every trench, no matter how short, was flanked and backed up with machine-gun nests. In addition, the Germans placed machine guns and sharpshooters in the trees. Thus death lurked all around and above. You leave those green glades with their grim reminders of battle with a new admiration for the courage and the tenacity of the American soldier.

Not only are the trenches and machine-gun nests restored but the Wood has been laid out in so-called streets that commemorate the men who participated in, or directed, the fighting. The clearing in the heart of the forest where the flag flies is known as the Place du Maréchal Foch.


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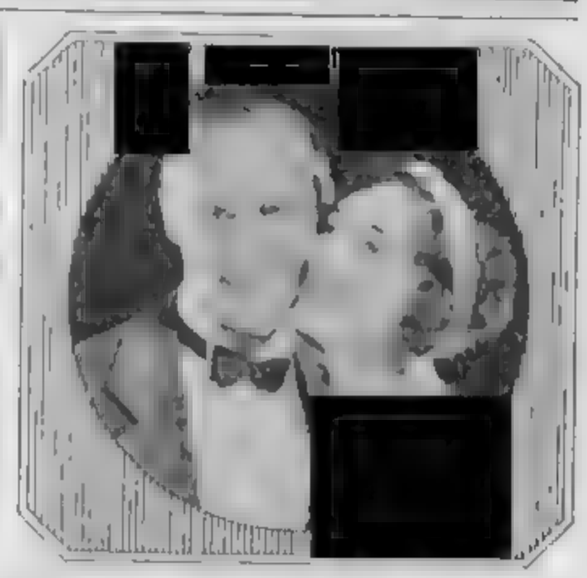

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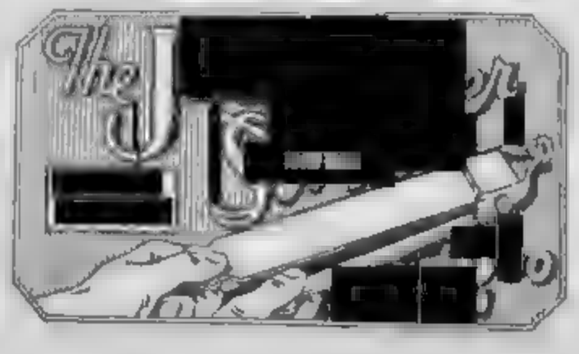

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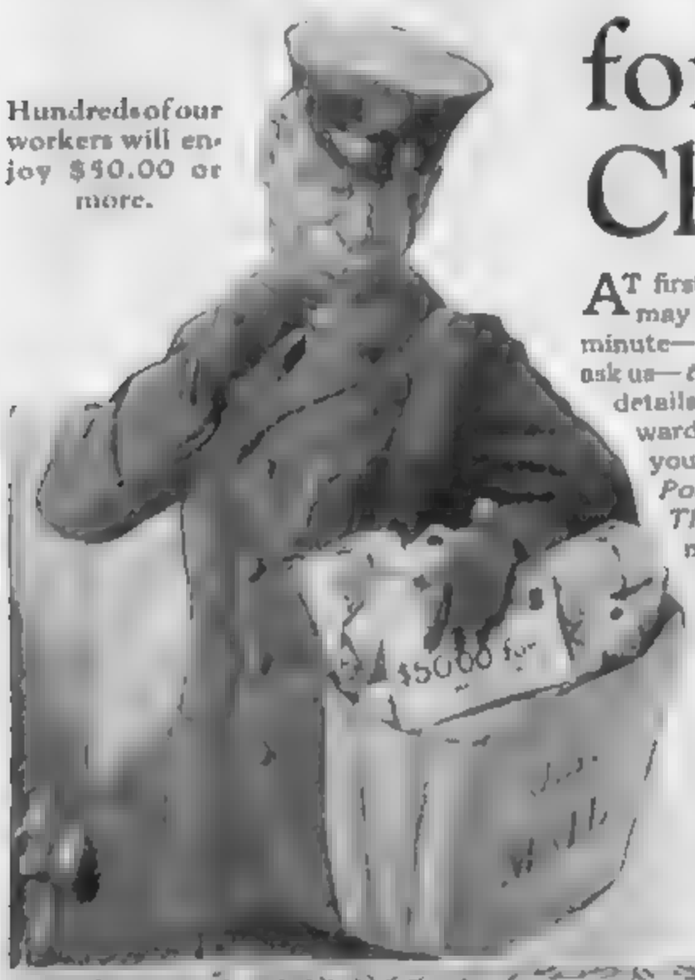


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The line of trenches directly to the west has been named the Allée du Major General James G. Harbord, while the one-time path of hell stretching to the east is the Allée du General Degoutte. General Pershing's name has been given to the aisle that leads into the second No Man's Land. The road to the north is designated as the Allée de la Brigade des Marines, while the continuation of it south to the point where our troops went in, has been christened Allée de la Twenty-sixth Division.

The streets are all marked with painted signboards. Printed placards are also placed at the principal points of fighting. They set forth succinctly what happened there. Thus the visitor really needs no guide or guide-book to Belleau Wood.

Although much has been accomplished in the restoration of the Wood, considerably more remains to be done. Sections of the No Man's Land, for example, are still almost unexplored.

Somewhere in those dim reaches rest the remains of the fifty unfound American dead. Every week or so a body is recovered because the search parties are constantly at work.

There are endless souvenirs of the combat days in the shape of rusty machine guns, rifles, helmets, grenades and bayonets. These will be placed in a museum on the spot. Here and there you also find fragments of clothes and shoes.

In June last four German bodies were recovered in the Wood, and reinterred in the German cemetery not far from the village of Belleau, where 14,000 of the enemy are buried. All the German graves in France, by the way, are marked with black crosses, whereas white is employed for the Allied graves.

### *Restoration of Trenches*

One of the many tasks that lie ahead of the Belleau Wood Memorial Association is the complete restoration of the trench system and also its permanent maintenance. Then, too, is the all-important matter of an adequate entrance and exit. As I have already intimated, the present temporary approach is through the northern edge, which lies just above our cemetery and is only accessible for pedestrians. A highway is now being constructed from Lucy-le-Bocage which will enter the Wood at the southern fringe. An impressive gate will mark it.

It is the hope of the association that our War Department, which controls the area from the cemetery up to the edge of the Wood, will permit the new road to pass out at the northern end of the forest. This would enable the visitor to make an uninterrupted journey by car from Lucy-le-Bocage through the Wood and then drop down easily along the knoll to the cemetery. Just now it is impossible to go into the Wood by motor.

At this point it may be well to clear up a point concerning which some confusion exists. Many people think that Belleau Cemetery and Belleau Wood are the same. As a matter of fact, although sentimentally linked, they are separate and distinct.

Belleau Cemetery is one of six that we have in France. The land is controlled by the War Department and is in charge of the Cemeterial Division of the Quartermaster's Department. Although we have paid for it, the property is only ours so long as it is used as a resting place for the dead. Belleau Wood, on the other hand, was purchased outright by the Memorial Association, which has title to it. The War Department has no supervision.

### *An Ever-Green Memorial*

The money for the road to the Wood is available, but it will be necessary to raise a permanent fund of not less than $100,000 for the upkeep of the Wood, to mark all the historic spots associated with our operations throughout the Aisne-Marne sector, and to install a suitable monument in the forest. The purchase price of Belleau Wood came from a few contributors. The association is anxious to make a much larger number of persons parties to its perpetuation. If this is achieved through small gifts then a considerable portion of our people may have a share in keeping intact the theater of one of our most gallant achievements anywhere.

Just what form the permanent monument in Belleau Wood will take is as yet undetermined. Many who have visited the Wood feel that a stone structure including a chapel and a museum, and surmounted by a belfry, would meet all requirements. The ideal site is the Place du Maréchal Foch, which is the heart of the battlefield and the scene of some of the bitterest fighting.

What our stewardship of Belleau Wood, to say nothing of contact with it, means to the youth of America is indicated by several episodes that came to my attention there. Two New York college boys who had worked their way across the Atlantic on a cattle boat, went without food for a whole day in order to visit the battle ground. A group of lads from Utah picked the forest as their first place of pilgrimage upon reaching France. They were so deeply impressed that they stood with bared heads at the flagpole while one of their number offered a prayer.

Thus the place where the German drive was checked and the tide of the war turned, has become a permanent memorial to the men who died there. In the larger sense no formal tribute of stone or bronze is necessary to commemorate that epic deed. Its heroism is registered on those shell-torn trees and along the gun-gashed lanes. Belleau Wood will remain the ever-green symbol of an immense sacrifice that was not made in vain.

*Clark Fork Near Cooke, Montana, Beartooth National Forest*

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THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

# MY LADY'S GOWN

(Continued from Page 20)

days, dinners, dances, bridge parties and teas, which for me spelled opportunity to sell clothes. So I decided to settle there.

"That established, my next step was to discover a suitable location for my shop, and to that highly important detail I gave very thorough consideration also, deciding eventually upon a suite of rooms up one flight of stairs so that my clients might be able to make their selections in peace and quiet, undisturbed by the clamor and traffic of the street. A shop on the ground floor, with show windows giving on the street, is a permanent invitation to the merely curious, who enter, distract the real buyers and wear the patience of the saleswomen to a thread.

"I might, it is true, have allured a greater number of jazz customers; but on the other hand, I figured that the discriminating women whose trade I sought would prefer to climb one short flight of stairs, if by so doing they could gain seclusion in which to make their decisions.

"Having fixed upon my location, I next furnished my new quarters—not loudly, eccentrically to attract attention, but like a lady's drawing-room, simple paneling, soft hangings and a few fine old colonial pieces which I possessed. It was the kind of background which tended to make my clients feel easy and at home; moreover, it gave them confidence in me, in my taste; it placed me, so to speak. The gowns I kept out of sight in another room. To see too many all at once tends to confuse the mind, to bewilder the eye; it renders choice a thousand times more difficult, especially" she laughed—"when women don't know what they want. So I hid my gowns and brought them out one by one. By so doing I could give each client my undivided attention; I could study her personality, her taste; help her to choose gowns which would express her character, her temperament and, incidentally, clamp her to me with hooks of steel. For here is a maxim: Once sell a woman a successful gown and you can't lose her custom; she's bound to return to you. Why, I've had clients rave to me about a becoming gown they'd bought somewhere ten years ago. They have excellent memories for such things. And if a dress expresses their individuality, as a rule they don't cavil at the price. So I decided to cater to their personalities and sell them becoming clothes."

### Only One Dress of a Kind

"Accordingly, after I had located my shop and studied my clientele at close range, I went to New York and began to buy clothes. I stocked up with gowns and hats selected with extreme care from the best style houses. I chose only one dress of a kind, for women don't like to buy a dashing frock in order to make a sensation at the club and then discover their most dangerous rival is wearing the exact replica. A few blunders like that would blast my reputation in the bud. So I bought no duplicates, but went in heavily for individuality, distinction, charm. I had clothes for every occasion—for sports, afternoon bridge parties, dinners, balls, the street and, of course, for Palm Beach.

"Having selected my stock, I prepared for my opening. Already I had sent out twenty-five hundred cards carefully compiled from the financial and social *crème de la crème* of the community. It is only fair to say I had help on that. My landlord, a hotel keeper who for years has run the best hotel in town and is, in consequence, a kind of local Who's Who, edited my list and gave me some good advice. He told me whom I could trust to keep on my books and those who must pay C. O. D."

"Ah, then you let some of your clients run up bills?" She nodded. "But isn't that dangerous? Aren't women proverbially slack in paying their dressmakers' bills and the like?" She shook her head.

"I've never had any trouble. But I don't carry everybody, you understand—only those who are financially solid and who pay when they say they will. I know it's the tradition that women who buy many clothes are slow about paying their bills, but that has not been my experience. Of course, if you open accounts with everybody, indiscriminately, you're bound to have losses. If, on the other hand, you are too cautious and trust nobody, you lose some of your best customers. That's particularly true of women clients whose credit is good but who often lack cash in hand

"You see, it's this way: Women's pin money very often depends on dividends which are payable quarterly. They come into my shop, purchase a few gowns and say, 'I can't pay for these right away—not until I receive my quarterly dividends. Do you mind letting this run?' And usually I let it run. I'll give you a particular instance: Last January a client came to see me who was going to Palm Beach. She bought a thousand dollars' worth of clothes in a single morning. 'I can't pay you now,' she laughed, 'not until I receive my next dividends.' That was three months away, but I knew she was trustworthy, the kind of person who kept her word. So I carried her on my books."

### How to Pick Your Clothes

"The fact is," the gown merchant continued thoughtfully, "I like to deal with women. Some saleswomen don't; they get along better with men. They can't seem to sell to their own sex. I suppose it's because they're not interested in women. In my judgment, salesmanship is chiefly a matter of stroking the fur the right way. I like to study a woman's style, her personality, discover what suits her, what makes her individuality emerge, and then pick the dress which will throw her best points into relief.

"Gowns are like picture frames; their sole object is to enhance the picture—never, never to throw the emphasis upon the frame. That explains why some simple little frock on a certain woman often produces a howling success; it brings out the picture; and it also explains why some other frock, stunning in itself, is a dismal failure; it kills the picture by concentrating attention on itself. Here's another axiom: If a gown makes you exclaim 'What a stunning gown!' it is wrong; if it makes you exclaim 'What a stunning woman!' it is right. The first, last and only question a woman should ever ask herself with reference to a dress is not 'Is it pretty?' but 'Does it become me?'"

"But do they always know what is becoming? Does the average woman know her own style?"

"Heavens, no!" she laughed. "And what's worse, some of them don't want to learn. Fat women yearn for ruffles and furbelows; sallow, bilious women seem to run unerringly to tans which emphasize their bad skins; and bouncing, buxom women with high complexions go in for violent colors and bizarre designs. The fact is the majority of women have a secret romantic ideal of the kind of raving beauty they'd like to be; they kid themselves into believing what they wish to believe and choose gowns which correspond with that hidden ideal—often with grotesque results."

"And what is your method of procedure in such a case?"

"Oh, I try to be diplomatic—steer the client away from the wrong dress—wrong for her, I mean—and adroitly show her the right thing."

"But does she recognize the right thing when she sees it?"

"The type we're speaking of—no. If once I can persuade her to try on the right gown, I can nearly always win her. But very often she won't even look at it, for it's not in line, you see, with her preconceived


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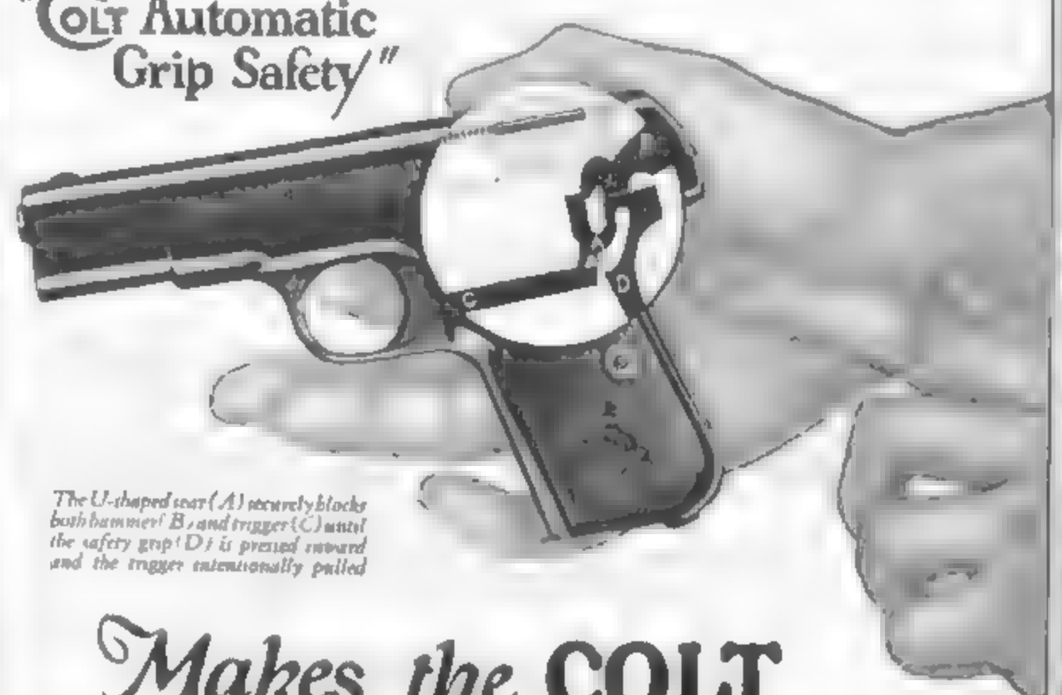

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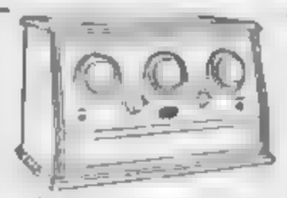


No batteries are required with Pathé Radio Receivers if you use the new McCullough A C Tubes which operate from the electric light current, together with a "B" battery eliminator.

Pathé

CONE LOUD SPEAKER

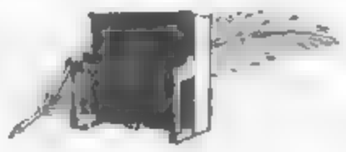
Exquisite in tone
Exquisite in design
Exquisite in workmanship

*Some territories for both jobbers and retailers still open. Write.*

PATHÉ PHONOGRAPH AND RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. 14 20 GRAND AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

# 446

## Music Schools, Colleges and Institutions use Ellington Pianos and recommend them enthusiastically for the home.



Ellington Pianos

BUILT BY BALDWIN

THE BALDWIN PIANO CO., CINCINNATI, O.



## "I was determined to start a business of my own"!

### He Did!

"I didn't have the capital," continued W. D. Blair of New York, "but I knew from past experience in representing you in spare time that persistent effort and a desire to succeed would bring success."

Today Mr. Blair has established a fast-growing business which is paying him liberally every month, which will pay him more and more as the months roll by.

### You Can!

If you have a like desire to succeed there's no reason why, as our local subscription representative, you cannot increase your income by $1.00 to $1.50 an hour for spare time; or earn $25.00 to $50.00 or more a week for full time. Send the coupon for details

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
918 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How might I start a local business of my own?

*Name* _____

*Street* _____

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ideal of herself. 'No, no!' she shudders. 'Take away that awful thing. I hate it!' Subconsciously, she knows she's kidding herself, and that makes her more set in her ideas, for she's fighting herself. And sometimes, despite all my efforts, she goes out with an absolutely terrible dress—terrible, you understand, for her.

"Some clients seem to think because I recommend a certain gown it's because I want to get it off my hands. They go away, remarking in an audible aside to a friend, 'Yes, she wanted to fob off that dress on me because she was stuck with it. Did you notice how she praised it up? But I fooled her.' A little thought would reveal how shallow is this reasoning. In the first place, such action on my part would be the essence of bad salesmanship. I want my clients to buy charming and becoming gowns, because if they're admired in them they'll come back to me. A becoming gown is the best advertisement in the world; and, conversely, an unbecoming one is the worst. It would be far better business for me in the long run to be stuck with a dozen dresses on my hands than to sell a customer something which would cause her friends to throw up their hands and exclaim, 'Good Lord! Where did she get such a fright? I'll blackball that shop!'"

### *Fewer and Better Clothes*

"My object, you see, is to sell my customers such becoming clothes that they'll begin to rely on my judgment and put themselves more and more into my hands. The fact is, almost any woman is a pleasing object to the eye when dressed in the right kind of clothes. Some have a genius for choosing the becoming thing. Those I let alone.

"Others have an infallible instinct for choosing the wrong thing. Those I try, unobtrusively, to aid; if they throw away my advice—well, I try again. To do otherwise is bad business for them and doubly bad business for me.

"I've arrived now, however, at a point where my customers have faith in me. They drop in and say, 'I want a new dinner gown. You know my style. I'm going to leave it to you.' And so I make a note of it on my list: Dinner gown for Mrs. A. And when I come to New York with the buyers to see the new styles at the big first-class wholesale houses, I look over their models always with a particular client in mind. Mrs. B wants an afternoon ensemble costume with bandings of fur and a hat to match; Mrs. C wishes two or three chiffon dance frocks; Mrs. D a sports suit and some gay little French summer handmade clothes. I know their tastes and how much they are willing to pay. Personality shopping on a large scale—that's what it amounts to.

"And this shop, run on such principles, has been such a financial success that I'd like to start a chain if I could but find competent women to take charge of each branch who would give individual attention to my customers."

"Do you buy many gowns imported directly from Paris?"

"A few—not many. Now and again a customer wants a Paris frock. But for the most part I purchase my stock from the New York wholesale houses, which, of course, are in constant contact with Paris, and have, besides, their own staff of highly competent designers who know American taste and temperament as the French cannot possibly do. The single exception to this is in the case of the exquisitely handmade summer clothes. These are imported directly from France. Thus far, the French have surpassed us in this line. They produce enchanting color combinations, lovely handmade embroidered frocks of delicate cotton stuffs light as thistledown, simplicity itself, always with some charming individual twist, and amazingly inexpensive too. But as a general rule I find that American women do not care for ultrabizarre or eccentric clothes. Their menfolks don't like them either. And the men have a good deal to say—more than one would ever think—about how their wives should dress."

She paused, and then continued thoughtfully, "American women, however, possess one defect which is almost universal. They buy too many clothes with their money."

"How do you mean—too many? Is it possible to have too many clothes?" She nodded emphatically.

"It's possible to have too many mediocre—what I call half-and-half—clothes. Instead of concentrating their money on one perfectly ravishing evening gown, one distinguished afternoon costume, one chic morning *tailleur*, they spread out their money over half a dozen cheap little commonplace things which are neither fish, flesh nor fowl—just makeshifts, with the result they're never well dressed and there's always the eternal wail, 'I haven't a thing to wear.' It's true: they haven't anything fit to wear because they've not bought fitting clothes. Their gowns are not suitable to the occasion, and being commonplace and undistinguished in the first place, soon lose their freshness, their individuality and charm. For example, a woman came into my shop one morning and bought half a dozen inexpensive gowns, and when she was all through she didn't have half so distinguished a wardrobe as if she'd limited the number and doubled the price of each frock.

"A good rule for a woman of moderate income who wishes to be well dressed is this: Buy one beautiful evening gown a season—and wear it; one chic little morning rig—and wear it. Then use them for seconds the following season. No matter if she is often seen in the same outfit; she looks far smarter, far more distinguished than in a greater variety of ill-cut, ill-fitted clothes, turned out from a standardized pattern by the thousand in inferior materials. I'm trying to teach my clients that slogan—*fewer and better clothes.*"

### *Do We Need Paris Styles*

"But some of them say to me, 'Oh, I can't do that, because I just can't endure always to appear in the same old rag. I meet the same group of friends two or three times a week and I must have variety.' But that's where they're dead wrong. It's far better to wear a whole season one beautiful, gracious gown, exquisite in design, materials and workmanship, which brings out the personality, than it is to appear in a number of mediocre garments chopped out by the hundred from cheap materials, skimpy in pattern and ugly in line, which bind and break and lose their shape. Such gowns do not cost much, it is true; but that's because they're not worth much. The difference between them and a gown bought from a high-grade style house where artists create the designs, where everything is hand-cut, hand-sewn and exquisite in materials and workmanship, is the difference between a fine old handmade piece of furniture created by a master cabinetmaker and a cheap machine-made imitation. I do not say that the cheap machine-made article does not serve a purpose; it may; but it will not please the woman of discriminating artistic taste.

"As a matter of fact, I do not buy from those cheap stock houses which turn out inexpensive garments by the thousand; it doesn't pay me, for their clothes would not please the clientele I am trying to reach."

At this moment the head of the style house appeared at the end of the room, mopping his brow. My companion arose to go.

"I'm going to turn you over to Mr. Miller for the larger aspects of this question," she said. "He knows as much as any man in America about women's clothes and he's an artist through and through. He's admitted to be one of the foremost style creators of the country."

Mr. Miller made his way slowly toward my end of the room, pausing constantly for congratulatory handshakes. He dropped

*(Continued on Page 221)*

# A King Receiver

"KING In Radio" Receivers are built in the two circuits proven best by engineers and popular demand—

*King-Hinners Neutrodyne*

*King Five Broadcast*

Both circuits are offered in console, built-in reproducer and plain table type models in two-tone American walnut or dark mahogany.

***Prices $75 to $250***

*Model 25-C*

"KING In Radio" Receivers represent 20 years' experience in manufacturing precision parts of high quality, plus specialized work in "Radio."

They are built in a modern, eight-acre plant, fully equipped.

*Every "King in Radio" Receiver is tested by actual broadcast reception.*

The record is shown by the card which accompanies the receiver.

COMPARE the music which comes from the loud speaker of a "King In Radio" Receiver with any other. Still better, compare it with the original production. All the softness, the natural tone is there; the harshness, the distortions are eliminated.

Judge "King In Radio" beauty, not as a piece of merchandise — imagine it in your home, picture how perfectly it will blend with the other furnishings—a receiver you will be proud of from the first, and grow to like more and more as the years go by.

Try its selectivity under the most congested conditions. Bring in any high powered local station to the maximum, then turn pointers slightly and notice how soon you lose it. You can cut out one station and bring in another within a few points on the dial

And remember this—though you may be an "expert" in tuning, there are others in your home who are not. Choose a receiver from which anyone can get best results.

If you will consider King-made receivers from the standpoint of tone, beauty, selectivity and easy operation, you will be convinced that they are truly "King In Radio."

*Write for booklet "The Radio Quest"*

**KING QUALITY PRODUCTS, Inc., BUFFALO, N.Y**

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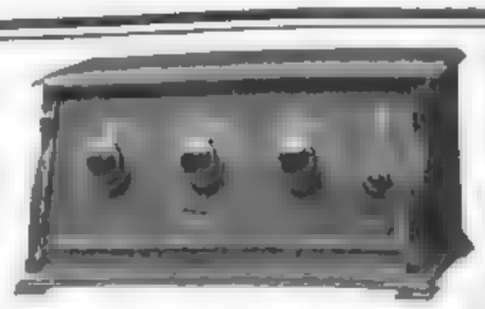
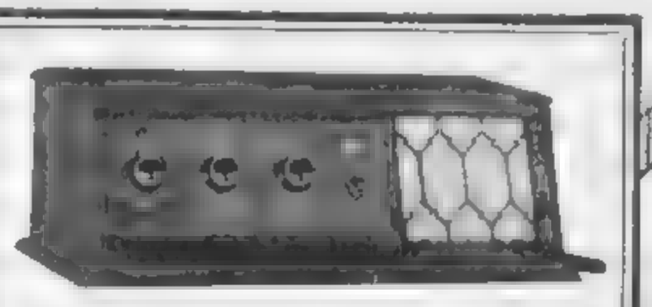
KING *NEUTRODYNE HINNERS



*Model 30*



*Model 30-S*

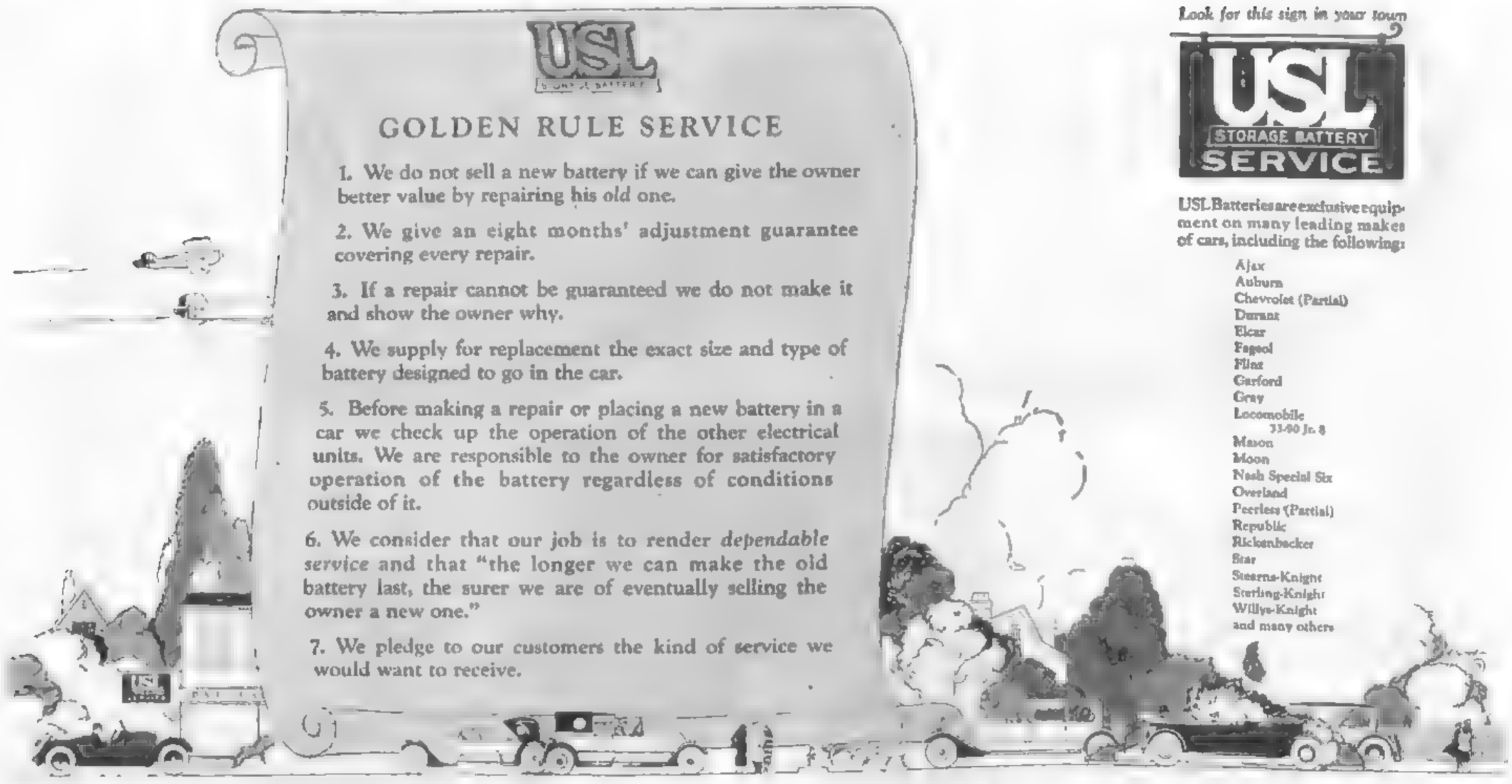
# KING IN RADIO

### Try This Test

Ask your dealer to demonstrate "King In Radio." Compare it with any other receiver both from a standpoint of tone and beauty—it is the only way to fully appreciate its superiority.

### Jobbers and Dealers

The "King In Radio" sales franchise is a valuable asset. The line is complete—receivers in the two most popular circuits, knock down kits, a full line of parts. Write for full particulars.


USL
GOLDEN RULE SERVICE
1. We do not sell a new battery if we can give the owner better value by repairing his old one.
2. We give an eight months' adjustment guarantee covering every repair.
3. If a repair cannot be guaranteed we do not make it and show the owner why.
4. We supply for replacement the exact size and type of battery designed to go in the car.
5. Before making a repair or placing a new battery in a car we check up the operation of the other electrical units. We are responsible to the owner for satisfactory operation of the battery regardless of conditions outside of it.
6. We consider that our job is to render dependable service and that "the longer we can make the old battery last, the surer we are of eventually selling the owner a new one."
7. We pledge to our customers the kind of service we would want to receive.

*Look for this sign in your town*

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USL Batteries are exclusive equipment on many leading makes of cars, including the following:

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Stearns-Knight
Sterling-Knight
Willys-Knight
and many others

# The USL service man in your town can prevent most of your automobile battery troubles - *if you go to him in time*

We believe, and the makers of 65% of all automobiles agree, that USL makes very fine batteries. Our 27 years' experience; scientific resources and vast production facilities guarantee maximum efficiency, long life and economy, but—

—As the best watch needs rewinding,
—And the best tire needs reinflating,

—So the only way to get the best results from the best batteries is to let a reliable expert service it for you regularly, because even the very best of batteries will wear out sometime. Our efforts to lead in battery quality and to give the greatest owner satisfaction do not stop at our factory. We come to your town. The USL battery man in your town (10,500 of them) is available for all makes of batteries. Locate him by looking in your telephone book under USL. Then go to him. Do not buy a new battery until you have given him a chance to save your old one. He can save you money and trouble in many ways. Be sure to get "USL Golden Rule Service" by going to a USL Service Station.

FREE to owners of ALL Radio Sets. Go to the USL Service Station in your town (or write us) for free copy of USL Radio Battery Chart, which shows the correct combination of batteries to use to get the best results from your particular radio set—also ask for USL Radio Log Book. Tune in on WHT Chicago and hear USL Battery of Entertainers, Tuesday and Thursday nights, 10:10 to 10:40 P. M., Central Standard Time.

U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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# USL AUTO *and* RADIO Batteries

The USL man has a USL Radio Battery, both storage and dry cell type, for every radio set and every size of pocketbook

Distortion

Perfection

# Where is the *difference* in radio transformers?

THE audio frequency transformers in your radio set perform a most important duty. They aid in increasing the volume of sound . . . in building it up to the desired strength. BUT—

When sound is *increased*, the tendency is toward *distortion*. That's where the difference comes in transformers. Inefficient transformers will give distorted reception, just as a defective mirror will show a distorted image.

Whether you are building a set, or buying one, be *sure* about the transformers. No radio, remember, can be better than its transformers. A safe guide to follow is the Jefferson trade mark. You can depend on quality in performance when the name "Jefferson" is on the product.

Jefferson Transformers are made by transformer *specialists*—the world's largest manufacturers of small transformers. There is a very definite reason why leading radio engineers specify "Jefferson." You'll find it in the clear, sweet, life-like amplification which Jefferson Transformers give. Sold by the better dealers, used by leading set manufacturers.

JEFFERSON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.
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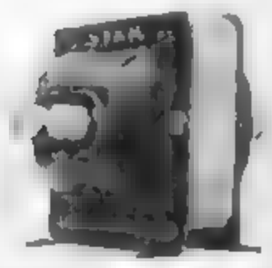


Makers of Jefferson Tube Rejuvenator, Jefferson Radio, Bell Ringing and Toy Transformers, Jefferson Spark Coils for Automobile, Stationary and Marine Engines; Jefferson Oil Burner Ignition Transformers.

**JEFFERSON**
**RADIO TRANSFORMERS**


*(Continued from Page 218)*

into a chair, fanning himself, and regarded me somewhat somberly.

"You know," he plunged abruptly into the subject, "I'm bound to say to you that most of the stuff that's printed in America on the subject of clothes is just bunk—pure bunk—frothy woman's-page stuff. Or else it's somebody trying to grab the limelight for self-advertisement. I tell you there's too little real artistic production in America—and too much showmanship. An artist has got to produce. That's his job. As I see it, that's his only job. It's all that should interest him. The minute he takes the emphasis off production—and by that I mean throwing his heart and soul into his work—and puts it on self-advertising, blowing his own little horn before the public, that minute he's started on the down grade. I've seen it happen again and again in my own line. It's production, good work—not cheap self-glorification and showmanship—which counts. Now you'd like to know how much America depends on Paris for its styles?"

"Put it this way: Could we get along without Paris? Have we any big dressmakers, any big style creators in America?"

"Very, very few. And, likewise, very, very few in Paris." And he favored me with a grim smile. "But to return to your first question: Could we get along without Paris? Well, we don't have to, thank heaven! We have our own designers, first-class ones; but they don't work independently of Paris any more than Paris works independently of history. She uses the past, creates and re-creates; and our designers also use the past—and also use Paris.

"France has been the great originator of style in clothes for generations; it is in the blood. Moreover, everything is far better coördinated over there than it is or can be in this country. In France the fabric manufacturers and the dressmakers, the embroiderers and even the button makers all sit together in conference and collaborate on the styles. Of course they get a more unified result than when each man takes a different road. Over there the entire scheme of things is still more or less individualistic—and art is always intensely individualistic. In America we are up against the problem of big-scale production; and big-scale production means that the manufacturers can't do things so flexibly, so individually as when the scale is small. Close collaboration between the manufacturers of fabrics and the wholesale garment makers who make up those fabrics into gowns is a difficult task to achieve. We're doing more along that line than we were, but we're nowhere up to Paris yet."

### *The Lure of the Paris Label*

"Now as to the big creators of style. I said there were few in America, and likewise few in Paris. Let me elaborate that. Paris has a name, a reputation. She has, also, a few really great dressmakers, men of ideas, creators of style. Then she has, in addition, a motley crew who are, artistically speaking, fourth and fifth and tenth rate. But"—he held up an admonitory finger—"many Americans don't know the difference between good and bad; they go to Paris, to these second-rate houses. From these houses Americans buy their clothes, some of them hideous, bizarre, inartistic, grotesque, utterly unfitted to the American woman, to her background, personality and temperament. And having bought these monstrosities, they return to their own communities to show off their creations among their social set. And very often they get away with it, their friends being as undiscriminating as they are.

"The fact is, some of the big French houses—not all, of course—have taken the emphasis off artistic production and put it on showmanship. If a house will stick to creating styles, to producing fine, beautiful, original gowns, the world will beat a path to that firm's door. But some of the big French firms have not done this. We in the trade see them going downhill from year to year, but—and this is my point—the great undiscriminating American public does not. It thinks that everything which comes out of Paris must be superior to the best which comes out of America. And just so long as that belief prevails, just so long American creators of style will be seriously handicapped. This is not belittling Paris as the source of style; there is no sense in belittling it; we use it; we admit its greatness as a source. But we must learn to discriminate between the best and that which is not even good, but mediocre and commonplace.

"In America, thus far, we have few great style houses; but we have here fine potentialities, fine artists and designers; and we are building up a greater body of them each year—creators in the true sense of the word, conversant with the best sources, with Paris, with history, and also, which is of prime importance, familiar with the personality and background of American women. And it must be said that in certain respects we are breaking fresh ground. For example, look at this model. Come here."

He beckoned to a manikin parading back and forth in a magnificent ensemble costume of green and old gold metal cloth. The girl was tall, stately, somewhat voluptuous of line—what is profanely termed in the trade a stylish stout. But so exquisite was the gown molded to the body that the large proportions gave a distinct pleasure to the eye—a Venus de Milo, as it were, stepped down from her pedestal for a morning stroll.

### *Specials in Stylish Stouts*

"Here," he continued, "is a case in point. This model, you observe, is a large size. And we have plenty of such in America. The automobile, rich foods, lack of systematic exercise and a luxurious mode of life account for this type. These women are still beautiful, but they are overweight. And they won't discipline themselves by restraint in eating or by proper exercise; for an occasional round of golf, a series of Turkish baths or massage treatments cannot be called anything but mere temporary palliatives. So long as they lead that kind of life they are bound to have that kind of figure. You might call them drones—nonproducers. And that is the drone figure.

"And yet these are the women, with luxurious motor cars and unlimited bank accounts, who form the cream of our social régime, for usually they are the wives of our great and successful men. Naturally, they are found as often in Europe as in America; fat women are not confined to any one country or latitude; they are a phase of civilization, a symptom, a sign. But—and this is my point—although fat women are found all over the globe, in France as well as elsewhere, the great dressmakers of Paris have practically ignored them in the creation of modes.

"Consequently, women who for one reason or another are no longer fauns and sylphs are forced to this alternative—either they may dress as old ladies in the grandmother style, the charming, severe, decorative, white-haired type which the French houses dress with such admirable perfection; or they may dress as *jeunes filles*, don their granddaughters' frocks, the scant, daring, joyous garments of extreme youth. You know the phrase *Chacque âge a sa beauté*—each age has its own beauty. You can rob a matron of her beauty by trying to disguise her as a sub-deb, or you can enhance it magically by playing up her mature charms for all they are worth.

"But the French stylists have not catered to the stout figure. In America we are beginning to supply that lack; we have begun to create definite styles; not just makeshifts, you understand; not modifications of the grandmother or granddaughter type, but something different, something created from the ground up for that particular type of woman and designed to bring out—shall we say?"—he smiled dryly—"its—er—goddess-like attributes. I have a few models designed expressly for that type of figure


# CANNON BALL
## BEATS 'EM ALL

HAS your boy or girl a Cannon Ball Scooter? These alluring "speeders" don't cost much to buy; but they give the youngsters a million dollars' worth of fun and exercise! Ask your hardware dealer or department store to show you the seven types of Cannon Ball Scooters for children of all ages.

Cannon Ball Coaster Wagon Beats 'em all!

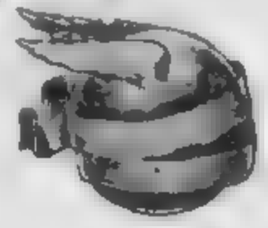
Cannon Ball Scooters have roller and ball bearings; disc wheels; big rubber tires; safety stands; roller brakes on some models. They're light running and speedy—and made for a life-time of hard service. Aside from Scooters, there are eight other types of "playfellows on wheels" in the Cannon Ball line. Write for catalog today.

*The "Skeeboggan" Famous Winter Thriller is a Cannon Ball product. Ask your dealer about it.*

**Hunt, Helm, Ferris & Co.**
Harvard, Illinois

Albany, N. Y. — Philadelphia, Pa.
Los Angeles, Cal. — San Francisco, Cal.
Minneapolis, Minn. — Kansas City, Mo.

Cannon Ball Vehicles: Coaster Wagons, Play Boys and Pedal Cars for little tots, Scooters, Skee Skooters, Skeeboggans and Skee-Bobs—the great winter thrillers, The Pull Motor. *$2.75 to $12 (slightly higher west of the Rockies).*



*Beauty···that shall last 'till the end of the world.*

There are many things which a family desires its Memorial to express, and the key to all of them is Beauty. Beauty may stand as a symbol of the beauty of the lives we loved, as a symbol of our tribute to them and as a symbol of final peace, rest and security

***Everlasting Beauty***

In Guardian Memorials a Beauty that expresses all of these things is the outstanding quality. The granite from which they are made is wonderfully even in texture, finely grained, with an almost diamond hardness, of a rich gray color that blends with nature's foliage; refined and pleasing in appearance when either tooled or polished

This granite comes from our own quarries in Barre, Vermont, the granite center of the world where we also have our Manufacturing Plant. Here you would see in its loveliest forms all the wealth of ancient and modern memorial design taking shape in solid blocks of everlasting granite under the skillful manipulation of our craftsmen

Not only do we have every facility for giving Guardian Memorials the best possible finish, but we take time to do the work thoroughly. And we believe the results secured justify our prices.

Barre Granite is noted for [illegible] and character

***Certificate of Security***

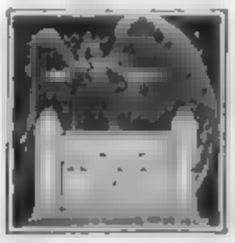
[illegible] that an [illegible] ship executed [illegible] expense

***Book of Designs***

We will gladly send you [illegible] book, a copy of our book [illegible] Beauty Forever, that will give you [illegible] on cemetery [illegible] Guardian Memorials [illegible] names of Guardian Memorial Dealers [illegible] and will be sent free.

*Mark every grave*

THE JONES BROTHERS COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. A 2, 10 High Street, Boston, Mass.



GUARDIAN MEMORIALS
*of Everlasting Beauty*
[Registered Trade Mark]


and other houses are specializing along that line. So we've made a beginning in this respect. It is still difficult for the stout woman to clothe herself with elegance and good taste. She has to search, she has to agonize—and perhaps that is only a just punishment for the crime of corpulence.

"There is another difference between the big first-class style houses of Paris and those of America. Perhaps you have been to some of their openings over there?" I nodded. "Then you know the ceremony, the sacrosanct atmosphere which pervades their openings—the jealousy, the suspicion lest somebody shall steal their ideas. The public and the legitimate accredited buyers are treated with an overweening arrogance in some of those houses which is very hard to endure.

"In New York it's different. We're more democratic—plebeian, if you please. Anybody may walk into our openings, stay as long as he likes and walk out without buying a cent's worth of merchandise. We're not afraid every visitor is a thief who's going to make off with the family plate. Of course, it goes without saying that both in France and in America there is a certain amount of danger of designs being stolen, but some of the French houses overplay the part. One big firm in Paris—I'll not name it—was nearly put out of business by an overexaggerated sense of its own importance as fashion leader of the world. It was a very good house. But its head harbored the unfortunate idea that she was the center and sun of the fashion universe: that she could stamp on the buyers, treat them with rudeness and contempt and still keep them crawling at her feet. She made a point of being disagreeable, you understand, treated herself to a lot of publicity on the subject and advertised her opinions in interviews."

### *Stealing Styles*

"In retaliation, the buyers began to ignore her openings. They punished her with the thunders of silence. They visited all the other big style houses and sent home importations, descriptions and press notices, but hers they conspicuously did not attend. None of her creations were imported to America. Her name ceased to be heard. She might as well have been dead. At first she was astonished, then contemptuous, then outraged—and finally scared. She made some tentative efforts to regain her American clientele; it ignored her; the thunders of silence went on. The financial strain became insupportable—and at length the lady caved. She changed her tactics and instead of insulting her clients she went out into the highways and byways and implored them to come in. And now there is not a more cordial, hospitable firm in Paris today. She learned her lesson.

"That brings us directly to the whole problem of stealing styles and ideas. It is true, some stealing undoubtedly does exist; but let us look at the thing realistically. I create, let us say, a certain model or style: I exhibit it at my opening; a stranger enters, decides it has elements of popularity and determines to copy it. All right. But here is what he is up against: First of all, one of my creations isn't just an idea; it's an idea wedded to fine materials and first-class workmanship; in short, it's a trinity. For I employ not only a staff of excellent artists who produce the ideas but also I use the very best materials expressly chosen for carrying out that particular idea; and thirdly I put into the making the finest workmanship. Now if that thief, copyist or plagiarist can equal me on those three points, original idea, materials and craft, he's an artist himself and he doesn't have to steal. In other words, he's my competitor. If he doesn't equal me—that is, if he steals simply the idea and makes it up in shoddy goods and inferior workmanship, he's not injuring me vitally, for I don't swim in his class; my clients are discriminating people who won't buy cheap materials and indifferent workmanship. So the very worst he can do is to cheapen and deteriorate that particular style. But that doesn't injure me materially, either, for it is what's taking place every day in the normal course of events."

### *American Materials Best*

"A house, let us say, creates a certain style which proves popular; immediately it is copied in cheap materials and you wake up some fine morning to find it on every Main Street in America. Then what happens? Why, the leading style houses have already eliminated that style; it's become cheapened, vulgarized. They create something different to please their fastidious clientele So an unending duel is being waged between standardized commonplace fashions and those which bespeak distinction, individuality. And it is a good thing for us to be kept up on our tiptoes working out new ideas. For to be solidly absorbed in your task, to keep the emphasis on high-grade production, to let your work speak for you—that is the only path of real progress whether in France or in America."

The leaders of big wholesale style houses in New York were practically unanimous in the expression of opinion that while Paris remained the source and fountainhead of style, nevertheless America was forging ahead very rapidly in the manufacture of beautiful materials.

"The American public," said the owner of one well-known style house, "used to believe that imported materials were the best, particularly imported woolens and silks. That is no longer true. Our woolen and silk manufacturers lead the world in beauty of texture, quality and variety. We have grand domestic materials with which to work; they are unbeatable anywhere In silks particularly we are achieving great things. Even the French admit our genius in that line. America is also the king-pin in cloak materials." He mentioned a firm known for its high-grade output the globe around. "In my opinion, however, we still do not equal the English on tweeds. But we will! Moreover, we are now getting cooperation between the fabric manufacturers and the wholesale garment makers, with the result that American women, considered as a whole, are better gowned than any other women on the face of the earth."

*The Pacific Ocean Near Newport, Oregon*

ATKINS
announces
a NEW
Cross Cut Saw

WHEN we say this NEW ATKINS "Silver Steel" "Segment Ground" Cross Cut Saw is the best saw of this type that ever bore the ATKINS name —It means this saw MUST cut easier and faster

—MUST hold its edge longer

MUST return more actual sawing service and greater value than any saw ever offered

Not only have we improved the world-famed ATKINS Cross Cut Saw, but with it we announce another innovation—every new ATKINS Silver Steel" Cross Cut is packed with the BLUE STICK—a wooden sheath protecting the original set and sharpening of every tooth. Only "Silver Steel" Saws are packed with the BLUE STICK

This improved ATKINS Cross Cut Saw with the BLUE STICK costs you $10.25—west of the Rockies $11.25. Other good ATKINS Cross Cuts sell as low as $6.85. One-man saws and narrow saws with two or four cutting teeth and a raker are proportionately lower

The ATKINS name on any saw for cutting wood, stone or metal—for every use—means so much in extra values that you should remember—"Look for the ATKINS name on the blade"

Your hardware dealer can show you ATKINS Saws—or we will gladly send you our booklet "ATKINS Cross Cut Saws", or information on better ATKINS Saws for any purpose

E. C. ATKINS & CO.
*Established 1857*
*Leading Manufacturers of Saws, Saw Tools, Saw Specialties and Machine Knives*
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

ATKINS
SILVER STEEL SAWS

# Between you and winter— a lining of Cork!

*Made in boards 12 inches by 32 or 36 inches—from 1 inch to 3 inches thick.*

WALLS and roof shut out snow, wind and rain, but a lining of cork shuts out the cold.

Think of the satisfaction of living in a house that is warm all over, upstairs and down; a house with no "cold side"; no rooms that are hard to heat; no drafty halls or stairways. And think of the economy of heating such a house.

You can be assured of just such comfort and economy in your new home by lining the walls and roof (or top floor ceilings) with Armstrong's Corkboard. Cork is a nonconductor of heat and cold. Like woolen clothing, it keeps cold out and holds heat in.

The cost of lining a house with Armstrong's Corkboard is surprisingly low. And here are the reasons: the cork insulated house is so easy to heat that a much smaller heating plant is required than if no insulation is used. Then, too, since plaster is applied directly to Armstrong's Corkboard, no lath are needed on the insulated surfaces. These two savings alone reduce the net cost of the insulation to a very small percentage of the total cost of the house. Finally, the annual reduction in fuel will repay the insulation investment entirely in a very few seasons. After that it will be all clear saving.

Armstrong's Corkboard is readily erected in all types of houses. If you are planning to build or remodel, be sure to find out how easy it is to build comfort and economy into your home. Send in the coupon and information will be sent you promptly. Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company *(Division of Armstrong Cork Company)*, 194 Twenty-fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Canadian office, McGill Building, Montreal.

***An Excellent Nonconductor of Heat***

Armstrong's Corkboard contains millions of microscopic cells, each one sealed by nature and containing entrapped air—the best insulation known except a vacuum.

***Nonabsorbent and Sanitary***

Armstrong's Corkboard will not absorb moisture and needs no furring strips. It does not mold, rot or provide harboring places for rats, mice or vermin. It lasts as long as the house.

***Structurally Strong and Easy to Install***

Armstrong's Corkboard is strong in structure and is easily nailed in place in frame buildings or readily set in Portland cement mortar against brick or tile.

***An Excellent Base for Plaster***

Armstrong's Corkboard takes and holds plaster permanently. No lath is required since the plaster keys firmly into the surface of the corkboard.

***Slow-Burning and a Fire-Retardant***

Armstrong's Corkboard is slow-burning and a positive fire-retardant. It does not smolder or carry fire.

***Reasonable in Cost***

Armstrong's Corkboard is not high priced and is economical to install. Furthermore, its use makes possible a considerable reduction in the size of the heating plant and effects savings of 25% to 30% in fuel.

*Branches in the Principal Cities*

# Armstrong's Nonpareil Corkboard Insulation

***for Residential, Commercial and Industrial Buildings***

Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company,
194 TWENTY-FOURTH ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.
OR MCGILL BLDG., MONTREAL, QUEBEC

*Gentlemen—You may send me complete information about the insulation of dwellings with Armstrong's Corkboard.*

Name

Address

# The greatest service ever offered to the women of America

OFFICIAL ZANOL REPRESENTATIVE

*You can have absolute confidence in the Zanol Representative who wears this button. It is an emblem of honesty, loyalty and service. It is a guarantee of the highest standards of business ethics and perfect satisfaction in any dealings with our representatives*




TODAY Zanol Service is sweeping the country. In cities, towns, villages and rural communities women are endorsing this "Better Way to Buy". Why? Because Zanol Service was developed from the viewpoint of the women of America. It gives them the things they have always wanted—the highest quality and the greatest value, with a guarantee of freshness in the things they buy for the table, home and personal use. And with these outstanding advantages Zanol Service introduces a convenience in buying welcomed everywhere.

## *A Service of Proven Merit*

First in the development of Zanol products came quality. The skill and experience of expert chefs, chemists, dietitians and domestic science experts have brought Zanol products to the highest pinnacle of refinement and quality. Direct selling and tremendous economies effected by this plan of doing business have enabled us to offer this unsurpassed quality without the high prices generally associated with products of excellence.

For eighteen years Zanol Service has grown. It began with a limited number of products and a few customers. Today there are 350 products and a million customers. Zanol Service has taken its place as a great American institution. Six thousand people are required to take Zanol Service to our customers. The success of Zanol Service has been spectacular—full proof of the exceptional value of Zanol products and the outstanding merit of Zanol Service.

## *Quality and Value Guaranteed*

Today Zanol Service is available to you. A Zanol Representative will call at your home, offering you the 350 Zanol products. You will learn of new and delightfully different foods, you will see dainty toilet preparations and many new household supplies.

In Zanol toilet preparations and soaps you will find exquisite creations which are a revelation to all who use them. There are delicate powders, distinctive toilet waters, soothing lotions, refreshing creams and delightful preparations for the hair, each one a supreme creation—unexcelled in quality and purity. Zanol soaps are pure, mild and soothing—possessing those beautifying and cleansing properties which preserve the freshness and clearness of the skin and restore the glow of youth.

With each Zanol product is the Zanol guarantee—a guarantee that is honest and straightforward; that can be depended upon to completely protect you in every way; that is backed by the ample resources of a long-established, reliable company.

## *Welcome the Zanol Representative*

Zanol products are never sold in stores. In each city, town and community there is a Zanol Representative who offers Zanol Service to the homes of that community. This representative is a local citizen, a business man or a woman who is fully qualified to represent the largest company of its kind in the world.

Welcome the Zanol Representative who calls at your home. Take advantage of the opportunity to learn what Zanol quality, freshness and value can mean to you. Learn for yourself the convenience offered by the Zanol Service Plan.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Cincinnati · · · Ohio

ZANOL
THE BETTER WAY TO BUY

### An Opportunity to Become Independent

Zanol Representatives make very desirable incomes starting at once. If you are interested in having a substantial income and in establishing a dignified, permanent and profitable business of your own, write today for details of our proposition. Experience or capital is not required. Just spare time can be devoted. Mail the coupon today.

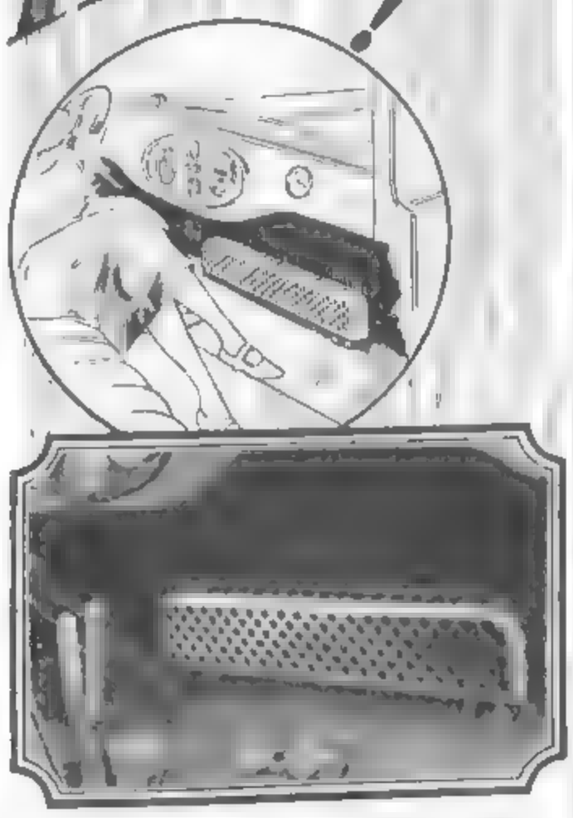
THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 809, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me details of your proposition by which I can make a very substantial income and have a permanent business of my own.

*Name*

*Address*

Heat!



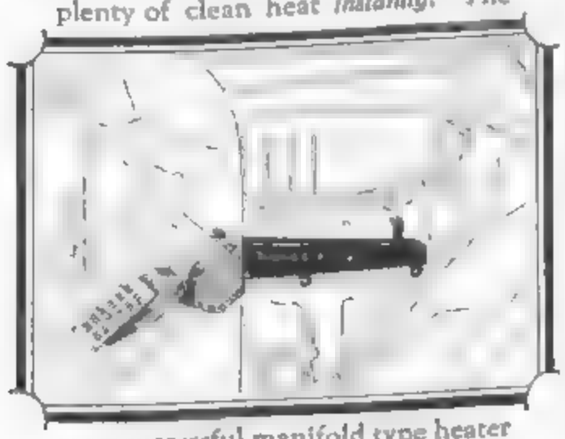
Fits and Heats ANY Car

*Complete with eight feet of flexible metal tubing* $8.50

THE KINGSTON CAR HEATER keeps you warm as toast at zero! It's a quality heater that is meeting with a tremendous reception. Here is a Heater that will fit ANY car. Install it anywhere—on the vertical dashboard as shown above, just back of the front seat or in front of either front or rear seat. Never in the way and it gets on the job the moment the motor starts. Pure, clean heat warms feet and body, rolls up from under the dash, warming the driver's hands and entire car. Gas proof, and has forty lineal inches of radiation—more than any other heater we know of. Handsome, efficient, easily installed.

KINGSTON
CAR HEATERS

Here is the Kingston Manifold Type Heater for Fords. . Keeps you warm in the coldest weather. Fits either new or old Ford models, and gives plenty of clean heat *instantly*. The



most successful manifold type heater ever devised. Now in its seventh year, and more popular than ever. Many hundred thousand satisfied users. Install one now, and drive in winter comfort.

FORD MODEL *ready to install* 3.75

*Chevrolet, Dodge and Overland* $5.00

*Insist that your dealer sell you the Kingston. If he won't we will see that you are supplied.*

Kokomo Electric Company
Kokomo, Indiana


# THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

*(Continued from Page 31)*

information as to the subtle means by which the criminal finds outlets through which he slips away and goes back to his professional career and as to that woeful lack of cooperation and even ill feeling between the police, the courts and the penal authorities, which has led several wise observers to suggest that in every state there should be one department in charge of all the machinery of law enforcement.

I have been convinced that surveys and careful investigation of the facts are the first need in the crime situation in America. I have been convinced by my own investigation that, if these local surveys are stimulated from a central national crime commission, a step will be taken toward some measure of standardization of our statistics and our information about crime. I am convinced that grave difficulties are in the way of overcoming the lack of coöperation between city and city, state and state, in identifying and prosecuting criminals and in preventing their free flight from jurisdiction to jurisdiction. These grave difficulties are mostly political difficulties, and the jealousies and fears of officeholders in the branches of our law-enforcement system. But such difficulties will not stand in the way of the close coöperation of all the local citizen organizations, particularly if a responsible clearing house exists in the form of a National Crime Commission. I am convinced by all I have seen or gathered that certain results of honest surveys can be counted on by any reasonable man before the surveys are made.

Let me set down what these results, in my belief, are sure to be. First, the public will be amazed at the blind patience with which it has overlooked the rising tide of crime and lawlessness.

Second, the mere legal, voluntary, local organization of citizens will help to obtain coöperation between the police, the courts and the penal agencies, and, what is more, by their mere existence will bring pressure on all law-enforcement agencies to brighten up the record with more speed and less laxity in the processes of enforcing law.

Third, the burden of multiplicity of laws and the burden of many goose-stepping laws which attempt to give commandments for the conduct of the individual will be properly estimated. And the pretense that all the laws can be enforced will be relegated to the realm of hypocrisy.

### *The Duty of Our Citizens*

As Dean Pound said in his review for the Cleveland Survey, "Every new statute adds one more to the mass of prescribed penalties for which a criminal prosecution may be invoked. It is impossible for the legal machinery to do all which our voluminous penal legislation expects of it." If this is true, and I have every reason to believe that it is, public opinion and wise public authority will deliberately choose to concentrate first on attacks upon the crimes and misdemeanors which threaten the community and its peace and order. These are crimes of violence, the crimes which threaten the safety of citizens and their property. If it is necessary to choose between enforcing law against robbery with a gun and law against smoking a cigarette, few persons would hesitate in deciding which law should be upheld by the police, the courts and all the agencies of law enforcement.

Fourth, a legal, voluntary, local citizens' commission may be made a great aid to the development of one of the primary needs for an intelligent fight against lawlessness—the education of the public in the duty of citizens to protect themselves and to perform their obligations. Almost everywhere comes the complaint from police that citizens engage in a variety of follies which expose them and their homes and businesses to the criminal. Carelessness in employing strangers and in exposing places of business and homes to the marauder, the general display of wealth in the form of money, jewelry and expensive furs worn on the person is a new development of our life which beckons to the wrongdoer.

But it is the duty of our citizens to give active aid to the forces of law. The reluctance to give information, to volunteer testimony, to give unflinching service as witnesses in criminal trials and to accept and fulfill service as jurymen has done no end of damage to the effectiveness of our law enforcement.

### *Crime Prevention Plans*

Fifth, it will be shown that no administrative reform in the police system can yield any substantial result unless the whole concept and plan of our police systems are revised. We are still contentedly regarding our police systems as being essentially the same system of watchman service which went on a century or more ago, when a man with a lantern went about thumping with a stick on the pavement. Today we are still emphasizing the patrol. Under modern conditions, the patrolman, in our undermanned American police systems, has to cover large territory in a uniform which marks him out as a warning, but not much of a menace to the skilled marauder. As someone has pointed out, the patrolman is the representative of the police department to whom the crime is usually first reported after its commission has been discovered; the detective is the man assigned to the task of finding out who did it. My investigation has indicated to me that the weaker part of this after-the-deed system is detection. There is need of more education in detective bureaus, need of more coöperation between state and state, and city and city. But when the police system is revised, two requirements must be met. The first is the need of improving the quality and number of men in the service. We are far below the European countries in our police man power, and because of our vast new traffic police problem and the burdens we have thrown on the police to enforce our personal-conduct laws, we are today faced with the necessity of paying more police and paying them better, if we want to step ahead of the criminal.

The second requirement is equally important and more difficult to show to the general public. Our police systems must expand their function of followers of the criminal to functions which will make it possible for them to forestall the criminal. In other words, the great development ahead in our police system is the development of crime prevention. Two fields are open for that development.

The first is the creation of a real secret service in distinction from a detective staff the personnel of which is known to criminals. Responsible police chiefs and experienced judges of criminal courts have told me that without undercover methods any police system would always be at a ludicrous disadvantage in a contest with the criminal population. They have said that without a real secret service working unseen and unknown, the police would always be in the position of beginning work after the deed was done.

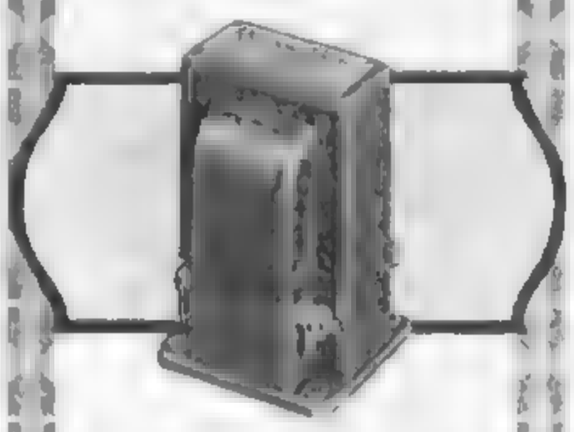
The other field of prevention lies in the development of our police systems as agencies for attacking crime at its source by engaging frankly in social-service work. This proposal, first conspicuously made by Commissioner Wood, of New York, has been elaborated by Raymond Fosdick in his survey of the Cleveland police.

"The importance of having a separate division recognized as the responsible agency in the department for the promotion of facilities for constructive efforts of crime prevention cannot be overestimated. When such a division is established, there will be a logical place for inaugurating new practices and experiments in social service and pre-delinquency activities, thus avoiding

Trumpets

*Radio-Blown*

Timbre of brass and thunder of trombone! Out over mountain and prairie, through storm and sunshine, it is carried on the waves of the air from the steel towers of the broadcast station. And in your home it rings out *clear* and *strong*—held fast to all the purity of the original tones by the marvelous power of Rauland-Lyric.



Rauland-Lyric
ALL-AMERICAN TRANSFORMER
*The Choice of Noted Music Critics*

**Probably all your set needs—**

to give it tone quality equal to the best of the present day, is the careful installation of Rauland Lyric—a laboratory-grade audio transformer designed especially for music lovers. It is carried at all the better-class radio stores. The price is nine dollars each

*It is worthy of note that good transformers, unlike various other radio apparatus, do not wear out or deteriorate.*

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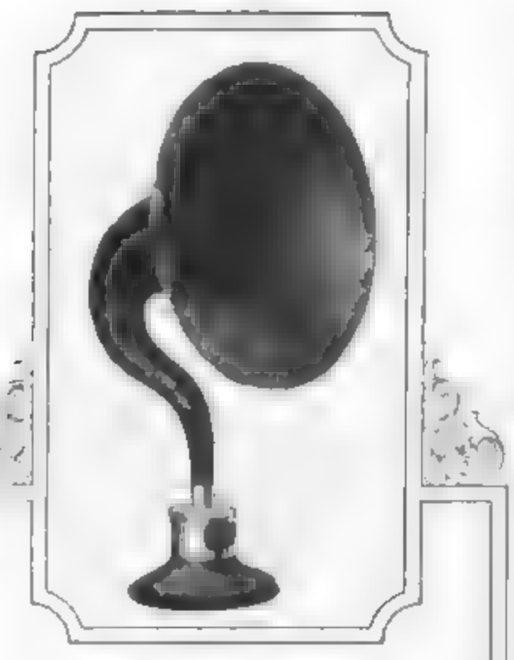
TRADE MARK

*Known ever since broadcasting began as makers of the*

***Largest Selling Transformers in the World***



*In*

Re*creation you will joy

Would you thrill to the throb of a plaintive violin . . . or hang on the very whisper of an eloquent orator? Would you catch the actual thrum of the bow across the 'cello . . . or the faint, climbing trill of a soprano? Then the Rola Re*creator will satisfy your critical ear. For Rola re*creates every tone and sound with faithful life and beauty.

The capacity for this re*creation is built deep into every Rola Re*creator. It begins with the selection of the finest possible materials. It continues with the painstaking skill of Rola craftsmanship applied at every stage of manufacture.

And when the finished Rola Re*creator is placed in the hands of its owner, re*creation has reached the highest development musical and mechanical art can produce. Rola is truly the re*creator. And radio will never reveal its marvelous allure to the full until you respond to its charm through *your* Rola Re*creator. The Rola Company, 4250 Hollis Street, Oakland, California. Marketed nationally through

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*Head offices*
Call Building, San Francisco
*Branch offices in following cities*
New York City, 1270 Broadway
Chicago, 30 North Dearborn
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Salt Lake City, 188 East Broadway
Los Angeles, 448 S. San Pedro
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Rola
RE * CREATOR
$36


haphazard creation of a number of small new units which are likely to be poorly organized and inadequately supervised. Finally, the special-service division should become the police department's liaison division between schools, hospitals and private charitable and correctional institutions. Because of the character of its work, such a division could readily secure a degree of coöperation with other agencies of social service that is not now usually had by any other branch of the police department.

"It must be admitted that this whole idea is new in police work in America, but its basic idea gives shape to the police work of the future. There is as much room for crime prevention in our communities as for fire prevention or the prevention of disease, and in this endeavor to limit the opportunities of crime and keep it from claiming its victims the police department must take the leading part."

Sixth, the citizens' committee will probably find that many of the members of the bar in their locality have been asleep as to the delays, the inefficiency and the laxity of criminal court procedure, but that when summoned to action they will give willing and helpful service and even leadership in closing the loopholes for the criminal. This work is one of the most important of all in our fight against crime. The most insidious blight which affects our law-enforcement record is the widespread idea among criminals, and those who are tempted to become criminals, that wrongdoers can "get away with it" with the help of a skilled, and sometimes unscrupulous, criminal lawyer.

### *Antiquated Practices*

The Cleveland Survey in one sentence describes the situation in most of our jurisdiction, "The professional criminal and his advisers have learned readily to use this machinery, and to make devices intended to temper the application of criminal law to the occasional offender a means of escape for the habitual offender." Anything which can be done to bring back the active influence of the bar as a whole upon criminal procedure will assist the closing of those loopholes which antiquated practices, founded upon outworn historical reasons, and mere trickery to obtain delay or hoodwink juries, have opened so wide that they defeat punishment. As the Cleveland Survey states:

"As everybody knew before this survey was attempted, and as nearly everybody knows in every American city, except when regular clients are involved or an exceptionally large fee is in sight, most of the better grade of lawyers deliberately stay away from the criminal courts. As a result, with some notable and praiseworthy exceptions, the practice in those courts is left to the lawyers of lesser sensitiveness regarding professional practices. The answers to the questionnaire formed an interesting verification of this fact. The criminal branch of the administration of justice, dealing as it does with the protection of the community against crime, the promotion of the peace, safety, and morals of the inhabitants, the lives and the liberties of men and, therefore, from any intelligent point of view, the more important branch of the administration of the law, has become a sort of outlaw field which many a lawyer avoids as he avoids the slums of the city."

It is impossible that the members of the bar in any locality will remain inert if the question arises as to whether criminal law abuses are to be remedied by the coöperation of the bar or by an aroused public opinion alone.

Seventh, the citizen committee will discover that it is almost inevitable that medical science—and this means mental hygiene investigation—will enter the field of law enforcement and punishment and find a useful place there. But unless the case for this is presented by those who are free from fanaticism on the subject, it has been made clear to me that more insidious harm to good sense and good community discipline will come from this source than from any other. The whole subject of borderland mental abnormality or deficiency is loaded with dangers to individual responsibility. The whole subject, centering attention upon the individual, tends to make us think that our whole penal system must either be a system of hate, revenge or retribution hurled at the individual, or else a system of diagnosis and cure of the individual. It tends, therefore, to make us forget that we punish or isolate one individual to give notice to thousands what it will cost to engage in a similar misdeed. And this is the most important of all things to remember.

Citizens' committees should realize that mental diagnosis is still in the experimental stage. They should remember that mental cures of criminals have not yet been generally demonstrated. They should remember that no demonstration of abnormality or deficiency in criminals is worth much until it is known whether there is more of it inside the prison wall than there is outside, for that oversight has already produced ludicrous errors. They should remember that if a mental pervert or defective is discovered by psychoanalysis there is not less reason for the state to hold that individual, but additional reasons for holding him for a longer term.

Under these precautions a new scientific assistance to crime prevention, particularly as applied to the juvenile field, may be welcomed.

Eighth, the whole prison and penal system will be regarded by everyone, as it is regarded by every expert, observer, official and correspondent who has addressed me, without any trace whatever of that old ghost of retributive punishment of the individual. The mollycoddler groups always parade that old ghost when they wish to indicate that if we reject their love treatment of the criminal, our only resort is to hate the criminal. I have seen numerous editorials written by those who, thinking we must choose between the two, went skittering off on the humane side. This is nonsense.

When you see a man in prison he is there for three hopes. The first is that his punishment will tie a cost tag on the temptation of hosts of others. The second is that he will be in a place where he cannot quickly do any more harm. The third is that, from within himself or by treatment from without, he may be cured or reformed or readjusted. All three of these hopes are free from inhumane emotionalism.

### *Three Hopes In Punishment*

The important question to be decided is how long he must stay there and how he is to be treated while he is there. Certainly the first hope would be defeated completely, if he were not there long enough and were treated so considerately that the cost tags of crime were marked with a price that would tempt rather than repel the hosts of others who might wish to do what he did. This, and not any hate or inhumane proposal, is the basis for the protest of sensible citizens against mollycoddling the criminal. As to the second hope, that the criminal will be restrained while he is in danger of committing a new offense, we may as well realize that some individuals might go a lifetime in prison and always be dangerous.

In one state penitentiary, I spoke with a prisoner who had been within eight minutes of execution in another state, had been pardoned by the governor, had crossed the border and within forty-eight hours had attempted to kill a man. From various parts of the nation, I have been sent examples of how little insight is exhibited by some parole boards in the release of prisoners. The idea that parole boards are always more free from political pressure than governors or that they can intelligently deal with forty or fifty cases in an hour or two is plain nonsense and investigation will show it. We have no adequate means yet to insure that the dangerous man is retained in safekeeping, or that the unfortunate who

(Continued on Page 229)

*America's "Wonder" City—Breaking All Records for Business Progress*

**November Opens the Miami Season**

**Fast de Luxe Train Service Now in Effect. Many New, Extra Fast Trains This Season.**

OUTDOOR SPORTS—HEALTH AND FUN

*The Climate Supreme*
*The Tourist's Delight*
*The Motorist's Mecca*
*The Fisherman's Paradise*
*The Golfer's Wonderland*
*The Polo Player's Pride*
*The Surf Bather's Joy*
*The Aviator's Dreamland*
*The Yachtsman's Rendezvous*
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*The Horseracing Utopia*
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*The Realization of Your Anticipations*
*Truly the Outdoor City*

BEAUTIFUL drives along Crystal Clear Atlantic Ocean and Biscayne Bay; among the Coconuts, Royal Palm, Orange and Grape Fruit Groves.

Wonderful Surf Bathing every day in the year. America's finest yachts and the world's fastest Speed Boats assemble in Biscayne Bay for the Mid Winter Regatta.

Eight Golf Courses. Many splendid Tennis Courts.

Aviation—Express Cruisers of the air to Bimini, 45 minutes; Havana, 3½ hours.

Miami expects to entertain 300,000 visitors this Winter, and she has never failed to please her guests. $50,000 will be expended for musical entertainment

ARTHUR PRYOR'S FAMOUS BAND
twice daily in Royal Palm Park
**(Eighteen weeks, starting December 6th)**

Horseracing will start its second season under the auspices of the Miami Jockey Club, sanctioned by the Metropolitan Jockey Club, covering a period of 45 days, starting in January.

Passenger transportation facilities greatly increased. Florida East Coast Railway System being double tracked. Through sleepers from all large cities. Improved direct steamship service from New York operated by the Clyde Line and Admiral S. S. Line—from Philadelphia by the Merchants and Miners S. S. Co.—from Baltimore and Philadelphia by the Baltimore and Carolina S. S. Co. The Dixie Highway along the Florida East Coast is being placed in fine condition.

Bank deposits increased from $46,000,000 in 1924 to $180,000,000 in 1925. $100,000,000 in new buildings during 1925. 46 new hotels making a total of 136, also completing 365 apartment houses, making a total of 715. Five thousand residences will take roomers

Write for free handsome booklet, with full information

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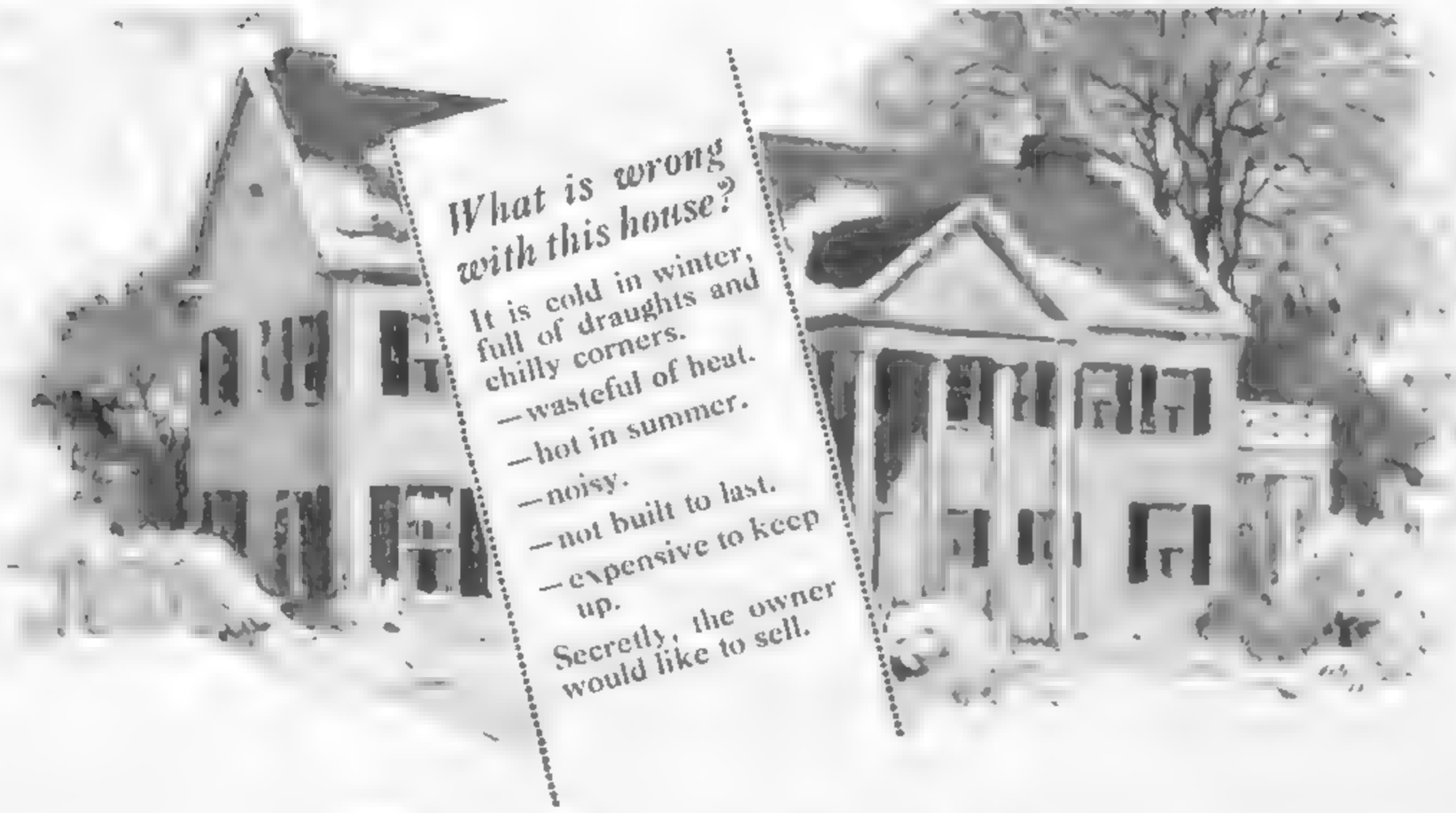
MIAMI, FLORIDA

IN THE TROPICAL ZONE OF FLORIDA


What is wrong with this house?
It is cold in winter, full of draughts and chilly corners.
—wasteful of heat.
—hot in summer.
—noisy.
—not built to last.
—expensive to keep up.
Secretly, the owner would like to sell.

# FOR SALE a heat-leaking house *anywhere you want it*

EVERYWHERE there are beautiful houses which are easy to buy. Their owners are anxious to sell . . . even at a loss. They want to build modern insulated homes.

People who think for themselves, no longer put up with half-comfortable houses . . . cold-in-winter, hot-in-summer . . . wasteful of fuel.

They do not have to! Four years ago, Celotex Insulating Lumber made it practical to build homes that would really keep out heat and cold.

This was one of the greatest improvements ever made in home building. For Celotex is the material which combines high insulating value with greater structural strength and does not add to the cost of building.

And everywhere, intelligent, far-seeing people have been quick to accept Celotex and enjoy its advantages.

## *Homes that are* not *for sale*

More than sixty thousand leaders have built Celotex homes that are *not* for sale.

Today they are enjoying a degree of luxurious home comfort . . . and real economy . . . that no ordinary house could possibly give.

These Celotex homes keep snug and warm on the bitterest winter days . . . refreshingly cool in wilting summer weather.

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Always, these Celotex homes are quiet and restful. Disturbing noises are subdued.

They are homes whose atmosphere of solid comfort is the envy of all who enter; restful coolness in summer, snug warmth in winter.

### Comfort with fuel-saving at no extra building cost

**Celotex is Lumber—the only Insulating Lumber. It is the one material that combines higher insulating value with greater structural strength, and is not an extra item in the building.**

**A home built with it costs no more than an ordinary house; because Celotex replaces *five* other building materials.**

1. **It replaces wood lumber as sheathing, giving greater structural strength.**
2. **Plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex, forming a stronger wall than lath and plaster.**
3. **Celotex replaces building paper, giving better protection against wind and moisture.**
4. **It replaces deadening felt, giving a restful quiet.**
5. **Wherever used, Celotex replaces any extra insulation or heat-stopping material.**

**A smaller, less expensive furnace, fewer radiators, will be required to heat a Celotex house. Year after year, your fuel bills will be cut by one-third.**

Their owners have more money to spend on the luxuries they want . . . for Celotex homes cost one-third less to heat than ordinary homes. These not-for-sale homes are sounder investments . . . worth more money.

## *What your home will tell*

Every home built today tells the story of its owner.

No thinking man would build or buy an out-of-date, heat-wasting, half-comfortable home . . . costly to operate, hard to sell . . . when for the same money he could have a Celotex home.

Those who built before Celotex was available, are now lining their attics and basements with Celotex. That helps . . . and it costs very little. Yet there are people who still build in the "good old-fashioned way." There always will be. Two kinds of people . . . two kinds of homes.

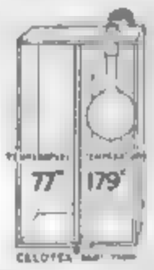
## *Get all the facts*

These are living improvements so vital that they make the ordinary house as out-of-date as one without electricity, modern plumbing or a central heating plant.

Get the facts. Ask your architect or contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. All lumber dealers can supply it. Everywhere leaders in these lines advise its use.

If you are going to buy a home already built, get Celotex construction if you possibly can.

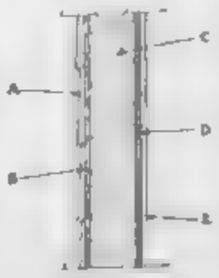
And by all means send for the Celotex Building Book. Just use the coupon below.




*Note this actual test. A Celotex box is divided in half by a layer of Celotex. The right half is heated by an electric lamp.*

*After one hour the left half is 102° cooler.*

*In the roof and walls of a house, Celotex keeps heat IN during the winter, OUT in summer.*




*A. Clapboards, brick or stucco.*
*B. Celotex Insulating Lumber.*
*C. Studding or framework.*
*D. Celotex Insulating Lumber.*
*E. Plaster.*
*Application of Celotex Insulating Lumber (B) to outside walls as sheathing. And (D) on inside walls.*

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THE new Arvin Special is *some* heater. It gets into action as soon as your car's in motion. And before you've gone very far, it's sure rarin'—pouring heat into your car—circulating it everywhere!

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The Arvin Special is available for Ford, Chevrolet and Dodge cars—the Arvin Regular for Ford and Overland. Get your Arvin now. You'll agree that the comfort it brings you is worth far more than it cost you. All accessory dealers sell Arvin. You or any garage man can install it in a jiffy.

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ONCE in a while someone writes a book for children which has the magic of making every reader young again. Stevenson did it and Lewis Carroll and James Whitcomb Riley, and now A. A. Milne of *Punch* has done it again in his book of verses

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These lilting rhymes get into your head and stay there. *Price $2, at all booksellers'.*

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3125 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio


(Continued from Page 226)

has committed a crime of sudden impulse and will never repeat is allowed to go when we have sufficiently punished him as an example to others. I know one man sentenced for life, who killed under a set of circumstances which would have made most men act, who since being in prison has acquired a technical education and who is one of the safest and sanest and most promising young engineers I have ever met. He is still there. On the other hand, I have the authentic account of another criminal who was turned out after psychiatrists and a board had looked him over. Here it is:

"——, a teamster, killed his daughter, Mrs.——, twenty-three years old, with a hatchet in their home, late yesterday afternoon, according to his story to the police, who said he told them he was sorry he did not kill his wife as well. Policemen who broke into the house and arrested the man found the woman's body on the floor. Her skull had been crushed and one leg almost severed. The man was released from the state prison six months ago after serving eight months of a two-year sentence for attacking his wife. He slashed her throat with a razor and she was in a hospital for several weeks. According to the police, the man said he became angry yesterday because his daughter's dog was barking."

The record of paroled prisoners is none too good in any case, as I have shown in another article, and I am informed by the police of various cities that paroled-prisoner records, inadequate in any case, would appear even worse if allowance were made for the fact that any wise paroled individual waits until his period of parole has ended before he begins new criminal operations. The truth about paroled prisoners, pardoned prisoners and prisoners who finish their term, if they belong either to the mentally defective or willfully habitual criminal class, is that they exhibit an extraordinary tendency to repeat. The truth, as honest surveys will find it, is that no matter how lame we may be in our processes of conviction for crime, our methods of sentencing and our methods of determining the length of time a prisoner should be retained or when he should be pardoned, paroled or released are still lamer.

### *To Dissuade Imitators*

Finally, as to the third hope that the right environment in prison with the right medical and mental corrective treatment will cure criminals, I have been unable to find any conclusive proof covering a wide field that more individuals, past their formative period, reform now than in the days when less science was expended on them. We all hope it will be so and would welcome proof of it. The juvenile field undoubtedly shows growing results from individual treatment, classification of groups, adaptation to training according to fitness, and from an intelligent treatment while the clay is still pliable.

But the most humane hope of all is the first—the hope that the cost tags of crime and lawlessness may be plainly marked. If one prisoner suffers, if he fails to reform, if he becomes a repeater, we may still be comforted by the fact that he could usefully suffer still greater misfortunes in the merciful and intelligent cause of proving the authority of the state and of dissuading youth from imitating him.

After all, the citizens' committees—committees which I feel now are the only instruments we can devise immediately and intelligently and sternly to meet growing lawlessness and reckless criminality—will find occasionally a human story almost as convincing as volumes of statistics. Such a piece of evidence was given by a member of a Middle Western police force:

"Charley —— was known to us as an old offender. He came into town one day and a few nights later he went up to the little shop kept by old man K. The old man lived over his shop. Charley banged on the door until the old man opened it, and then he blazed away at him and put three bullets in him. He took the money the old man had failed to bank and left him lying in his own blood. Then he skipped town. I landed Charley in the East and got him back. I spent more time than enough in court rooms as a witness. The whole thing dragged for more than a year and Charley was out on bail. Finally they sent him up to —— Penitentiary. But somehow he had agreed to plead some robbery charge as a first offender in this state and then I learned he would only have to serve three years at the most. But I was satisfied until I went up to the —— Penitentiary. I saw Charley there."

### *Organized Action*

"I found that Charley was occupying a more expensive space in real estate than the one I have for my family. I had to pay for mine; he didn't pay for his. He got a doctor free; I paid a doctor a hundred and fifty dollars that year. I couldn't afford to take my wife to the theater; I hear Charley had big shows come up to the penitentiary to him. I took one magazine; he got twenty. He had a radio in his cell. That's about all he paid for. I'm out all hours; he worked eight hours a day unless he had a headache. I didn't wish him any harm, but when I thought of the two of us, the crook and killer, and the boob policeman who caught him, I had to laugh.

"And then one day I was over in —— and, at the Union Station, I run into Charley. He said, 'Hello,' and I said, 'What's the matter? Did you move? Didn't you like the service?'

"'Oh, you can't touch me,' he says. 'I've got my papers from the parole board, but believe me, I'm going to make a good jump. I'm going to New York.'

"'How long did you serve?' I asked.

"'Sixteen months.'

"'And I spent eighteen and caught the sciatica to get you.'

"And he laughed.

"And when I thought it over I thought, somebody higher up is getting theirs! There must be something crooked."

He was told that there was nothing crooked, that the fault was with the law-enforcement machinery and not the operators.

"Well, if there isn't anything crooked," he said with even deeper gloom, "they ought to stop examining crooks for their insanity and take a look at you and me and all the rest of us."

In this statement, the officer properly placed the blame for the American crime tide exactly where it belongs.

I have been asked to state a remedy.

That remedy is not more Federal bureaucracy, it is not more passing of responsibility to centralized and distant authority, it is not continuing to leave the solution to experts, or to the initiative of the law-enforcement agencies which have taken no initiative.

The remedy lies in citizen action. The stirring of public opinion is not enough. To be shocked by conditions as they are is insufficient. Organized action is necessary. A national citizen organization may do good, but its chief use will be to stimulate and coördinate the action of local citizen organizations so that all our communities may act to clean up their own houses and yet be in step with a common national purpose.

The preservation of law, order and peace against the organized forces of criminality, against the flabbiness of the times, against the subtle forces which are on the side of disintegration of all authority, is one of the tests of our institutions. In the last analysis, the institutions are no stronger and no weaker than the citizenship which is behind them. Citizenship of a democracy must stand ready to furnish repair crews when the machinery breaks down.

Our lawlessness and our crime and the inefficiency with which we are dealing with them are the first call of this day.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Child.

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*that fills holes and cracks easily and permanently*

RUTLAND Patching Plaster comes ready to use, in handy cartons like prepared flour. You just add water and apply. It's quick and handy.

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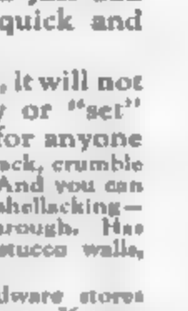


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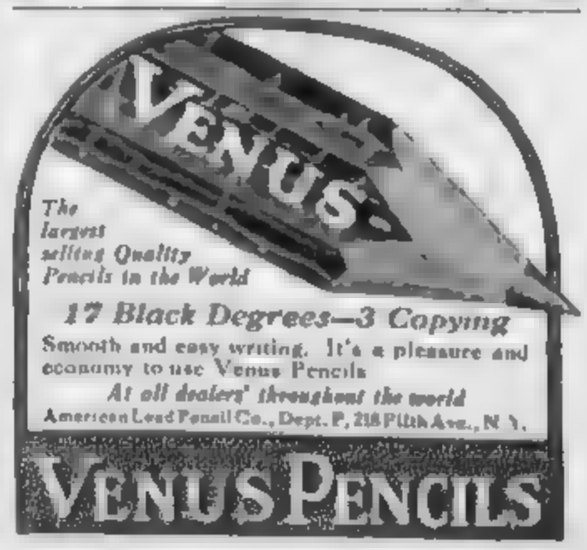
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Clear, sparkling reception. No over-loading, no crowding, no distortion. Be sure to hear this new Atlas.

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Big production makes possible these values.

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MAKE MORE MONEY!

V. A. MARINI, Santa Cruz, Cal., (Nov., 1924) reports $11,275 sales in 3 months. George Alexander of Pennsylvania made $1000.00 in 4 months making and selling CRISPETTES with this outfit. (Nov. 7th.)

Jacob Gordon, New Jersey, (November 2nd), says: "Profits over $4000.00 in two months"! Mesner of Baltimore $250.00 in one day! M. L. Cowden Ohio, (November 3rd), writes: "During Big Business—sold over 200,000 packages Crispettes last year". Mrs. Lane, Pittsburgh, says: "Sold 8,000 packages in ONE day".

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Crispettes sell fast everywhere. Everybody likes them. They're a delicious confection. We'll tell you how to build a business of your own. Start now, in your town.

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Send for illustrated BOOK OF FACTS. Tells how many people in small towns and big cities are making big successes of Crispette Business. Shows how, when and where to start. Full of valuable information. It's FREE. Write now. Postal brings it.

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY
1156 HIGH STREET SPRINGFIELD, OHIO


# THE WILD WEST OF AFRICA

(Continued from Page 17)

one dollar. The limousine drops us at the Palace Hotel.

"Room and bath?"

"Certainly, sir. Step this way. Magnificent view of the sea by moonlight. Over yonder is the residency. Just beyond—behind the golden minarets—the palace of the Sultan."

The foregoing scenes attempt to show the diametric contrasts of life today in Morocco, where France is now fighting, with some assistance from Spain, against the forces of Islam commanded by Abd-el-Krim. The French zone in Morocco is almost as large as France itself. If the other French possessions, Algeria and Tunis, are included, her colonial empire in North Africa is vast enough for great nations to be born in, with limitless riches and possibilities.

In Casablanca, the metropolis on the Atlantic—Casa it is called for short—the inhabitants calmly use the expression "Casa—Paris—London" and see nothing droll or naïve in placing their own town first in the list of the great. In the *bled*, as the open ranges are called, the pioneers, as in the American Wild West of the past, are still quick on the draw, for reasons strictly personal, with intent entirely businesslike and frequently deadly.

Thirteen years tell the entire story of the French protectorate over the empire of the Sultan Mulai Yusef, Caliph of Islam, comprising about 4,000,000 inhabitants, of whom less than 100,000 are whites, or Europeans. This number naturally does not include the French soldiers, white or native, now engaged in the Moroccan campaign. Nearly five of the thirteen years—those of the Great War—form a tense chapter of holding on against heavy odds; intrigue, threats of native uprisings, disasters on the West Front and general German aggression. The story as a whole and above all, places Marshal Lyautey in the front rank of great colonizers and pathfinders, as great as or even greater than our own Frémont. Lyautey, now in the evening of his life—he is over seventy and in feeble health—faces the tragedy of possibly seeing his work crumble and fall away.

### *Boosters' Club Stuff*

Almost the first impression one gets when visiting Morocco is that in various ways it is more up-to-date, more progressive than France itself. The system of local passenger transport, for example, is certainly far more satisfactory than anything in Europe. It is almost entirely a motor service. The same luxurious limousines, fares ridiculously low, run everywhere, over the finest motor roads in the world. The North African Express motor cars run without change from Casablanca to Oran, in Algeria. For the seventy-mile journey between Casablanca and Rabat the service is as between New York and Philadelphia, every hour, on the hour, both ways, during twenty hours of the day. The trains are so slow in comparison that it has actually become infra dig. in Morocco for a European at least—and even the high-caste Arabs—ever to ride in anything but motor limousines. The rule of the motor road in Morocco is that if a machine breaks down, the next arrival cannot whiz past, but must stop and give aid. As a result of the war, and the fact that Germany was a party to the act of Algeciras, France decided that her main-gauge railways would cut out Tangier and the Spanish zone, as previously agreed, thus strengthening the chances of Casablanca for a brilliant commercial future.

In considering the French material changes of thirteen years, one first considers Casablanca, just as naturally as one would first discuss New York in any economic study of the United States.

Casablanca is now a mushroom city and, except that like every African city all its buildings are white, is much on the order of Chicago in the years preceding the World's Fair of 1893. It has the same boom spirit and hustle and a braggadocio, which, although it often causes smiles, one cannot but admire.

A stranger, off the boat from Marseilles, if he looks like business, is buttonholed by a booster, reporter or a climate tout—they are all that—before he gets into the custom-house.

"Yes, sir, you've landed in God's own country"—the phrase has been pinched intact from the middle U. S. A.—"and we are right glad to see you. What's your line? Rainy season? Who told you that? Why, sir, it never rains here"—lying cheerfully—"or at most never more than eight days in the year. Magnificent climate, sir, finest on earth. A garden spot in winter—better than Palm Beach or Cairo, and not too hot in summer"—wiping a perspiring brow. "What did you say your line is?"

### *A Seeing-Casablanca Tour*

The reporter will give you publicity in one of the three dailies that the place already boasts, and the booster will at once start you off on a personally conducted tour of the town. The harbor itself comes first.

"Now take a good look at that breakwater, Mr. Blank. One of the great feats of its kind. You have nothing at home that's bigger."

Bigger! Perish the mere idea that a sea wall ever could be bigger! As one looks out across the great placid basin, big enough to accommodate a battle fleet, to where the Atlantic combers break in vain against an obstacle that is meant to remain forever, one gets the truthful information that said sea wall, at its base, is 300 yards thick. Marvelous! You admit it, and how they ever did it, against that constant surf, is another marvel.

Your booster pal takes you up to town. You arrive at the ancient city walls. The booster pauses and swings his arm largely.

"See the holes in those walls? Those are the holes made by cannon, when we first occupied Casa after the massacre of French pioneers in 1907. We leave 'em, sir, yes, sir, as a lesson, sir, to these Arabs, so they can keep in mind what may happen if they ever get up to such tricks again."

On our way is the dog pound, and you are told that it has more stray dogs than "the dog pound in Paris, sir." Then comes the native quarter, and your guide sighs heavily as he relates Casablanca's troubles with the Arabs.

"You can see for yourself, sir, that this Arab city stands directly in the way of business, of progress. There are acres of it, right between the docks and the European city. We want all that for warehouses, factories, refrigerating plants, breweries. So we built a new Arab city a few miles out—out of the way. Splendid place, exactly the same size, and laid out exactly the same as the old ones. We kept the tiny alleys that they call streets and we didn't change the plan of buildings. We even built a mosque. All we did was to put in electricity, baths and modern plumbing. Well, sir, they wouldn't go there—scarcely any of them—they're all still here, right in the way." He waggles his head despairingly, and you feel certain that if the ancient native city of Casablanca should accidentally burn some evening, the European city would enjoy a fine thrill and indulge itself in three rousing cheers.

You arrive at the main business street of the new city. The guide points to the Modern Galleries, a department store covering a city block, shining white and new, supplying anything and everything that such stores supply anywhere, and advertising deliveries by motor vans to all the outside district within a radius of fifty

(Continued on Page 232)

Your Barber recommends

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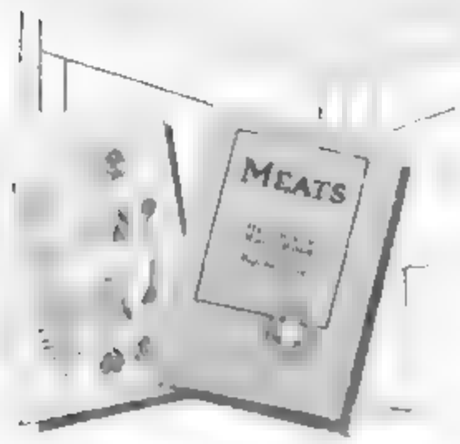


*A Free Meat Book for Women—Read the Coupon*

# *It's a Real Pleasure*

## *to buy meats at a Hussmannized Store*

What a delightful difference there is between the old-fashioned butcher shop and the most modern market!

Here and there you still see the old type shop with its meats hidden in the ice box, or lying on an ordinary counter, exposed to flies and dirt.

More frequently, now, you find meat markets that have progressed a little farther, displaying their meats on counters under glass, to protect the meats from dust and handling.

But in the Hussmannized store, you will recognize the most modern market of all—where meats are not only protected from contamination, but are properly refrigerated while on display.

You will find it such a help to solve your daily bothersome question of "what meat to have for dinner," by the tempting suggestions you see on display in the Hussmannized store.

You know, too, that the meats you buy there are perfectly fresh and clean.

And you will get meats for your table that are more tender, juicy, and tasty because of the way they are refrigerated in the Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter!

Over 11,000 markets, grocery stores and delicatessens have recognized the difference between ordinary meat display equipment and the genuine Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter. Locate the Hussmannized store in your neighborhood.

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Representatives throughout the United States. Sales Offices 911 Mission St., San Francisco—447 South San Pedro, Los Angeles—302 San Francisco St., El Paso, Texas—Dallas, Texas—115 Western Ave., Minneapolis—607 Delaware Ave., Kansas City—429 Wabash Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.—308-10 North Fourth St., Philadelphia—39 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City

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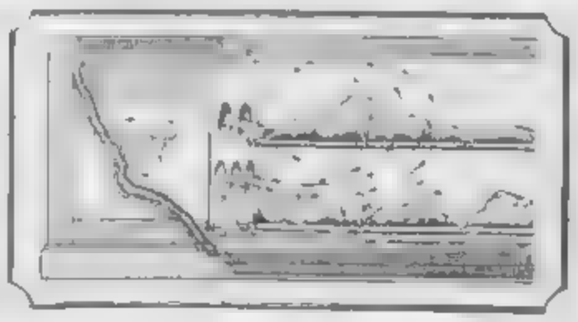
### *Important to Retailers!*

Only Hussmann can build the genuine Hussmann Patented System of Refrigeration which keeps meats really fresh—not simply by cold temperature, but by a patented system of refrigeration which produces a natural dry cold air circulation. *Equally effective with either ice or mechanical refrigeration.* A Hussmann will increase your sales and reduce your costs. It will pay you to investigate. Send for our 32-page free book.



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Shows actual cuts of meats, how to prepare them and how to save money in choosing meats. Sent free—just mail this coupon to

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*(Please give name of meat market where you trade)*

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*A SELLING OPPORTUNITY—Some desirable sales territories still open offer unusual opportunities to responsible business men with sales experience. Write for facts.*

# a cozy house night and Day does that appeal to you?

Some people expect radiators to get cold as soon as fires are banked. They have been dressing and breakfasting in cold, cheerless rooms so long that they don't realize what a warm, cozy house night and day can mean.

With Hoffman Vacuum Valves, radiators hold their heat. They warm up quickly in the morning. That is because air has been kept out. These valves make an amazing saving in fuel as well. You don't waste steam pushing out the air that has sneaked back into radiators and made them cold.

**The Thirty-Day Challenge Test**
*Make it yourself*

Put a Hoffman Vacuum Valve on one radiator or equip all of them. Hours after you have banked your fires you will find these radiators still hot. In the morning they will be the first to heat. That is because air has been kept out. That is the [illegible]

Send the coupon for "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief" which explains in simple words just why the vacuum created by Hoffman Vacuum Valves transforms steam heat. We will also send you a "Thirty-Day Trial Certificate" which lets you test these valves at our risk.

*Your local plumbing and heating shops sell Hoffman Vacuum Valves*

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***VACUUM VALVES***
*more heat from less coal*

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Why not own and run a "McNess Store on Wheels"? Year 'round permanent work. No lay-offs. Your profits increase as your business grows. You stay in same territory year after year. Build a real business.

**2 Big Lines Double Your Chance of Making Money**

Real proven money makers. Large line of brushes, [illegible] of fine quality food products. No selling experience necessary. Start on [illegible]. Our [illegible] mail advertising, exclusive sales features, and [illegible] make sales come easily. Good profits. Country or city territory now available. Tell us which you desire. Country men must have auto. Free book tells all. Write for it.

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**SALESMEN WANTED** Good men [illegible] making as high as $3 an hour in spare or full time, to [illegible] with [illegible] merchant or business house. Write for free samples and terms.

**OAK SPECIALTY CO., 5703 Lake St., Chicago**


(Continued from Page 230)

miles. Across the way is a new modern hotel.

"That's all right for the moment," the guide says; "not a bad place to stop—good as anything in Paris in fact—but it will soon be too small. Why, sir, in a few years that will be a tiny little hotel—sort of a place near the depot to pop into between trains. We will have skyscraper hotels then, sir, like America. Our main railway station will be about where we are standing. Yes, in a few more years we will be running fast express trains straight through to Tunis, and even Cairo."

There is no good reason why the dream should not come true. Despite the difference in climate—Morocco is torrid in summer—the towns of Casablanca and Charleston, South Carolina, are on the same degree of latitude. The trip on a fast liner would be scarcely longer from New York to Casablanca than to Southampton, and only about half the distance to Buenos Aires. Morocco, if the chances of war permit its development to be complete, may one day become as great a wheat field as the Argentine.

The European city, like the modern sections of all Moroccan cities, now has the unfinished appearance of an international exhibition or a gigantic moving-picture lot. It has a boulevard system quite as ambitious as Paris, but the buildings, some of them great apartment houses, are scattered here and there, separated by acres of vacant lots, treeless, dusty and hideous with real-estate signs. The price of Casablanca real estate has risen 2300 per cent within the past three years—from fifty centimes to 1200 francs the square meter.

### *Millerand's Moroccan Visit*

In Rabat, Meknez, Fez, Marrakesh, the European quarters are much on the same order, only in lesser degree, Fez being the smallest, with about 1500 European population in peacetime. Rabat, the capital, and the headquarters of the protectorate, has a social life—almost a court life—that gives it a special interest. Considering the pomp of the shereefian court maintained by the sultan, the French resident general must perforce maintain an establishment which, quite aside from the martial force behind it, may, on occasion, even surpass that of Mulai Yusef in splendor.

This splendor to impress their Moorish subjects was, for instance, emphasized on the occasion of Millerand's visit, while he was President of France. The voyage began at Algiers, extended through the length of Morocco, ending at Casablanca. The presidential party traveled in a convoy of fifty automobiles, attended by armored cars and aeroplanes. Special chefs from the Elysée and the famous band of the Garde Republicaine accompanied the mission. Along the route were special detachments of troops.

At Rabat, President Millerand deigned to receive the sultan at the residency, and afterward attended a banquet at the imperial palace, only a few hundred yards distant. The durbar at Delhi was not more impressive, the only thing lacking being elephants, but camels took their places, gorgeous in gold and jeweled trappings. Crack regiments from France vied with the sultan's black guard in magnificence of dress uniforms.

Bands played constantly, while the white and black rulers, attended by fan bearers, lunched and dined under magnificent silken canopies of red and gold. Mulai, surrounded by resplendent caids—with the exception of Abd-el-Krim—was duly pleased to renew his fealty and allegiance to the white father from Paris, even though the one claimed descendance from the Prophet Mohammed and the other is a follower of Christ.

The Lyautey rule in Morocco—it is conceded to be that even more than French—has been extremely wise in that it has brought about great material changes while leaving tranquil the fundamental mentality of the Moslem population. Thirteen years is a short period and many problems are still unsolved. The first attacked were roads, railways, schools, hygiene, rather than the land. Free medical service has been established and has practically replaced the black magic, which, even though condemned by the Koran, was a curse upon Morocco for centuries.

The only vital change in Moroccan custom has been the suppression of slavery; but even this has been done gradually, without giving undue offense to the caids, who only a few years ago bought and sold slaves in the open market at Fez. The Koran permits every man four legal wives and is obscure on the number of illegal ones. Therefore the sultan and the rich caids still maintain harems in which are hundreds of women—veiled, mysterious women of Islam, guarded by eunuchs, and never seen, no matter how august the occasion. But the buying and selling of them is a thing of the past. The only actual slaves nowadays are those who were slaves before the French occupation and who are quite willing to remain with their masters. East is East, and West is West. Morocco remains the East; but on this subject her population has bowed before Western will and does not seem particularly disturbed about it.

The outstanding French problem in Morocco, once the war with the Riff is ended, is that of the land. The Arab does not change his habits any more than the leopard changes his spots. The Arab peasant is nomadic by nature, always wandering from place to place; consequently in the centuries that he has occupied Morocco, the lowlands and valleys have become almost completely deforested and generally suffered from neglect. Morocco therefore remains a place where one can travel 100 or 200 miles without seeing a single fence or single tree, over rubble ground and in a summer heat as blistering as that of the Sahara.

### *The Need for Colonists*

The compounds or stockades of the white settlers, miles apart, and only in the valleys, are indeed oases—the only spots where there is refreshment and shade. But the land is fertile. Anything will grow if the land is tended and in places properly irrigated. Where the French have gone in they have bumper harvests of wheat, barley, oats, with never the fear that any year may result in a crop failure, so common in more temperate climes. The public gardens of Rabat, laid out under the personal direction of Marshal Lyautey only ten years ago, are now so beautiful that they are actually breath-taking—a magnificent profusion of both tropical and semitropical plants.

Colonists on the land are, therefore, the great need of France in her colonial projection. Of the 100,000 whites in Morocco, only about half are French, the remainder being Italians and other Continentals, with a scattering of English, who are usually engaged in banking or commerce. The French birth rate falls, while that of Italy increases. France is already fearful at the

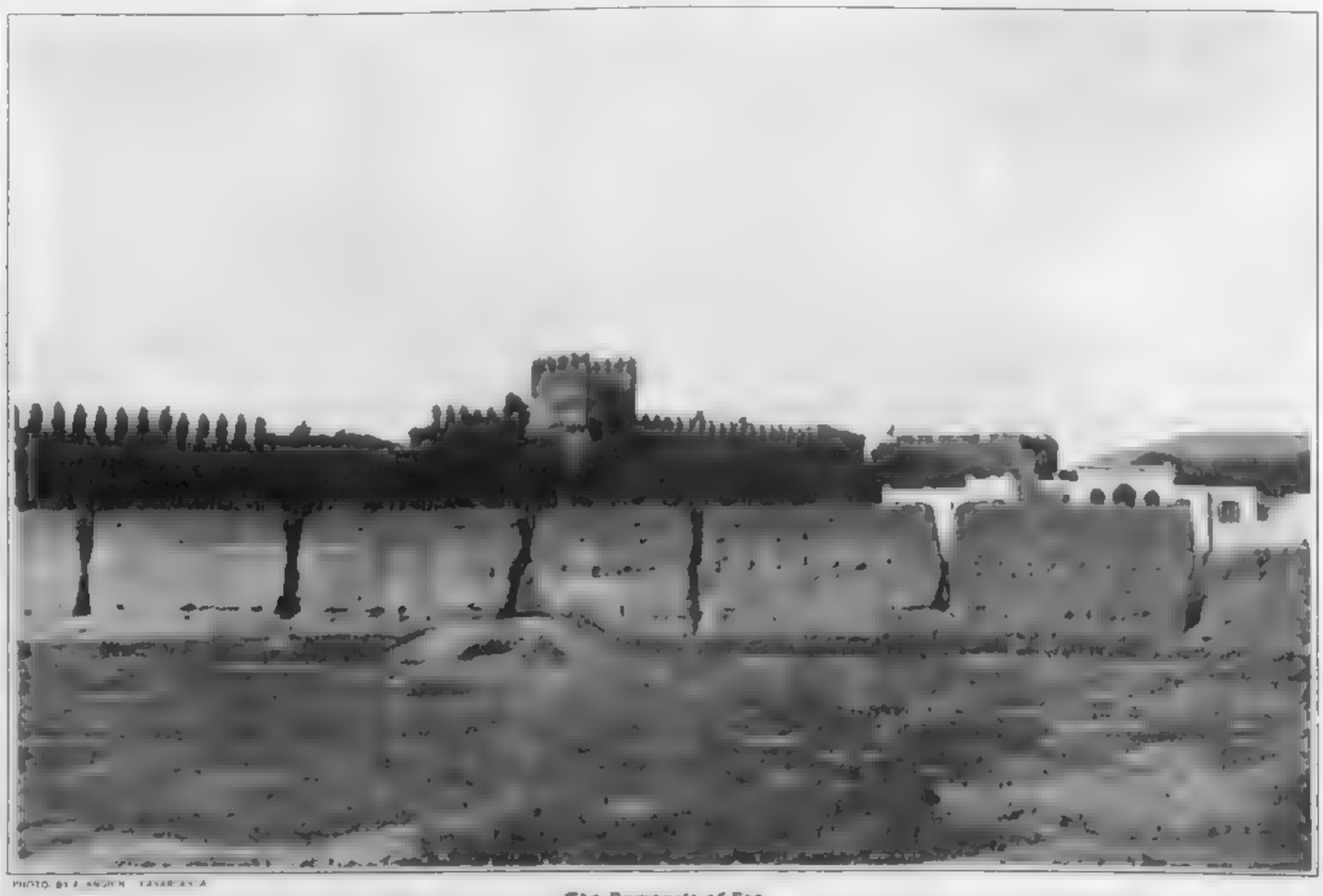

PHOTO. BY J. ANDRIN CASABLANCA

*The Ramparts of Fez*

steady Italian infiltration into Tunis, and the possibility that the French will be outnumbered in Morocco looms on the horizon. In all her colonies France has proved to be a great administrator—she has less trouble even than the English with native populations—but up to date she has been a poor colonizer, largely because she has not sufficient population at home. Aside from the question of birth rate, the home government at Paris is negatively responsible for more young Frenchmen not migrating to this wild west of Africa, where the opportunities for position and riches are still boundless. No real lure is held out. The Colonial Ministry makes no offers—such as those of the British Colonial Office, and also those made by America during the colonization of the Far West—that sections of land will be turned over to settlers who go out and make good.

### *Americans Welcome*

There is no income tax in Morocco, which helps in a way, but which is partially offset by a 12 per cent export tax upon all Moroccan products. This latter was an offset to the French import duties of the same amount on all imports from her own colonies and protectorates. It seems strange that in the customhouse at the port of Marseilles officials are more rigid in their appraisal of goods from Morocco—a place that France hopes and prays to conserve as her own—than from any other place in the world. Even the hand baggage of passengers is gone through with a thoroughness—sometimes a rudeness—that is unequaled almost anywhere.

The American who migrates to Morocco is welcomed with open arms. The spirit of the place is already far more American than it is European. Casablanca has the same commercial enthusiasm as any Middle West city of the United States, and undoubtedly within a few years will boast of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs to help the cause along. It is all new, crude and still in the making, despite an ancient historic background dating back to mythology, when Hercules paused in his labor of holding the world on his shoulders, turning the encumbrance back to Atlas. Far to the south, beyond Marrakesh, and on the edges of the great desert, old Father Atlas is still at his task, with shoulders lost in eternal snows.

A business man's slogan in Morocco is "Let us get the Americans here to help us out, otherwise the Italians may crowd us out." They dislike the Italians, as one Latin race is able to dislike another. They distrust the English, but with Americans they seem able to establish a fair accord. They like the American business methods, they idealize American push and hustle, they realize that Americans have had a very similar problem in their own Far West—the Arab tribes act and fight in much the same fashion as the American Indians—and they feel that Americans are sportsmen enough to appreciate their labor if they succeed in making their commercial capital one of the great ports of the world.

Other cities have sprung up, some brand-new, some in juxtaposition with an Arab city that has been there for centuries. Knitra, for example, near the coast above Rabat, is now a flourishing town of 5000 inhabitants, not unlike, either in itself or in the surrounding landscape, a boom town, say, in Arizona, of not so long ago. It has broad tree-lined avenues, as yet unpaved and heavy with dust, a half dozen factories, a splendid hotel, modern in every sense, and innumerable barrooms and gambling joints—also reminiscent of the American West. For historical background Knitrans refer visitors to the Battle of the Three Kings—a battle of which even Europe has scarcely heard, but which was one of the greatest contests ever held in Africa, fought over the ground where the new city stands. Two Moorish kings were engaged against each other, one of them having for ally a king of Portugal. All three kings were slain, and the dust and rubble of centuries collected over their remains, until only four years ago, when the corner stone of the first building in the place was laid.

### *The Tourist Center*

The show place of Morocco, even more than Fez, the fascinating sacred city of Islam, is Marrakesh, standing at the foot of the plain above which tower the Atlas Mountains. Marrakesh is a city of the Sahara, having 150,000 population, less than 2000 of them Europeans. Twelve years ago—a year after the real French rule began—there were but thirty white folks in the place. It has more tourists daily than any city in the world; not white tourists, but Bedouins of the desert who come down through the mountain passes, even as far as from the great oasis of Tafilet, to gather in the immense public square and gaze, incredulous, at the shining minarets and towers of wonderful Moorish artistry dating back more than 1000 years. Most of them have never seen a city before. They are the real Arab wanderers, who come and go, silent and mysterious.

Although Marrakesh is insufferably hot in summer, the claim for the winter season is that it is the finest in the world, clear

*The Bourse at Casablanca*

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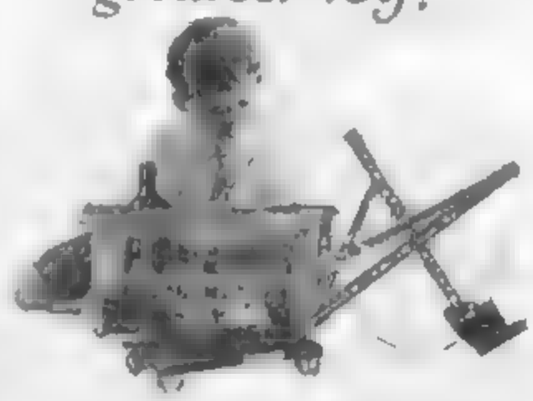

WHEN a boy has an Erector Set he can make working models of steam shovels, concrete mixers, locomotives, draw-bridges, hundreds of engineering toys. The powerful Erector electric motor makes them whiz and go.

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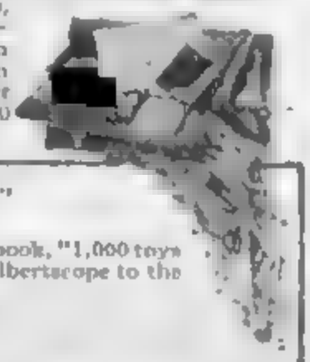

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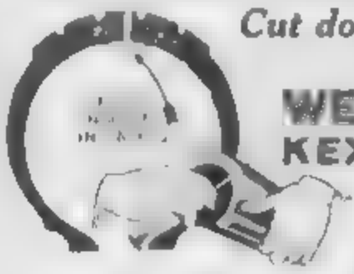
This attractive grip of soft, safe, high-grade corrugated rubber slips on every steering wheel—warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer. Black $1.75, Tan $2—your dealer or postpaid. Practical Xmas Gift. State wheel size



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Save money—add 500 to 1,500 miles to your tires. Easily inserted in puncture hole of casing. Keep out sand, mud, water and gravel—stop tire rotting. Most practical repair kit—complete with tapered needle, 9 plugs, cement and patching rubber—year's supply only $1.00. And it's the only repair kit that contains saving repair plugs in addition to patching rubber and cement.

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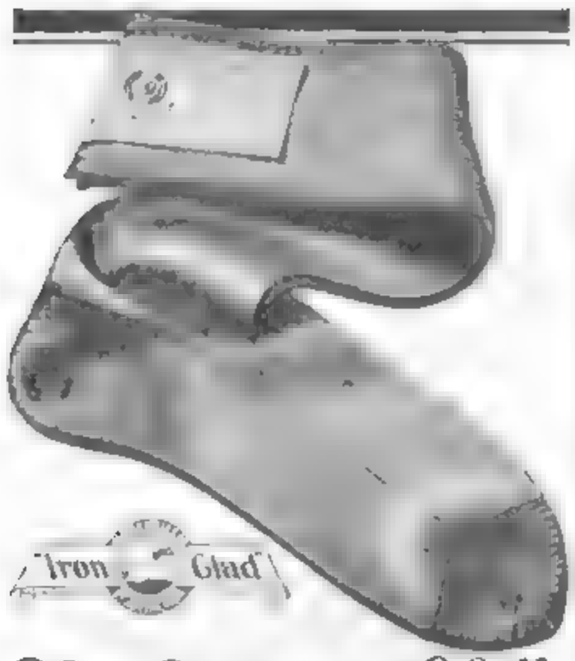


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Because a man loves soft, cozy comfort in his socks, and snug warmth in piercing winter weather, luxurious strands of fleecy woolen yarn are woven in these Iron Clads.

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bright sunshine, warm by day and cold at night, with the snows of the Atlas peaks, clear as crystal, only a few miles away. If the French hang onto Morocco, undoubtedly they will boost Marrakesh as another Cairo for winter tourists. There is already an immense hotel, quite as fine as anything of its kind in Europe, and an automobile road, straight and level, over which the motorbusses make the trip from Casablanca in five hours. Only an hour beyond Marrakesh are winter sports, but the area where white folks may visit in the Atlas range is still limited. Here the tribes have never been subdued, and Agadir, the port on the Atlantic, at the base of the mountains is now entirely closed to Europeans because of the nearness of the tribes and the uncertainty that exists in the French military mind concerning their subsequent intentions.

Up to now the French have made no effort to penetrate the Atlas. A war in the Riff mountains is bad enough, but in the Atlas, which are as high as the Alps, it would be even more difficult. So the caids of these tribes have been unmolested and allowed to run the place to suit themselves. Many of them have voluntarily visited the French, vowing fidelity and allegiance, and none as yet has hearkened to the persuasion of Abd-el-Krim, which would be to attack the French from the rear, with the possible result of sweeping them entirely out of the country.

Today the situation hangs in the balance. Morocco is not yet really a nation, but a geographical region, which, within a short time, must emerge as a working entity into the scheme of modern civilization, or sink back into the pre-French era of sloth and tribal wars. That modern civilization has need of Morocco is not exclusively a French thesis. All the European nations—especially up-to-the-minute Germany—wanted a slice of the Moroccan pie, before the conference at Algeciras temporarily checked the ambition. In the temperate zones, especially in Europe, the populations have invaded the cities, abandoning more and more the farm for the factory and the office. But the temperate zones must be fed. That strip of semitorrid zone lying across the north of Africa might succeed in feeding all Europe, if the chances of war so decide and if the millions of Arabs will join the white man in properly tilling the abundant soil.

The recent communiques from the battle front mean little, even if peace is concluded; time alone will give the real answer to the Moroccan question. French victories at present, certainly. That was to be expected; but France is not yet fighting in the Riff country; she is only getting back her own. Meanwhile, across the great plain between the mountains, one rides the ranges for days without seeing a single house or cultivated field.

Over there on the side of the hill, what is that? A gathering of human beings—camels—mules—funny sort of tents. It looks like an army camp at a distance. Nearer, one sees that there is nothing warlike about it, merely a peaceful gathering of Arabs—thousands of them. Where from? We did not see their homes as we passed. But one cannot see their homes—low-lying mud huts, in the great fire-baked rubble of Africa. What have they gathered for? Oh, it is just the *souk*, the weekly market. They have come for many miles, to pass the day trading—you see the droves of sheep and cattle with them—and to talk things over. Meanwhile, in the battle zone north of the Ouergha, the brackish streams turn into torrents. Vultures fly over unseen things that taint the air. The *souk* throughout Morocco continues to talk things over, and to listen, and to await the will of Allah.

## SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

Young students of Latin, I give you a chantey, a principal-parts-of-regular-verbs chantey:

*As I was a-ridin' down Washington Street,*
*(Steady, boys, steady, or teacher will spot us)*
*A pretty young classmate I chanced for to meet,*
*(Amo, amare, amavi, amatus.)*

*And I says to the jane, "O my pretty puella,"*
*(If we ain't got a trot, some bozo will loan it us)*
*"How would you like a short ride with a fella?"*
*(Moneo, monere, monui, monitus.)*

*Oh, her glance it was wild and her manners was free,*
*(Easy on the trot, boys, the prof will suspect us)*
*But devil a bit would she travel with me,*
*(Rego, regere, rexi, rectus.)*

*But I had revenge on the cruel, cruel lass*
*(Ad inferos cum illis, if that's how they treat us)*
*Puttin' chalk down her neck in geometry class—*
*(Audio, audire, audivi, auditus.)*

—Morris Bishop.

### The Little Man Kicks

*SKINNY men, listen! Shrimps, give ear!*
*Little men, rally from far and near*
*And join your voices and help me pan*
*The spurious fame of the big fat man.*

*When the world seeks greatness, does it choose*
*The undersized man in the number 5 shoes*
*And the number 10 collar—or some big fat,*
*With a head that was built for a four-quart hat?*

*Who thinks great thoughts and gets no thanks?*
*The meek little man with the pipestem shanks;*
*Who gets all the credit by looking wise?*
*Some great big elephant twice his size.*

*When the little man utters a flaming truth*
*The world is as still as a telephone booth.*
*The fat man utters the selfsame thing*
*And the whistles shriek and the church bells ring.*

*Who sits in a chair and directs big deals,*
*While the little man fidgets and cools his heels?*
*Who rides in a private car, while the just*
*But little man flivvers and takes his dust?*

*Who sits in a street car, free from care,*
*And takes two seats but pays one fare,*
*While the little man hangs from a swaying strap,*
*Or sits in an outraged female's lap?*

*Who makes our speeches and makes our laws?*
*The big fat man with the big fat paws,*
*And a waistband huge of seam and fell*
*And as long as the thirty-ninth parallel.*

*It drives me wild to think of that;*
*It drives me wild to have a fat*
*Boob loom above me, huge, immense,*
*And make me feel like seven cents.*

*The worm has turned! A little man, I*
*Squeak revolt while I raise on high*
*My fluttering banner, which loud invites—*
*"Skinny Men! Rise and demand your Rights!"*

*But no one listens and no one heeds;*
*They follow wherever the fat man leads;*
*I can't understand why they don't see through it;*
*They think it is brains, when it's only suet.*

—Lowell Otus Reese.


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AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators *hot* Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.60.

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# GLADYS HAD IDEALS

(Continued from Page 29

"'I'm sorry, sir,' says Gladys, 'but here's your script. I'd like to play the part, but I couldn't do it, except in a dignified manner.'

"'If there was something the matter with your knees, why didn't you say so when I hired you?' yells Stone.

"'There is nothing the matter with my knees,' says Gladys, 'but I'm afraid my ideals don't suit you.'

"'You could wear an elastic,' begins Stone, but by that time Gladys was out of sight an' halfway down the stairs."

"Can you beat that?" asked Dorothy. "Throwing up a perfectly good part on account of a costume!"

"Well, dearie," said Madeline, "I was scared the boss was gonna fire me, too, for having brought her in, so I told him I was sorry about what had happened an' would he let me try the song. As I was the best-looking girl in the bunch, he said for me to rehearse it, an' if I did it right, I could have it—but not to expect no more money. Say, when I got home I certainly give Gladys a piece of my mind for getting me in Dutch with Stone. I left it to Alex, wasn't she wrong, an' he said questions like that had to be answered by the person themselves. He knew I was right, but he just didn't want to mix up in it an' make one of us mad, so he stayed on the fence. Well, I didn't try to get her no more jobs, you can bet on that."

"I don't blame you," said Dot; "besides, hoop-skirt parts is hard to find."

"Well," continued Madeline, "we opened outta town after about two weeks, an' for the balance of the season I didn't need no daily dozens when I got up in the morning, owing to the twelve dance routines I had done the night before. I kept the old swimming-hole number, an' when the leading man an' the soubrette had a spat over which dressing room went with their exalted position, the soubrette lost, an' I got her part with a raise in salary. There I was, with nothing but my good looks an' a fair singing voice, drawing down seventy berries a week, while Gladys was doing housemaids an' crippled sisters with a stock company in Union Hill for almost nothing. That's what her ideals done for her."

"An' Alexander Stevens," asked Dorothy, "what was he doing?"

"Oh, he had got himself a regular job on a newspaper by that time an' was doing well. I guess the reason they nicknamed stage people birds is because they migrate right back to Broadway as soon as their season is over. You should ought to have seen my triumphal return! My hair was two shades lighter than when I left, my skirts was shorter an' I had so many glass bracelets on my arms it sounded like a store full of Chinee wind bells when I walked.

"Alex was awful glad to see me, an' I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was more interested in me than ever. He begin taking me out to dinner an' asting my opinion about everything. He ast me how would I furnish my apartment if I was making big money, an' what kind of clothes would I wear, an' how would I act, an' a lotta things like that what showed how serious his intentions was getting to be. When I ast him about Gladys he said Union Hill was so hard to get to he didn't see her often. I guessed they mustta had a fuss or something, so I didn't bring her up after that."

"Didn't you ever run into her or nothing?" asked Dot.

"I met her on the street one day an' said hello. She was living over in Jersey near the theater, 'cause she had to rehearse every morning, on account of the stock company she was with putting on a new show each week. She was awful peaked an' thin, an' I told her she should ought to lay off a few weeks an' rest, but she said she loved the work, an' it was awful interesting adding new rôles to her repertoire. When I told her what good friends me an' Alex was she smiled kinda sickly, an' I knew she was jealous, but didn't want to let on.

"She wasn't dressed any too spiffy, so I didn't give her no encouragement to call, me not wanting to be seen with a girl looking almost shabby, like she done. She give me her address an' telephone number, an' I give her mine, just like we intended to use 'em, but that was the last I saw of her for a long time."

"You didn't expect her to love you for having took Alex away from her, did you?" asked Dot.

"Every woman has got to look out for herself in this world," said Madeline. "Men is like gold mines, an' when a girl strikes a pay streak, it's up to her to protect her own interests. She had her chance at him while I was away, so why should I worry about her? Well, one day Alex ast me did I know a producer by the name of Frae."

"'Tom Frae?' asts I.

"'Yes, I think his first name is Tom,' says he.

"'He ain't no producer,' says I. 'He's a promoter, an' works on O. P. M.'

"'What does that stand for?' asts Alex.

"'Other People's Money,' says I. 'Tom's little game is to find a play with one set of scenery an' not more'n seven characters in it. He gets a well-known actor to say he'll play the leading part, then Tom digs up five hundred here an' a thousand there from anybody what he can persuade to invest in a show what can't possibly miss. If the show clicks, Tom owns a half interest an' cleans up, an' if it flops, all he has lost is his time. Whatcha wantta know about him for?'

"'He's reading a play of mine,' says Alex.

"'Don't make me laugh,' says I. 'You can't write no play, an' besides, you never told me nothing about it.'

"'I just finished it,' says Alex. 'It's bad luck to talk about things you write before they're completed; that's why I didn't mention it. Mr. Frae is to give me his answer today.'

"'Tom Frae knows his business,' says I. 'An' if he does the play, he'll do it right. You should ought to have let me help you on it, Alex. You don't know near as much about the stage as I do. I'm dying to read it. Have you a copy around handy?'

"'No,' says he. 'An' besides, I'm not going to let you read it, or even attend a rehearsal when it is put on. I want you to see it played before an audience; then you'll be in a better position to judge it.'

"'What's the name of this play you gonna have produced so quick?' asts I.

"'The Snake,' says Alex, 'an' it looks like a hit to me.'

"'All of 'em does on paper,' says I. 'What time is Tom Frae supposed to phone you?'

"'Three o'clock,' says Alex.

"'I'll be here to cheer you up after he's turned it down,' says I. 'You'll need a lotta sympathy when your air castle caves in. Nobody ain't never sold their first play, an' don't you give up your newspaper job too quick.'

"'Don't worry,' says Alex. 'My feet is still on the ground.'

"'Keep 'em there,' says I. 'But, Alex, no matter what happens, it won't make no difference with me. I'm the kind of a girl what sticks when things is blackest. Is there a part in The Snake for me?'

"'No,' says Alex. 'It's a drammer, an' there ain't no music.'

"'You talk like I can't act,' says I.

"'Of course you can act,' says Alex. 'But musical comedy or vaudeville is your field, an' it would be a shame to waste your wonderful personality in a legitimate play, where you couldn't take the whole stage alone.'

"'I guess you're right. I hadn't thought of that,' says I."

"He wasn't no fool, was he?" asked Dorothy.

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"I'll say he wasn't, as things afterward turned out! Well, at three o'clock prompt Tom Frae phoned an' said he'd produce The Snake. He told Alex he was having the contract drawed by his lawyer, an' for him to come up the next day to sign it an' get his five hundred advance royalty. Gee, but that was a thrill! Alex was so happy he jumped around like a kangaroo, then he rushed out in the hall to phone somebody the good news. When he come back I throwed my arms around him an' kissed him, an' he kissed me, an' we danced around like a couple of crazy kids.

"While the hugging an' kissing was going on the door opened a little. Alex's back was turned an' he didn't see who it was looking in, but I did, an' it was Gladys Foster. She must not of been very much pleased with what she saw, 'cause she gently closed the door again an' wouldn't even come in."

"Didn't you call her or nothing?" asked Dot.

"Why should I call her? Me an' Alex could do all the celebrating what was needed without any help. Well, we calmed down after a while an' Alex took me to dinner an' we had a swell time. I didn't want to ruin his evening by bringing up no unpleasant subjects, so I never said nothing about Gladys having had a peep at us. The next day the papers was signed an' they begin casting.

"I had decided if I could put over four songs in a tab for a producer I could do it for myself in vaudeville, so I got me a piano player an' begin cooking up a single act. Between his newspaper job an' the rehearsals of The Snake, Alex was kept pretty busy, an' I didn't see him as much as I had before. When I did see him he looked awful troubled about something, but authors is always that way, so I didn't pay no attention to it.

"Well, one night he looked more tired an' downhearted than usual, so I ast him what was giving him the willies. He told me one of Tom Frae's backers hadn't come through, an' unless they could raise fifteen hundred dollars somewhere everything would have to be called off. Alex said he had put all of his own savings in the piece an' couldn't go no further."

"An' you let him have the money," volunteered Dorothy.

"I did not," said Madeline. "Since when do I look like a show angel? I told Alex that Tom was a gold digger an' for him not to worry. I was right, too, 'cause in a few days Alex said somebody had put up the cash an' everything was all right. I was having a lotta fights with my piano players right then, swapping 'em almost every day, so I was glad Alex's troubles was off my hands.

"Then I went upstate for a week to break my act in, an' when I got back I saw in the paper where Arthur Lewis was doing a play called The Troubles of Married Life, or something like that, an' Gladys Foster was in the cast. I heard on the streets that the part she had was a wife what had forgot a lotta promises she made at the altar, an' Gladys had got it 'cause it was unsympathetic anyway an' she was willing to play it cheap."

"Didn't you congratulate her, or nothing?" asked Dot. "A telegram only costs a quarter in the Times Square district."

"I intended to write her a note, but in the rush of things it slipped my mind. I knew I was gonna see her on the opening night anyway, so I could congratulate her then, if her show wasn't a flop. Well, that was about the middle of September an' everybody was trying to get their shows in first. Tom Frae announced The Snake, opening at the Belwyn on Monday night, the twenty-first, an' Arthur Lewis proclaimed to all the world, in big letters, the premier performance of The Troubles of Married Life at the Judson on the evening of the twenty-first."

"Wasn't that hard luck?" said Dorothy. "Both opening the same night, an' you only having one pair of eyes an' ears. Why didn't you get Alex to put his off till Tuesday evening?"

"I ast him to, an' he said he wished it could be done, but Tom Frae had spent a lotta money advertising the opening an' wouldn't listen to no talk of delays. Well, the Belwyn an' the Judson is in the same block, almost next door to each other, an' I could of seen part of each play, but Alex give me passes an' Gladys didn't, so of course I went to see The Snake. When the curtain went up I was so nervous I almost chewed all my finger nails off. You couldn't blame me, though, 'cause Alex's an' my future happiness depended on how the show went over.

"The first act was a little talky, till a girl came on playing the part of a chorus jane. She was dressed pretty loud, an' didn't use no muffl rs on her voice neither, but she certainly could wise-crack. The first thing you know some of the things she said sounded kinda familiar to me, an' then it begin to dawn in on me that I had talked like that to Alex when he was asting my advice about things. The second act took place in this girl's apartment, an' I'll be darned if the stage setting wasn't almost exactly like I'd told Alex I'd fix up my rooms, only the colors clashed more. An' instead of this girl being the heroine, she was the snake."

"You had helped Alex write the play after all," said Dot. "Only you wasn't getting no credit for it or no royalty."

"The last act," continued Madeline, "was awful. Everybody on the stage sneered at this girl what was the snake, an' laughed at her, an' at the finish they proved she was only a gold digger, an' the other woman won out. Somebody mustta liked the show, though, 'cause the audience applauded so hard the cast took six curtain calls. Then the crazy fools stood up an' cheered an' begin to holler 'Author, author.' I got out of the place somehow as quick as I could an' beat it backstage, intending to tell Alex that I wouldn't marry no man what kidded his future wife like that. When I reached the alley the door man told me Mr. Stevens had rushed out as

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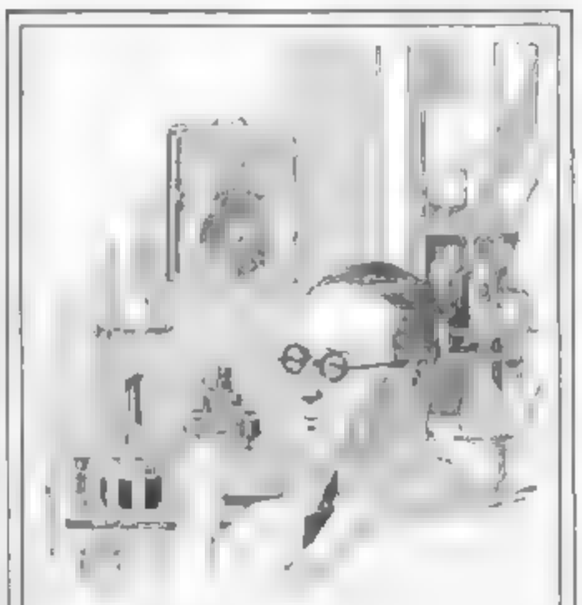

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soon as the curtain dropped an' said he wouldn't be back."

"So you hurried home," said Dorothy. "Hoping to find him there."

"I did not!" exclaimed Madeline. "I walked down the alley an' in the stage door of the Judson. I was gonna congratulate Gladys, if it didn't look too much like a funeral back there. As I stepped in the place I heard a actor say, 'Wasn't she wonderful?'

"'Sure she was,' says I. 'Who?'

"'Gladys Foster,' answers he. 'She climbed right on top of that unsympathetic rôle, stepped on the gas an' run clean away with the show.'

"Of course when I heard that I rushed on the stage to tell Gladys how happy I was that she'd made good."

"That was the nice thing to do," remarked Dot. "Was she glad to see you?"

"I saw her first, dearie, an' stopped dead in my tracks. The curtain was down an' she was standing in the middle of the stage. Alex was there too. They had their arms around each other an' was crying like a couple of babies. When they seen me, both of 'em looked awful sheepish. Then Gladys come over an' took me by the hand. 'Madeline,' says she, 'I want to apologize to you. I did you a great injustice. Also Alex, an' I'm sorry for it.'

"'What do you mean?' asts I.

"'The afternoon I saw you hugging him an' misunderstood,' says she.

"Then Alex came up an' says, 'I want to thank you for giving me all that information about chorus girls. I could never have written a character of Gwendolyn's type if you hadn't helped me.'

"'You're welcome,' says I. 'But you better go back to the Belwyn right away. They're hollering 'Author,' an' you should ought to make a speech to them."

"'Not tonight,' says Alex. 'Me an Gladys is gonna celebrate our first anniversary. We been married a year, but have kept it secret because we each wanted to make a success an' a name for ourselves separately before announcing it.'

"'You got something to celebrate,' says I, smiling, with my teeth gritted. 'You're a made author, an' Gladys' name will be out in lights tomorrow.'

"'She's responsible for both our successes,' says Alex. 'Gladys put up that fifteen hundred dollars when Tom Frae needed it, but she made him promise not to tell me about it, because she'd seen me kissing you an' thought I didn't love her any more.'

"Can you beat it?" said Madeline. "Nobody but a girl cursed with ideals would of done a fool thing like that."

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*Here is the Ansco Semi-Automatic. With this new camera you just touch a lever and the film winds into place ready for the next picture. It takes pictures, size 2½ x 4¼. Price $30.*

THE film-winding motor in the Semi-Automatic is *the* modern invention in cameras! With this fine Ansco camera it is possible to take one picture right after another, without losing your aim by turning the camera around to wind the film.

All you do is to take your picture, press the lever and zip! the next film winds into place automatically. So, at last it is possible to get all those wonderful snaps that seem to happen just after you've taken one picture.

You can take pictures so fast that it adds lots to the fun and yet you can't forget to wind the film because there's the lever which does it for you—right under your left thumb. So you don't get any blanks or double exposures.

It's a proud person who owns a Semi-Automatic Ansco because it's one of *the* fine cameras in the world. Yet it costs only $30.00. You can get one today.

## The famous Ansco Ready-Sets are like pretty girls— *everyone wants one!*

FROM Maine to California people have bought Ready-Set cameras. And from Washington State to hectic Florida those who don't own one are trying to get one quick! There's so much going on all the time that a good, sure picture-taker is indispensable.

Ansco Ready-Sets are made for people to have fun with taking pictures. All Ready-Set models have a universal focus which gets objects at any distance. That means you don't have to change the camera before taking each picture. Just set on "instantaneous" or "time" and shoot! There's no adjustment of the shutter, either, for its speed has been regulated for you.

Vest Pocket Ready-Set at $8.50 takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½; No. 1 Ready-Set at $10.50 takes pictures 2¼ x 3¼; (see No. 1-A description under camera); and then there's the Master Ready-Set at $25, takes pictures 2½ x 3¼ and comes in a handsome suede case.

*No. 1-A Ready-Set has universal focus and the Ansco Automatic Finder that gets all you see in the finder. Takes pictures size 2½ x 4¼. Price $13.50.*

## Brand New! What? *The Vanity Camera*

THE Ansco Vanity Camera is the latest craze! But it should be—because it's the prettiest, most unusual Ready-Set model you ever saw! It comes in six colors to go with the six fashionable shades that dominate the styles this fall and winter.

*Apple Green* — *Flame Red*
*Dove Gray* — *Sapphire Blue*
*Deep Rose* — *Sunset Orange*

*Choose your Vanity Camera for $10.00!*

The loveliest camera in the world for the loveliest girls—a Ready-Set in beautiful colors—that's the Vanity Camera!

**Ansco Vanity Cameras**

*take pictures size 2½ x 2½; have universal focus; they are finished in stylish colored enamel in six beautiful shades, and make the loveliest gift. Give one and get popular! Only $10.00.*

*Ansco Speedex Film fits all cameras; it is foil-wrapped and comes in the red box with the yellow band.*

## Ansco Film this time,

because no matter what camera you use, Ansco Film makes you sure of the clearest pictures. Made to fit a wide range of light conditions, it gets pictures when ordinary film muffs them.

When winding Ansco Film in your camera you don't have to worry about winding too far. An ingenious danger signal of two lines that come to a point tells you just when the next picture number will appear.

## *So—now—it's easy to get good pictures*

# ANSCO
## CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

# Sundstrand

## *The simplex line of* bookkeeping, adding and calculating machines

### Special Junior Model

*Adding and Calculating Machine*

**$100** Like all Sundstrand machines, this model has the famous 10-key keyboard—simple, speedy, convenient, insurance against errors. Note these additional features in this adding, listing machine—automatic-shift multiplication; automatic column selection; portability; convenient desk size; one-hand control; automatic subtotals; visible writing; forced printing of totals 2-color ribbon mechanism; 8-column capacity.

**$125** Same as model above but with 7-column capacity and the additional feature of *Direct Subtraction.*

**$150** The Special Junior model with Direct Subtraction and 8-column capacity.



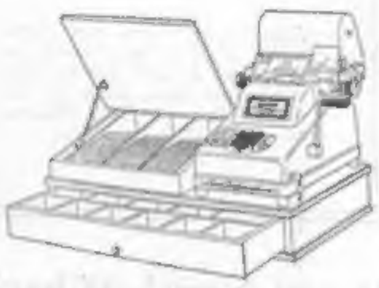
### Marvel Model No. 20

*Adding and Calculating Machine*

**$225 to $325** Motor extra

The adding and figuring machine that "set the pace" with 100% printed proof and one-operation *Direct Subtraction* These features are combined with 10-key simplicity and speed, portability, convenient desk size, automatic column selection, one-hand control, automatic-shift multiplication, 2-color ribbon mechanism, advanced correction features, adding, listing and figuring service. Furnished with or without motor. 7-column to 11-column capacity.

Motor or Hand Operated Models



*Combination*

### Cash Register and Adding Machine

A complete store service in *one* machine at *one* low cost—cash register and adding machine. Credit file furnished at slight extra cost. Saves hours of time, guards against errors, protects profits. Classifies sales by clerks and departments. Makes a non-erasable record. *Forces correct indication* and recording of cash, credit, paid-out, etc. You can read totals at any time. Tape rewinds and locks in machine.

Famous 10-key Sundstrand Adding Machine—adds, multiplies, divides, etc. Prevents errors in checking sales slips and inventory sheets, footing ledger, bank balance, etc. Range—1c to $99,999.99.

## Sundstrand *Automatic Bookkeeping Machine*

This latest Sundstrand development has created a new standard of value in the machine bookkeeping field. *For several hundred dollars less* than machines with comparable features it offers a complete range of bookkeeping and record-keeping speed and efficiency. It does all kinds of ledger work, such as posting accounts receivable, accounts payable, general ledger, cost ledger, employees' individual payroll ledger, stock records, bank statements, etc., etc. Fully 75% of the work is done automatically, without thought or effort on the part of the operator.

The machine is also instantly converted for regular figuring work—adding, direct subtraction, automatic-shift multiplication and dividing.

There is no other bookkeeping machine made that can be used to such splendid advantage for all purposes.

Consult your phone book for address of your local Sundstrand representative, or write to us for complete details of any Sundstrand machines in which you are interested. Address Dept. B-11.

**Line will be shown at National Business Show, Nov. 16th to 21st, American Exposition Palace, Chicago**

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.

*Sales and Service Stations Everywhere in the United States and Foreign Countries*

(439)

# Will the holidays find your silverware complete?

Christmas . . . New Year's . . . what festival they bring, with their merry gatherings of relatives and friends and their series of fine dinners. But how often the holidays tax the ingenuity of the hostess and the ampleness of her table appointments. How often, indeed, they point to serious lacks in silverware that are overlooked at other times of the year!

Could there be better promptings than Christmas and New Year's for making the silverware complete? In some families it is a happy custom to give "1847 Rogers Bros."—the various members combining logically on pattern and pieces needed.

In many more families there is real need for the important secondary pieces—salad forks, oyster forks, ice cream forks, coffee spoons; or serving pieces, like the dessert server or the berry spoon. Or perhaps your home requires a complete new silver service of harmonious design. You can provide it reasonably in "1847 Rogers Bros."—vegetable dishes, tea set, candlesticks and even goblets to match the knives, forks and spoons.

You cannot find a better way to say "Merry Christmas" than to give this finest silverplate. Fastidious hostesses have used and loved 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate for many generations. Its durability and beauty are unquestioned. You will find a generous holiday array at the leading silverware stores.

The Utility Tray, *both silver rack and serving tray, is a convenient way to purchase 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It contains the "silverware essentials"—6 dinner knives, 6 dinner forks, 6 table spoons, 6 tea spoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell. Price with hollow handle knives, $32.10—with solid handle knives, $26.10.*

*Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense*, a booklet full of suggestions for successful entertaining, is free. Write for booklet "K-90." International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

## SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

# The new Orthophonic Victrola

"True in Sound"

*New in principle*
*New in design*
*New in construction*
*New in musical results*

Instrument opened
exposing part of new amplifying system

One hearing of the new Orthophonic Victrola will change your whole conception of music in the home, in spite of all that the world has had to offer up to this time.

Hearing is necessary because description is inadequate. When you hear it we suggest that you note particularly how the bass "stands out" and gives a naturalness and fulness to the reproduction. That is the quality which is almost entirely absent from all other forms of reproduced music; and so it affords the most specific and the most obvious evidence of the great improvement which has been effected.

The principles which produced this fundamental development affect the whole range of performance. Note, for instance, the clarity and definition of each "voice" whether instrumental or vocal. These qualities appear as they have never appeared before; and throughout the whole performance there is a roundness and a resonance wholly new.

The Orthophonic Victrola increases the range of musical vibrations audible in reproduced music, and gives to each its proportionate value. To do this requires the large opening here shown and a scientifically designed amplifying system which is now employed for the first time in the history of the art.

Your dealer will be glad to show you this new instrument.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
**Victrola**

**Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.**

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Canadian price-list on request